The Boston Weekly Globe.

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WASHINGTON.

A Number of Removals Made by President Arthur.

The Star Route Business at the Bottom of It.

Other Matters of Interest From the National Capital.

WASHINGTON, November 25.—The President this afternoon, on the recommendation of the attorney-general, directed the removal of ex-Senator Spencer, government director of the Union Pacific railroad; Charles E. Henry, marshal of the District of Columbia; D. B. Ainger and M. M. Packer, postmaster and deputy postmaster of Washington, and M. D. Helm, foreman on the Congressional Record. The action of the President is based on written reports and recommendation of Attorney-General Brewster and Colonel George Bliss. Colonel Bliss wrote to the President on November 11, calling his attention to the coming trial of the Star route cases, and representing the importance of purifying the surrounding atmosphere and of letting everybody know "that the prosecution is in dead earnest, from the President down."

It is ascertained that Marshal Henry was in sympathy with the Star route defendants, and in substantiation of this assertion was cited the published interview with the marshal in which he indulged in gross abuse of the counsel for the prosecution and declared that the government had no case. Colonel Bliss also asserted that Messrs. Ainger and Parker were deliberately impugned by two post office inspectors in their report as to their certification of bogus bonds in the Star route cases. It was either a question of gross carelessness or of bad faith. Further, it is charged that Mr. Ainger wrote to his Michigan paper during the last trial denouncing those who instituted the Star route prosecutions and declaring that the government had no case. In the same letter Colonel Bliss charged that Helm in the last trial had been shown to be responsible for articles in the Evening Critic abusive of the court.

The counsel and the general management of the case, Colonel Bliss, also remided the President of the fact that his attention had been called to the case of ex-Senator Spencer some months ago, and he also charged that detectives of the district acted with the defence. The latter was referred to Attorney-General Brewster, and under the date of November 24, he writes to the President that Assistant Counsel Merrick and Ker had previously reported the same situation of affairs, and that he was satisfied that the ends of justice have been interfered with by all the persons named.

He heavily scores Marshal Henry and Messrs. Ainger and Parker; claims that they are unfit for public trust, and expresses his surprise that the government printer should have appointed to any position a man (Helm) who confessedly controlled the organ of the Star route defendants, which teemed with abuse of the government.

Ex-Senator Spencer is called a "delinquent and absconding witness," and his absence is characterized as "gross contempt and disobedience." The attorney-general's letter closes with allusions complimentary to his assistants in the case, and uncomplimentary to those who are "in allegiance to this band of robbers" and saturated with affinities with base, bad men.

All these removals take effect at once, except in the case of Marshal Henry, who will serve until his successor is appointed. Marshal Henry was appointed by President Garfield, ex-Senator Spencer by President Garfield, Postmaster Ainger by President Hayes, and Mr. Helm by the government printer, Rounds. None of these gentlemen tonight care to express their feelings on the subject, nor will they until they learn the specific cause of the action taken. The removals are the subject of universal conversation, and while the wisdom of the step is questioned in some quarters, all agree that the earnestness of the prosecution in the Star route cases is positively proven.

The resignation of Mr. Helm, foreman of the government printing office and late business manager of the Evening Critic, was forwarded to Public Printer Rounds this evening. Mr. Helm says that having learned that the President has demanded his removal he is unwilling to embarrass Mr. Rounds, whom he regards as his friend, by requiring him to remove him. He says that the only fault of which he has been guilty is his refusal to forsake a friend (meaning General Brady) and to join in the cry of "crucify him" without knowing him to be guilty of the charges made against him. If he believed him guilty, he says, he would be the first to denounce him. Mr. Helm denies having done aught against the government interests in the case and claims that he has even refused to talk of the matter lest he might seem to prejudice the case or his official position.

Rumors are current tonight that the removals of this afternoon are but the beginning of a series, and that a number of other heads will fall into the basket before another week has passed by. Sweeping changes are predicted both in the Treasury and Post Office Departments, but nothing definite can be learned on the subject, as the government officials are unwilling to give any intimations regarding future movements.

Comment from different parts of the country is almost universally of approval. Senator Joseph R. Hawley says: "The President has simply done his duty, and is correct, as he has been from the beginning of his responsibility for the Star route prosecution."

Senator Orville H. Platt says: "It the charges on which removals are made be found to be true, the whole country ought to, and, in my judgment, will, fully sustain the President in his action."

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat of today says: "The action of the President in applying the knife, after due consideration, to the official rottenness which has interfered with the Star route prosecutions, and which has infected the Washington atmosphere to such an extent that most of the citizens have forgotten what pure air is, will be heartily commended throughout the country."

The New Orleans Times-Democrat says: "Like a strong, pure breeze from the ocean, the influence of the recent election, carrying with it a solemn warning and rebuke to the Republican party, has swept over the land until it has invaded the precincts of the White House itself, and has aroused the President from his apathy and sense of security. His sudden change of front in regard to the punishment and prosecution of the notorious and numerous gang of public plunderers known as the star route thieves, while in itself commendable, will everywhere be received as an announcement that the administration and the Republican party can no longer afford to defy public opinion and screen from public censure and criminal punishment the men who are guilty of the enormous frauds charged against the star routers."

Estimates of Expenses for the Year Ending June, 1884.

WASHINGTON, November 27.—The estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1884, just made up, are as follows:

For legislative expenses	$3,274,049
Last year	3,087,145
Executive Department	102,064
State Department	161,240
Treasury Department	3,240,541
Government in Territories	282,056
Internal revenue collectors and deputies	2,100,000
War Department	2,386,340
Last year	1,955,836
Navy Department	353,316
Interior Department	4,592,859
Last year	3,950,705
Post Office Department	870,120
Last year	770,839
Department of Justice	165,190
Total estimate for the civil establishments	20,350,945
Last year	20,477,943
Total estimate for foreign intercourse	1,390,905
Total estimate for the military establishments	28,901,445
Last year	27,363,287
Total estimate for the naval establishment	23,481,078
Last year	14,884,432
Total estimate for Indian affairs	6,725,731
Last year	5,257,355
Total estimates for pensions	101,575,000
Last year	100,000,000
Total estimate for public works	14,361,715
Last year	7,429,404

The book of estimates as made up for the year contains no estimates for river and harbor improvements, the secretary of war depending on the unusually large appropriation of the last session to carry the department through in its work in this line. Among the estimates is one of $2,080,000 for two steel cruisers and $2,000,000 for completing four double turretted monitors.

Shooting Affray in Washington.

WASHINGTON, November 25.—A shooting affray occurred this evening at the St. Mark's Hotel between J. D. Augney of Pittsburg, J. H. Wilmot of this city and J. R. Turnbull, clerk in the Department of Justice. The trouble grew out of a family quarrel, Wilmot and Augney being brothers-in-law. Wilmot received a ball in the lungs and is dangerously if not fatally wounded. Turnbull was shot in the temple, but the ball glanced off, inflicting only a slight scalp wound. Augney, who did the shooting, was arrested and locked up.

The Appropriations Committee.

WASHINGTON, November 25.—Mr. Stevens, the clerk of the House appropriations committee, is busily engaged in the preparation of the regular appropriation bills for the action of the committee, which will meet here next week. Mr. Stevens says that if the committee should have control of the time of the House thirty days every appropriation bill could be passed, leaving two months of the session for general legislation. The Indian appropriation bill will probably be the first reported to the House, and that will be followed by the consular and diplomatic bill. A movement is on foot to dispense with the customary holiday recess, so that no time need be lost at the beginning of the session.

Land Grants to Soldiers.

WASHINGTON, November 25.—The commissioner of the General Land Office states in reply to an inquiry made by an ex-soldier that when a soldier's declaratory statement is filed to a tract of land the soldier is required to make an actual entry to the land and also to establish his residence and commence improvement within six months after the date of filing, and that he is allowed six months more within which to commence the residence improvement.

An Interesting Decision.

WASHINGTON, November 27.—In the Supreme Court today a decision was rendered in the case of the United States against the Erie railroad from the Circuit Court of the southern district of New York, sustaining the right of the United States to levy taxes on post road bonds held by persons residing out of the United States, and reversing the opinion of the court below.

Ex-Marshal Henry at the Capital.

WASHINGTON, November 27. — Ex-Marshal Henry has arrived here. He says his removal was an attack upon him because he was a Garfield Republican; that he has had no relation or sympathy with the Star route men, and that the confirmation of his successor by the Senate would very likely be attended with some interesting developments.

HE PUT IT ON THE STOVE.

A Man Kills His Wife and Son With Dynamite.

PITTSBURG, November 25.—A peculiar, but terrible, occurrence is reported from Belleview, two miles below Elizabeth, and about twenty miles from this city. On the Monongahela river, near the coal mines of Gumbert & Huri, lives Hall Forsyth, a miner employed in the works. He had a wife and three children. A fortnight ago some friends of Forsyth came on a visit to his home for a day or two, and with him amused themselves by fishing in the river, not with hook and line, however, but by a shorter and more effectual method. They procured some dynamite, and with the terrible substance blew up some 500 pounds of fish during their stay. Yesterday morning Forsyth thought he would do a little dynamite fishing on his own account. He accordingly went to the quarry of Mr. Fleming, on the Yougheogheny river and asked for some dynamite, saying he wanted to blast some rocks near his house. Fleming had considerable misgiving, but at last consented to let him have four sticks of dynamite, weighing about a pound. As Forsyth was ignorant of the nature of the deadly stuff, Fleming explained it to him, and counselled great care. He told him that it was frozen, and must be thawed out before it could be used. He told him, also, to place the sticks in a warm place, but not too near a fire, and there would be no danger. Forsyth appeared to understand the direction. At about 5.30 p. m. he went home and told the family about the dynamite, but, as none of them knew its dangerous qualities, they were not alarmed. He then placed the sticks of dynamite on the kitchen stove and went on to work. In about fifteen minutes after this he was startled by a loud explosion, and, hurrying to learn the cause, was told that his family had been killed and his house blown to atoms. Upon reaching his house he was greeted by a frightful spectacle. There was his wife, horribly mangled, lying insensible, and their youngest child, Charlie, aged 5 years, terribly burned and cut and insensible. The other two children, Robert and Willie, were more or less seriously hurt, but it is not thought that their injuries will prove fatal. It seems that after the husband had left the home Mrs. Forsyth and the children sat down to supper at a table which was standing near the stove, and were talking and enjoying themselves when the explosion occurred. Mrs. Forsyth, who was sitting nearest the stove, was struck by about thirty pieces of iron, and her body was perfectly riddled. Poor Forsyth was nearly crazed at the sight, and wanted to commit suicide, as he considered himself responsible for the accident. The house is an almost total wreck, and pieces of furniture were picked up which had been blown several hundred feet. It is said that the eldest boy, aged 8 years, had just arisen to get a drink, and was not more than two feet from the stove, and facing it, when the explosion occurred. The mother was seated with her back to the stove, and the two younger boys by her side. The boy near the stove received the full force of the explosion, which was terrific. The boy standing near the stove was thrown a distance of twenty feet, and was found in a cave in the yard. He was horribly mangled, and died from the effects of his injuries about two hours after the occurrence. The lower portion of his body was opened as though the flesh had been cut away with a knife, exposing the entrails. Both arms were twisted from their sockets, and one leg was almost severed at the knee. Fosyth was in a swoon for several hours after the accident.

A CURIOUS REVENGE.

A Sort of Creole Cross Between Hamlet's Uncle and Xantippe.

[New Orleans Picayune.]

Romance, like history, repeats itself; and the performance given by the melancholy Dane for the benefit of his mother and uncle found a new rendering last Sunday at a house on Frenchmen, between Morales and Goodchildren streets. Jordan Joseph, an elderly quadroon, has been married twenty years to Celestine Ricard. For some reason they quarreled at the breakfast table on Saturday. At 10 o'clock in the forenoon Joseph walked into the kitchen and observed a kettle of water on the stove, boiling hot. Although it was an unusual hour, the dishes being all washed and put away, he did not ask what she was about, but, feeling sleepy, laid himself down on the gallery for a siesta. He placed his hat over his face to protect it from the flies and his eyes from the light, and was soon snoring quite comfortably, his left ear uppermost. Celestine was waiting for this opportunity, and as soon as she was satisfied that Joseph was sound asleep she stepped lightly into the kitchen and took the kettle of boiling water off the stove. On tiptoe she crept back to the gallery on which her husband was asleep, and holding the spout in such a position that the hot water would run into his ear, she tilted the kettle. Her hand was unsteady and a few drops fell out of the spout and on Joseph's face. With a yell of anguish he awoke and then Celestine elevated the kettle, the scalding water falling on the neck and back of Joseph's head, scalding him terribly. He gained his feet and seized the woman, but she kept him from injuring her by pouring the water on his left leg and feet. The agony was more than Joseph could bear and he released her and she escaped. Since then the couple have been dodging each other in various parts of the city.

MORE THAN HE COULD BEAR.

A Chinaman Who Preferred Death to the Loss of His Pigtail.

[Special Despatch to The Boston Globe.]

CAIRO, Ill., November 27.—Yesterday a Chinese roustabout came ashore and went about town to see the sights. He was followed by a crowd of boys, who jeered at him and addressed him in language anything but elegant. He paid no attention to these insults. Finally, one of the roughs drew a knife from his pocket and cut off his pigtail close to the head. This incensed him and he began to cry. Then he (the Chinaman) procured a carpenter's hammer and began beating himself about the head. The hammer was forced away from his grasp, and, while the blood streamed from his battered head, he made a dash up the street, and, eluding his pursuers, ran to the bank of the river and jumped in and was drowned. The mortification of being deprived of his pigtail was more than he could bear, and he sought death in preference.

Taking a House as Freight.

[Providence Journal.]

The schooner Griffin, Captain Gould, bore away down the bay yesterday, bound to Nantucket. On deck, between the fore and mainmasts, was a house 30 by 16 feet in size. It took about all the room in the waist of the little craft, and its jet projected four or five feet over either rail. The fore boom was topped up to swing clear of the one-story structure. The building was taken from the grounds of the Riverside Hotel, where it was used as band-stand during the first season of that structure. The Griffin was accompanied by schooner Favorite, Captain Eldridge. Both vessels had stone, brick and lumber from the Riverside Hotel, and were bound to Surfside landing, Nantucket. These are the second and third cargoes of materials from the old hotel, and it is thought there is enough left to freight four more vessels.

A Panic in Coffee Prices.

NEW YORK, November 25.—There was a heavy decline in prices of coffee in the wholesale market today. Quotations were lower than they have been since the panic of 1857. Stock in the market is estimated at 190,000 bags. No failures are announced today, although it is known that several firms have lost heavily.

A PORTABLE electric light for $5 is being extensively sold by the Portable Electric Light Company of 79 Water street, Boston, Mass. It is an economical and safe apparatus for domestic and business purposes. Their illustrated circular giving full particulars is sent free.

FLASHED UNDER THE OCEAN.

Great Excitement in Paris Over a Gambettist Meeting.

What is to Be Done in the Event of M. Grevy's Retirement.

The Socialists of France Causing Great Excitement.

PARIS, November 25.—Much excitement has been caused throughout the city this evening by the action of a meeting of Gambettaists during the afternoon. The meeting was called to consider the event of M. Grevy's retirement from the presidency of the Republic, should it occur. The meeting was attended by influential supporters of Gambetta from all parts of France, and the result of the meeting was anxiously awaited by the politicians and financiers, as in the present critical condition of affairs the tranquillity of the Republic is believed to depend in a great degree upon the announced attitude of the powerful following of Gambetta.

The meeting considered but the one question—that of M. Grevy's retirement, and took but one action, which was agreed in the convention without a dissenting vote, and that was to pass a resolution announcing to the country that the Gambetta party had decided to recommend to the people of France the election of a military officer to the presidency of the republic in the event of the retirement of M. Grevy. The resolution was passed amid enthusiasm so great that the prolonged cheers of the convention were heard by the crowds awaiting in the street.

It was decided to issue a public statement, giving in full the reasons which actuated the convention to pass the resolution. This statement, it is understood, will be the production of M. Gambetta himself.

It is impossible to fully convey an accurate idea of the kind of excitement which the action of this convention has produced among that solid class of Parisians who are seldom influenced by the action of any merely political convention. These begin to feel that France is on the very verge of some awful disturbance, and argue that if it were otherwise the Gambettists would not dare to ask the country to again militarize the government. It is rumored that German spies have telegraphed the resolution to Berlin.

The decision points plainly enough to the belief now widely entertained that the republic needs a strong man in the executive chair in place of the present colorless and negative chief magistrate.

Excitement in Berlin Over the News.

BERLIN, November 25.—The news that the Gambettists, at their meeting in Paris today, had passed a resolution that, in the event of the resignation of M. Grevy from the presidency of the French republic, the office be filled by a military man, has caused considerable speculation and comment in official and military circles here. It is said in some quarters that this is a new scheme of M. Gambetta and his followers to revive his power and gain him the notoriety of which he is so fond, while others assert that this action is significant and goes to show that while at present there is no immediate fear of an outbreak of war in Europe, the French government believes that it is not far off and means to have the reins of its government in the hands of one who will be equal to any emergency that may arise. Among the government officials there is a decided feeling of uneasiness as to what the real object of this action on the part of the Gambettists is, and some of them boldly assert that it is but a military step to what has been so long expected by Germany, namely, a war of revenge, should an occasion arise under which there would be the least possible hope of success.

FRENCH CONSPIRATORS.

Every Department of the Republic Said to be Affected.

PARIS, November 25.—The feeling of alarm occasioned by the recent anarchist and socialist demonstrations continues. The few arrests of workingmen made by the police have done little toward quieting the public uneasiness. It is firmly believed that the ramifications of this conspiracy reach every department of the republic, and so long as the leaders are at liberty the organization which they have formed will remain powerful for evil.

The advanced revolutionists have held a number of meetings in the Belleville quarter of this city, and also in Marseilles, Lyons and Bordeaux. While these meetings have not been very largely attended—the audiences averaging perhaps 300 in number—the sentiments advanced by the speakers have been of the most incendiary character. At several meetings Mme. Paule Minck, who styles herself "Revolutionaire" and "Petroleuse," was the principal speaker. She was most warmly applauded when she said, in a harangue delivered at Lyons, "Workmen, instead of confiding your savings to the State, you had better employ them in buying lead to be made into bullets." Further arrests of workmen charged with complicity in the anarchist outrages at Lyons have been made, and yesterday a large quantity of dynamite was found concealed, and seized by the police.

A VIGOROUS PROTEST

From the Workmen of Paris Against the Interference of the Anarchists.

PARIS, November 27.—A protest has been issued, signed by the leaders of the various workingmen's unions, protesting against the fraud perpetrated on the delegates of the English trades unions, now in this city, by a party of pronounced anarchists, who, representing themselves as workingmen, seek to impress their extreme views on the English delegates, and under the guise of claiming to be the representatives of the workingmen are promulgating anarchical doctrines. In their protest the workingmen warn the English representatives to shun them, and say that if they really want to accomplish the object of their mission—the formation of a combination between the workingmen of both countries looking to the protection of their interest and an advance in wages—they will do well to take the trouble of finding out and conferring with the legitimate leaders of the workingmen, whom they will find ready and willing to meet them. The protest concludes with a wish that now that the English delegates have been warned as to the character of the men with whom they have been consorting for the past few days they will summarily sever their relation with them, and save themselves and the workingmen of Paris from the odium which the association with these anarchists will bring them.

A SCHEME TO FREE EGYPT.

Probability That Arabi Will Not be Punished.

CAIRO, November 24.—The impression is gaining ground among the best informed European residents that the Khedive's government has no sincere intention of pushing Arabi's trial to a conclusion. It is an open secret that negotiations have been pending between the palace here and the Yildiz Kiosk, having for their object the discontinuance of all proceedings against Arabi. It is true that the government pretends that the contrary is the fact.

The theory is boldly advanced by some of the most far-seeing observers that the whole scheme of the trial is nothing more than a blind, devised to gain time and amuse the British officials, until a plot, which it is alleged has been concerted between the Sultan, the Khedive and Arabi himself, can be perfected. Believers in the existence of such a scheme assert that the initiatory movement in its execution is the recent demand for the troops now being organized for service in the Soudan that Arabi should be placed at their head. This demand, it is alleged, was instigated from the palace in pursuance of the design previously contracted. It is claimed, with great plausibility, that the scheme of the Mahometan rulers and their confederate prisoner is to be, release Arabi without trial, and send him in command of the troops destined to put down the insurrection in the Soudan. Between Arabi and El Mehdi, the so-called false prophet, it is believed that a perfect understanding exists, and that the result of this measure would be to unite all the power of Egypt against the foreigner, and put an end at once to European intervention and English occupation. The plan seems at first sight an absolutely impossible one, and for that very reason would naturally commend itself to the Oriental mind.

Sir Henry Bulwer's dictum on the best method of ascertaining the intentions of an Oriental, "Eliminate every probable solution of the question; anything else he may do; that he certainly will not do," is frequently quoted by those who believe in the existence of the plot above outlined, and recent events here indicate that they are not with-out strong grounds for such a belief. There is no doubt that the government desires the trial of Arabi no more than the prisoner. Should the trial be commenced, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to avoid a series of most alarming disclosures, compromising not only the Khedive and his advisers, but his Suzerain, the Sultan and the "palace pashas" at Constantinople. Certainly, if the government were one-half so eager as it pretends about bringing Arabi into court it would not hamper those conducting his defence by every conceivable device. Yet it has done and is doing this continually.

That a vast majority of the native population is in complete sympathy with Arabi cannot be questioned, and this fact gives point to the argument of those who claim that such a plot as that just described is in actual process of development. It now looks to an impartial observer as though England would find that in her conquest and occupation of Egypt she has opened a veritable Pandora's box and that her difficulties, so far from being nearly ended, are but about to begin.

THE FALSE PROPHET.

El Mehdi Attacks the Black Troops and Kills 1000.

CAIRO, November 24.—The latest telegrams received by the Khedive from Abdel Kader Pasha, the governor-general of the Soudan, modify in some degree the previous reports, which represented Khartoum as in imminent danger. The first news stated that the False Prophet had annihilated 2500 black troops, who were marching against him, and that there was nothing to oppose his march from Obeid to Khartoum. The governor-general now telegraphs that the black troops lost 1000 men and many officers in the engagement, but were not annihilated, and the survivors succeeded in reaching Bara, aided by the garrison of that place, which made a sortie and joined them. Abdel Kader states that Khartoum is not threatened at present, and believes he can hold the town until the arrival of the reinforcements now being organized.

This intelligence is partially confirmed from private sources, and some Soudan traders have received news that El Obeid and Bara, which the false prophet has been seiging, have been relieved. This last report, however, is not officially confirmed.

Other reports state that the native population of Khartoum is thoroughly disaffected with the Khedive's government.

A rumor is reported from the Soudan that the false prophet has received powerful aid in money from some mysterious quarter.

Telegraphic communication between Khartoum and Kardofan is again interrupted, and it is believed that the wires have been cut by small parties of marauders detached by El Mehdi from his main force.

OTHER FOREIGN NEWS.

A New Scheme for the Reorganization of the Egyptian Army.

CAIRO, November 24.—In consequence of the growing disaffection in the reconstruction of the native regiments, the Khedive, Lord Dufferin and Chief Pasha held a conference today and decided to recast the entire scheme for the reorganization of the army. The changes proposed are in the direction of the infusion of a large number of Albanians and other foreign recruits. Prominent British officials express the belief that the Khedive is purposely throwing obstacles in the way of the reorganization of the army on the plan proposed by Baker Pasha.

Forming a New Spanish Party.

LONDON, November 25.—The Times' Madrid correspondent says a meeting has been held at the house of the Duke de la Torre, at which all the ex-ministers supporting the new party with Marshal Serrano and Senor Mouet, were present. It was decided to combine as directors of the party the Duke de la Torre, Senors Mouet and Montero Rios and General Lopez Dominques, and that the Duke de la Torre should summon meetings of senators, ex-senators, deputies and ex-deputies to organize parliamentary electoral campaigns in favor of the principles of the new party.

Distress in Ireland Feared.

LONDON, November 24.—It has been officially reported to the government that widespread distress is feared in Ireland this winter. The districts most seriously affected through want of employment on farms and the failure of the potato crop, are Sigo, Ballina, Swinford and the greater portion of Galway. There is much destitution in West Clare and Connaught. Owing to the continuously heavy demand upon Irishmen in America to support the Land League, there has been a considerable decrease in the remittances to the struggling natives in Ireland. This has reduced many of the natives to the condition of not being able to purchase new seed.

Extraordinary Precautons.

LONDON, November 25.—The Times' correspondent at St. Petersburg says that the recent visit here of the Emperor and Empress was attended with extraordinary precautions. Police were posted at every six yards. Dronriks were masted at the corner of each street, and soldiers were drawn up outside their barracks. There is very great concern in St. Petersburg in consequence of an alarming increase in mortality from epidemic diseases, especially from diphtheria.

Another Assassination in Dublin.

DUBLIN, November 26. — Six detectives on special duty in Middle Abbey street were attacked at midnight. A number of shots were exchanged. Detective Cox was instantly killed. Three of the assassins were captured after a desperate struggle. All the prisoners have been identified as members of a secret society. The affair has caused great excitement in the city, and the military patrols have been doubled.

Inundations in Germany.

BERLIN, November 24.—Continuous rains have caused serious inundations along the Rhine, Weser and Maine rivers. The banks of the Rhine from Riberich to Rudesheim are under water, and navigation is entirely suspended. The railway track and the quays at Frankfort are submerged.

A Frenchman's Enterprise in Africa.

LONDON, November 22.—Information has been received here to the effect that a Frenchman named Soleillet has taken possession of and built a wall around Tajowia bay, in East Africa, which was ceded to him by the Sultan of Laita.

An American's Gift.

ROME, November 24.—Mr. Frederick Bachman of New York has presented the house in Rome formerly tenanted by Garibaldi to the Italian nation. The municipality of Civita Vecchia has conferred the freedom of the city upon Mr. Bachman.

Frightened Anarchists.

LYONS, November 22.—The Anarchists of this city have now become so thoroughly frightened by the frequent arrests which continue to be made by the police that many have abandoned their homes and clubs and are fleeing the country, fearing arrest and punishment by the authorities.

An Explosion in England.

LONDON, November 27. — An explosion supposed to be caused by ether, destroyed the Tynedale Chemical Works at Newcastle yesterday. A number of houses were damaged and many persons injured.

Death Floated on the Raft.

LONDON, November 23.—The captain of a steamer just arrived from America reports having seen a raft, with five bodies thereon, while off Norfolk.

Tobacco Loaded with Dynamite.

VIENNA, November 21.—The police seized the stock of a tobacco factory at Lemesvar, Hungary, and found a number of packages loaded with dynamite.

Mills in London Burned.

LONDON, November 25.—The Albert mills were destroyed by fire today. The loss will exceed £30,000.

CREMATION DISCOUNTED.

A Horribly Expeditious Manner of Removing Bodies of the Deceased.

ELMIRA, N. Y., November 27.—A remarkable, yet apparently well authenticated report, was made public yesterday. It is as follows: A small colony of Italians have been camping and begging near Wellsburg, a few miles from the Pennsylvania line. They observed gypsy-like habits, the company being composed of about equal numbers of men, women, babies and trained black bears. They departed Thursday in their crude dog carts, passing through Elmira. The police drove them out of town quickly. Now a statement is made by citizens of Wellsburg who observed their habits that one of the Italian infants died in camp, and was, in lieu of burial, fed to the bears. There is good evidence that the inhuman parents stood by and saw the beasts tear and devour the infant's body. The wretches and their bears were certainly very hungry, as is evinced by the fact that the former killed one of the latter for food, and sold another for $28 and expended the money for provisions. Where the nomads have gone is not known here.

Hardships for the Irish Peasantry.

The statements of the Irish members of Parliament have made it very clear that the coming winter will be fraught with fearful hardships for the Irish peasantry. Never, since 1846, has the outlook been so bad in the west, or the prospect of adequate relief so hopeless. The immense number of people who are without shelter by reason of the wholesale evictions makes the situation worse than ever before, and already the country presents, perhaps, the saddest spectacle that in all its sad history it has known. The National League is receiving funds from all sides, as the Land Leagues give in their adherence.

A PORTABLE electric light for $5 is being extensively sold by the Portable Electric Light Company of 79 Water st., Boston, Mass. It is an economical and safe apparatus for domestic and business purposes. Their illustrated circular giving full particulars is sent free.

SAD LOSS OF LIFE.

A Disastrous Fire in a Providence Manufactory.

Two Girls Killed by Jumping from the Windows.

A Number of Others Seriously if Not Fatally Injured.

PROVIDENCE, November 27.—One of the most appalling disasters ever witnessed in this city occurred Tuesday last, and the Providence fire department, with all its boasted efficiency, was unable to avert it. It was believed that no such terrible event could possibly happen in this city. About 10.30 o'clock in the morning an alarm of fire was sounded from Box 71, at the corner of Sabin and Mathewson streets, and the thoroughfares in that vicinity were soon crowded with a surging multitude. When the scene of the fire was reached by the department, long tongues of flame were belching forth from the third story windows in the building at the corner of Calender and Mason streets, and huge volumes of black smoke were rolling skyward from the windows of the fourth story. This floor was occupied by William H. Robinson, manufacturer of jewelry, who employed about twenty girls and as many men. It was some time before the firemen, who were apparently confused, could direct their first stream of water on the building. The flames gained ground rapidly. A shriek of terror came from the Mason street side of the building and a cry of horror and dismay went up from the surging crowd beneath. As the throng looked upwards they saw the slight form of a girl gyrating in the air in swift descent from the fourth story window, from which she had jumped. The body of the girl, with a dull, sickening thud, struck midway across a picket fence, and, rebounding, struck on the ground, deprived of life and horribly mangled. The bleeding form was taken up and carried to the other side of the street. This was but the beginning, however, of many horrible scenes. Every window on the Mason street side was filled with men and women, who, with their bodies projecting far out, stretched their arms imploringly forth and begged the crowd to save them. The smoke inside was dense enough to suffocate. Before the firemen could get the big ladder up from the Skinner truck the unfortunate girls at the windows, seeing nothing but death behind them, became overpowered by fright, and, losing all presence of mind, began to jump to the ground, a distance of fifty feet below. Out of one window sprang a young man. He seized a small telephone wire, and clung to it with a tenacity that only the fear of death by fire could have occasioned. Below were the firemen laboring with the cumbersome truck; above was the distressed humanity, watching and waiting. The young man seemed doomed to death. He also waited. First attention was directed to save the girls. Suddenly from out the ranks sprang Christopher Timmans. He dashed up a short ladder, which was not long enough to reach up to the window. He stood on the topmost round. He leaned over against the building, and he told the girls to slide down his back. Two did so, and, taking one under each arm, he made his way to the ground. These were the first rescued. All this time the patent ladder had not been raised a foot from its carriage. The flames pressed the girls to the windows. Suddenly there was a shriek, which was followed by a sickening thud; this was quickly followed by another. It was the sound of falling bodies. The girls, leaping from the windows of the fourth story, fell upon a pile of old barrels that had been thrown into a triangular space, fenced off with pickets. One girl fell on this fence, head first. Her death was instantaneous. A man jumped from the window facing Calendar street. He fell with a crushing noise on the ground. Shrieking with pain, he was carried across the street and placed on blankets. His name was Thomas Mann, the foreman. He was badly burnt. The skin was rolled back from his hands and arms like scorched parchment. Both legs were broken, and his left arm was shattered.

STORIES OF EYE-WITNESSES.

The Rapidity With Which the Flames Spread—The Scenes Enacted by Terrified Men and Women.

Mr. Owen Callahan, Jr., who worked in Robinson's establishment, when interviewed said: "The first we knew of the awful fire was when a boy ran into our shop and said: 'There is a fire here; get out as soon as you can.' We all took our things and went for the windows, and as we did so the smoke drove us to the further side of the building next to Mason street. The girls were terribly excited, and we had very difficult work to control them. We first broke out and opened the windows. First I saw two girls who were about to jump from the window to the frozen ground below. I stepped in between them and told them to wait until the ladders were brought. I held them back and helped them as best I could, but finally they became terror-stricken and jumped from the windows with the terrible result you see before you," and as he said this he pointed to the dead bodies of Miss Gassett and Miss Cobb.

The first alarm given to the occupants of the fourth story was by Mr. Eugene Fisk, foreman in Grant's jewelry manufactory. "I had just started down-stairs," said he to the reporter, "and, reaching the first landing below our shop, when I smelled the smoke, and seeing it pouring out of the dye-house drying-room I hastened back up the stairs and notified the hands in our shop and also in Robinson's. Our shop had twenty-three or twenty-four hands, three being girls, and they all got out. They were a little slower in Robinson's to move, and when they got out into the entry the smoke was pouring up the stairway too dense for them to venture down.

Mr. George Clark, employed in Mr. Grant's shop, ran out on the first alarm, but learning that a friend of his was still in the building, went back again through the smoke, and failing to find him met some girls, five or six he thought, employed in Robinson's. He tried to encourage them to follow him back again down the stairs, but their courage wavered and they went back into their shop. His experience was not a pleasant one in getting back to the street, being obliged to roll down the stairway to escape the densest of the smoke, and once or twice he rolled through the flames, singeing his moustache and partly burning his eyebrows and hair. Had the girls followed him he thinks all would not have got out alive. Some of his fellow-employes escaped by jumping some fifteen feet out of back windows on to a roof. In Robinson's shop there were no back windows opening on to the low roof, but from a corner window the girls jumped sideways to reach the roof. There were fifteen girls in Robinson's shop this morning, and of that number five failed to reach the roof and fell to the yard. Two of these were of the killed by falling on the picket fence, and the other three were those whose injuries it was thought would prove fatal.

AMONG THE DEAD AND DYING.

The Terrible Picture Presented in the Freight House of the New York, Providence & Boston Railroad.

Through the kindness of the officials of the New York, Providence & Boston railroad, the office at the freight depot was transformed into a temporary hospital. Stretched upon the floor were two sisters, Emma and Delia Gassett. The Rev. Father Hughes arrived, and, amidst the groans of the dying and the wounded, administered the last solemn rites of the Catholic church. The impressive scene was awfully solemn, and will never be forgotten by those present. While they stood and watched Emma Gassett breathed her last. Directly after she died the body of the young woman who had jumped from the window and had fallen on to the fence was brought in, blood dripping from her crushed and beaten head. Her ghastly corpse was stretched upon the floor. Owen Callahan, Jr., identified the body as that of Bessie Cobb. The dead bodies were taken to the morgue to await the wishes of the relatives of the deceased, and the crowd reverentially stood until the bodies were all removed. Mary McSoley, who broke her back by jumping from a window, died after suffering terribly.

Following is a list of the injured so far as ascertained:

Belle Baker, 17 Blackstone street; one eye destroyed and serious injuries about the head.

Mary Harty, 81 Gaspee street; arm and leg broken.

Mary Geary, Gaspee street; arm broken and otherwise injured.

Mary Davis, 7 Short street; head cut badly and injured internally.

Lena Kulz, Ship street; seriously injured about the body.

Mary Cuddy, 12 Providence street; severe injuries to her head.

Florence Redding, 26 Sullivan street; serious injuries to head and internal hurts of a possibly fatal nature.

Emma Mathewson, Olneyville; ribs broken and serious internal injuries.

Mary Johnson, North Main street; burned badly, leg broken and other serious injuries.

Mr. N. P. Maker, Mountain street; hands severely burned.

Thomas Ryan, 80 Plain street; head and face severely cut and bruised.

Frank Flynn, the first man to jump from the window, was but slightly hurt.

Andrew Gilbride, painful cuts and bruises.

Mr. Smith, leg broken; taken to the hospital.

Thomas Mann, 115 Atwell's avenue; both legs broken and very seriously burned.

Stella Gassett, 19 Blackstone street; hurt internally and spine broken; thought to be fatally injured.

George Grant, North Attleboro; leg broken and internally injured.

George Devon, bruised and burned.

Mr. —— O'Leary, bruised and burned.

A NOVELTY IN CRIME.

A German Lodger Sent to the Penitentiary for Tickling the Feet of His Landlord's Daughters at Midnight.

[New York Truth.]

Yesterday in the Court of Common Pleas, Newark, N. J., a young man named Charles Ulrich pleaded guilty to the charge of entering at midnight the room of two young ladies who reside with their parents and tickling the soles of their feet. One of the young ladies told her story in a very straightforward manner. She occupied a room with her sister and Ulrich, who on the very day rented a furnished room in the house, entered their apartment. The sisters only realized his presence when awakened by somebody tickling the soles of their feet. They gave the alarm, and the man, whom they identified as the new lodger, fled. The young girls' parents rushed up stairs. The father got a base-ball club and knocked at the door of Ulrich's room. The latter did not answer. The old man then threatened to break open the door. Then the lodger, who pretended to be awakened from his sleep, cried out: "Vos ish dos? You petter go schleep. Vot you vants ter vake a man ven he vants to schleep?" This only angered the father, and he pounded away at the door. Some of the other people living in the house counseled the father to send for a policeman. On the arrival of the officer Ulrich surrendered. He admitted the charge and was sentenced to the penitentiary for six months.

"LOVE YOUR CHILDREN."

How a Hudson Man is Said to Have Brutally Disobeyed the Command.

HUDSON, November 26.—John Phillips has for some time had the reputation of cruelly treating the members of his family, especially his sixteen-year-old daughter, and now a case of most shocking treatment is reported, the details of which are said to be as follows: Last Monday the daughter, with the permission of her mother, went to Marlboro to visit a relative. Not returning just at the time specified, the father took a team, drove to Marlboro, found his daughter and started for home. On the way he cut from the roadside a heavy stick. Upon arrival home he commanded his child to go up-stairs, disrobe and await his coming. His arrival upon the scene found the daughter not prepared, as he had commanded, so he stripped her to the waist, and with the stick which he had procured proceeded to give her what proved a most unmerciful beating. Phillips, who is a large, muscular man, beat his offspring until the blood flowed copiously, while her screams were heard throughout the neighborhood. When the child was released from the hands of her father, seventeen distinct cuts were found about her face and body. The severity of the whipping soon became known, excitement was at a high pitch, and threats of personal violence were numerous. Phillips, hearing of the state of affairs, left town in a hasty manner. Phillips is a member of the Baptist church, and the daughter has for some time been a member of the choir there.

SHIPWRECK ON LAKE MICHIGAN.

Five Out of a Crew of Eight Men Drowned.

CHICAGO, November 25. News reached here today of a terrible disaster on Lake Michigan during the gale of Thursday last. The schooner Collingwood, with a crew of eight men, loaded with telegraph poles, from St. Helen's to this city, when fifteen miles north of Milwaukee, and twenty miles from shore, went to pieces, and Captain Willetts and four men were lost. The remainder of the crew were picked up by the propeller Wisconsin late Friday night off Grand Haven, after being tossed about for twenty-four hours on a raft 12 feet square. One of the survivors told the story as follows:

Thursday afternoon the vessel got water-logged and when one pump choked we began to despair. About 5 o'clock the schooner rolled over on her broadside until the topmast went overboard, when she righted. In about an hour the decks blew up and she rolled over for the last time and foundered. I saw the captain and three other men lost floating on the spars. Mate Sheldon secured a large piece of the deck, on which the other four of us floated about until we were picked up. The steward, who was on the raft, became crazy from exposure and terror and died before morning, leaving but three of the entire crew.

The Collingwood being entirely seaworthy was uninsured. She was valued at $3000 and her cargo at $8000. She was owned by Captain Willetts of Kingston, Canada, who was lost, and Keith Brothers of Chicago, jointly.

A GHASTLY STORY'

Determination of a Down-East Doctor to Make Good His Testimony.

PORTLAND, Me., November 26.—A despatch to the Argus from Bangor reports from Springfield, in that county, a ghastly story, the facts of which are as follows: In 1881 a young lady of Springfield, while driving over a bridge, was carried over the end of the bridge by a frightened horse, and fell to the shore below. The girl died from her injuries, and her parents sued the town for damages, claiming that the bridge was defective and caused the death of their daughter. In the Supreme Judicial Court at Bangor the jury brought in a verdict of $800 for the plaintiff. Exceptions were filed, and the case was taken to the law term. In the course of the trial one doctor testified that the collar-bone was broken, and two others testified that it was not. The first doctor, hearing recently that a post-mortem was to be made before the law court decision, went, it is said, to the cemetery at night, with another man, to exhume the corpse, with the alleged intention of breaking the collar-bone, if it was not already, to make good his testimony. The grave disturbers dug up the wrong corpse, and were discovered by a third party, who, at first bribed to silence, has now told the whole story.

A YOUTHFUL CRIMINAL.

What a Year Has Done for a Boy Who Bore a Good Reputation.

INDEPENDENCE, Ia., November 26.—The history of Frederick Wilson, a lad of 18 years, now confined in jail here, has just been made public. One year ago he bore a good reputation, but suddenly his good name was assailed and he was suspected of forging a check for $1200. The sufferers by the forgery had Wilson watched by detectives, who followed him to New York, where he spent the money freely and invested $800 of it in purchasing $16,000 worth of counterfeit money, a large portion of which he succeeded in passing, meanwhile living in the finest style. He then returned to Chicago, where he was arrested and brought here. He was placed in jail but made his escape and went to St. Louis. Then he robbed the depot at Masonville, and soon after he commenced a pleasure and business trip through the State of Iowa, where he broke into and robbed many houses. In the midst of his enterprises he was tracked to Jersey, where he had just laid his plans to rob a bank. Here he was arrested and brought to this place. When taken into custody he expressed surprise that he should not be allowed to finish the job, and he declared he would yet return and get even.

A Praying Charlestown Woman.

NEW YORK, November 24.—A respectably-clad old lady went down on her knees in the waiting room of the Desbrosses street ferry house Friday evening and began praying fervently, to the amazement of a large crowd of passengers, who were surprised that she should choose such a place for her devotions. To the officer who questioned her she said that she was lost and was praying that her friends might find her. She said that her name was Margaret Hanna, and that she lived at No. 180 St. Philip street, Charlestown, Mass. The officer brought her to police headquarters, where Inspector Murray consigned her to the care of Matron Webb. It is believed that she is slightly demented.

What a Man May Do in Four Years.

Four years ago Captain C. E. Robinson, the water works and mining man, was running a reduction works in Mill City, now Idaho Springs, Col. His assayer was a young man from the East, who had come West to seek his fortune. His wages were $75 per month—small pay for Colorado—and he didn't have a dollar. On the 7th of November this young man was elected as the Democratic governor of Colorado. He is worth half a million, and is now erecting in Denver the largest silver lead ore reduction works in the world.

Destruction of Property at Buffalo.

BUFFALO, N. Y., November 26.—A terrible storm broke over the city Friday, reaching its height about 3 o'clock. During its progress the house of George Bailey, near the Sisters' Hospital, was destroyed by fire. The building cost $125,000 and was not insured. The force of the wind was terrific, and but little could be done to check the flames. Trees were blown down, signs unhinged, and windows in some houses were blown out.

The Largest Schooner in the World.

BATH, Me., November 27.—The four-masted schooner, Augustus Hunt, owned by B. W. & H. F. Morse and others, tonnage 1205 tons, the biggest schooner in the world, was launched this afternoon.

POCASSET'S PARALLEL.

The Freeman Family Duplicated in California.

A Fanatical Fisherman Sacrifices His Son to the Lord.

The Mother Holds Her Child While the Father Slays It.

The news of a parallel to the celebrated Pocasset case, wherein a father and mother took the life of their child as a sacrifice to God, comes from Santa Ana, Los Angeles county, California, in the following despatch to the San Francisco Post:

Josiah B. Smith, a fisherman, living on the Chico beach, near Westminster, murdered his fourteen-year-old son by stabbing him in the breast. The crime was committed last week Saturday, and nothing was known of it until yesterday noon. Besides the murdered boy, who was a shrewd, business-like little fellow, and generally accompanied his father on his peddling trips, there were four other children, all younger. The family lived in a little shanty on an island a quarter of a mile off the coast. Access is impossible except by boat. A more isolated spot can hardly be imagined. The nearest house is more than a mile away. With that exception there are no dwellings within three or four miles, though sheep camps are scattered about the plains. A man in Westminster keeps a boat at the island to hire to persons who wish to hunt and fish, and the murdered boy has always had charge of it and received a fee for his trouble. Wishing to hire the boat this man shouted across to the island and was answered by Smith. On inquiring for the boy and making their errand known, the father stated that he had been inspired by God to sacrifice the boy to the Lord. In reply to further questions, he said that he had killed the boy, and that the body was still in the house, waiting for the Lord to direct them what to do. In the meantime

No One Was to See the Corpse.

He then suggested that one of the other boys could take them in the boat, and, strange to say, these men remained there all day hunting, taking no pains to inform the officials, only five miles away, of what had been done. The next day, Friday, Smith came to Westminster and notified the officers of the crime. A warrant for the arrest of Smith was immediately sworn out. The officers drove down to the beach, shouted to Smith, and he rowed over to them. On making the object of their visit known, he gave himself up quietly. Friday morning before the officers' arrival the boy had been buried about thirty feet from the house. On the arrival of the prisoner and family at Westminster an inquest was ordered, and Justice Aldridge, accompanied by Dr. James McCoy and others, Smith included, returned to the island. Smith pointed out where the body was buried. The grave was opened, the rough box which the father had made was raised and the lid lifted. The sight is described as most sickening. Decomposition had set in to such a degree as to render moving the body a very difficult and disagreeable task. The unnatural parent looked on complacently, and spoke of the murder with no feeling. Finally, in reply to the question as to how he struck the blow, he stooped over the corpse, thrust his knife into it, and drew it out of the cavity without a sign of emotion. The weapon was an eight-inch butcher knife. Dr. McCoy carefully examined the body, but aside from the fatal cut found no sign of any violence. One death dealing blow was struck just in the centre of the chest, and with sufficient power to cut the breastbone and enter the body the full length of the blade,

Making a Horrible Gash

eight inches deep and four inches long. A few weeks ago Smith gave up fishing, and being asked why, replied that the Lord had commanded it, and had promised to hereafter provide for him. From that time on he has made, and has commanded his family to make, no effort to gain a livelihood. The boy, however, put no faith in his father's belief, and from time to time purchased tea, sugar, etc., with his own money. On the Wednesday before the murder the boy purchased and took home a sack of flour, which angered his father, and this was found emptied out upon the ground, together with some other provisions, close to the spot where the murder was committed. Except a few green apples, nothing eatable was found in the house. The boy was taken out behind a clump of bushes, both the parents being present. They claim that he knew he was to be sacrificed and made no resistance whatever, but calmly knelt before them, ready to be offered up. While in this posture the father struck the fatal blow. One of the first questions asked on the arrival of the family at Westminster was whether they would make further sacrifices of their children, and both father and mother replied that if the Lord called on them to sacrifice all it would have to be done. The mother has not been arrested, but probably will be tomorrow. The examination was held yesterday. Neither Smith nor his wife made any effort to conceal anything, but told the whole story in all its horrid details. Smith pleaded guilty as charged and was committed for trial on the charge of murder. He is now imprisoned in Los Angeles. But for the fact that Smith is evidently insane on the subject of religion, he would have been lynched.

THE RAILROAD WAR.

The Cut in Freight Rates Extending—The Differential Rates Meeting in New York.

CHICAGO, November 25.—The railroad war is still being fiercely waged. The latest development is the cut on west-bound freight. All terminal points, such as St. Paul and Minneapolis on the north, Omaha and Council Bluffs on the west, and all central Iowa points are included in the Central Traffic Association and the Northwestern pool. Yesterday the Rock Island people began a cut on southern Minnesota points, with the approval of the St. Paul & Minneapolis and Omaha roads. This so irritated the St. Paul & Milwaukee company that they this morning declared that they would no longer respect the freight rates of the Northwestern pool, and have announced a cut of ten cents per 100 pounds on all classes of freight to all points on the Omaha road which they reach. Passenger rates to the same points are not yet disturbed.

THE FESTIVE COWBOY.

He Takes Possession of a Western Town and Makes Himself Merry.

LONG PINE, Neb., November 26.—A band of cowboys from Omaha rode into this place Tuesday and took complete possession of the town. They burned all the sidewalks, which were constructed of wood, sacked all the saloons and made a drummer from St. Louis dance for two hours with cocked revolvers pointed at his head.

Honoring Warren's Seventieth Birthday.

Mr. William Warren, the veteran comedian, was remembered last Friday, his seventieth birthday, by the presentation by members of the Museum company of a circular salad bowl, formed of solid beaten silver, lined with gold, the flatness of the surface being relieved by crabs, with extended claws, in bass relief. Accompanying the bowl was a salad spoon and fork, both of beaten gold. Mr. Warren responded in a letter, which was posted in the green-room. It is intended to have this letter heliotyped, and a copy presented to each subscriber to the testimonials.

Work of a Masked Robber in Kentucky.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., November 25.—The stage from Columbia to Campbellsville, Ky., was robbed Monday morning two miles from the latter place by a masked robber. There were three passengers in the stage, two men and a woman, from whom the robber obtained two watches and considerable money. The mail bags were cut open and rifled of the registered letters. The robber then broke a wheel of the coach and disappeared in the woods. He wore a leather mask, and was armed with a long revolver.

Two Potatoes a Day.

NORWICH, Conn., November 26.—The wife of Josiah Dodge of Norwalk tried to hang herself, saying when rescued that life on two potatoes a day had grown unbearable. The woman is said to be sane and complains that her husband, whose income is $1500 a year, had starved her so that in six months she lost forty pounds.

Left-Handed Whipping.

WILMINGTON, Del., November 26.—Five white men were whipped at Newcastle Saturday. Three of them received ten lashes each and two forty lashes each, besides standing in the pillory. The day was cold, and the men in the pillory suffered much. The blows were given left-handed for the first time.

A Twelve-Year-Old Boy Sentenced to Jail.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., November 25.—Guy Smith, aged 12, who was convicted of murder in the first degree for killing his father, and then granted a new trial, has pleaded guilty of manslaughter and has sent to jail for one year.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE has proved its efficiency by a test of almost three-quarters of a century.

AROUND THE FARM.

[BY OUR AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.]

THE HORSE.

Contracted Feet and Proper Shoeing.

Contracted feet are more commonly the consequence of lameness in horses than the cause. Any diseased condition inside the hoof, giving rise to an unusual degree of heat, leads to a more rapid evaporation from the surface of the horn to drying and shrinking of the hoof, and to absorption of the soft parts within. The shrinkage or narrowing takes place, especially at the heel, where the foot has not a long, but only an elastic, cartilaginous internal support, which yields easily to any pressure from without. A second condition, which always coincides with this drying due to disease, is the disease of the heel by the animal standing on its toe or removing the weight from the entire foot. When the foot is planted on the ground and the weight thrown upon it, the soft parts descending within the hoof tend to press it outward, and, as a matter of fact, the hoof does actually expand at the upper part (next the hair), and thus the tendency of the unused elastic horn to contract is to a great extent counteracted. Disease is, therefore, the most common cause of contraction, and in all cases of contracted feet it is well first to look for some existing disease, such as corns, bruises, pricks and other wounds, gravelling, thrush, inflammation from uneven bearing of the shoe, from the nails being drawn up too tight, from navicular disease, from ringbone affecting the second or third phalanx, and so on. Apart from any disease sufficient to cause lameness, contraction of the feet sometimes goes on to an extreme degree, until indeed one heel may meet the other, and yet lameness is not induced. Yet if contraction takes place with rapidity, as under the influence of a long period of rainless weather following a wet spring, the compression of the soft parts by the drying and shrinking horn will cause inflammation and lameness. During the past dry summer this was not at all uncommon, and the lameness thus started bade fair if neglected to go on to serious structural disease and permanent lameness. Contraction caused in this way may be counteracted and corrected by measures calculated to soften and expand the horn, followed by such as will retain its natural moisture, and give proper bearing to the shoe. To soften the contracted foot

Keep the Unshod Animal Standing Every Day for Sixteen Hours in a Stream of Water

coming up to the hair round the top of the hoof, or in a soft muck or clay puddle closing in around the foot to the same level. In frosty weather a warm poultice placed in a strong bag drawn over the foot is preferable, the more so that it can be kept applied both night and day. At the end of a fortnight the foot will usually be found to have expanded to its natural dimensions. If there is much lameness it will be desirable to apply a blister on the front and sides of the pastern during the period of poulticing. This may be repeated and the poulticing continued if lameness remains at the end of a fortnight. As a blister the following may be rubbed into the skin on the front and sides of the pastern: Powdered cantharides, one-half drachm; oil of lavender, ten drops; olive oil, one ounce. It may be repeated the second day if heat and tenderness have not been induced by the first application; also as soon as the effects of the first application have passed off and the resulting scabs have dropped off. When lameness has disappeared and the foot has been sufficiently expanded, it should be dressed carefully, going the same height to the wall at all corresponding points on the inner and outer sides, and paring heel and toe in proper ratio with each other, the sole being left as far as possible to come to the heel with the hoof wall at all points and to furnish with it a surface of bearing for the shoe. The shoe should be perfectly loose and smooth, and when applied should press evenly at all points. It should be drawn only moderately tight, and on giving its final dressing the use of the file should be, as far as possible, avoided. The horn is formed of a series of pus tubes with an intertubular cellular structure, and when the rasp or file is used so as to expose the open ends of these tubules, the contained moisture exhales, the horn withers and the soft parts may be injuriously pressed upon. For this reason the use of the file on the front of the hoof is to be severely deprecated. It should only be used on the lower edge of the hoof wall where it projects over the shoe, and when the sharp edges might otherwise split up. For a similar reason the sole should never be pared down into the tough elastic horn, though all scaly masses on the surface may be safely removed. After shaving, the use of a hoof ointment will serve to prevent evaporation and drying, and is absolutely needful after the foot has been softened by poulticing. A mixture of equal parts of wood-tar and sweet oil will answer admirably. This brushed daily over the entire surface of the horn, wall, sole and frog, will usually preserve a sufficiency of moisture and the natural elasticity and toughness of the horn.

General Notes.

An owner of a horse often wishes to graze his horse for awhile on some grass plat where he does not wish him to run at large, and fears to tie him for fear of accident. A horse may be safely tethered so that fear of accident may not prevent his being left to himself for a reasonable time, as I well know from experience. A horse should not be tethered with a rope or other fastening about his head or neck, and tied to a stake or other fastening so that the tether will drag the ground. Few horses will fail of getting their feet entangled in some way and getting cast or badly injured. Often if tied by one of the fore legs, about the fetlock, the case is little or no better, as if the rope gets caught under the fetlock of the hind foot the rope will chafe or rub off the skin of the pastern, or otherwise injure the horse. Such injury of the pastern is very apt to cause an ugly sore, hard to heal, even if it does not lead to grease or scratches. The only way I have ever tried and felt as if safe, was to fasten the horse by one of his hind legs above the pastern point. I have a leather strap two or three inches wide to buckle around the leg, to which the rope or chain, with swivel joint, is fastened, the other end being made fast to a pin or stake with a head, so that a ring at the end of the tethering line will not slip over, but be free to turn as the horse may go around in feeding. I have never known a horse thus fastened to get into any trouble, and have known them to be thus left over night, after becoming accustomed to being tethered. For tethering any animal I prefer a light tethering chain to a rope, as a chain never becomes knotted or kinked from being wet, as does a rope. Even when wound around the foot or leg it drops off easily in moving, never clinging and drawing tight, as does the rope. I have oftenseen an ox, when fastened by the head, get the chain around one hind foot and then raise the foot with a shake, the chain falling off, and even the mere stepping along was enough.

A harness that has been on a horse's back several hours in a hot day becomes wet and dirty, and if not properly cleaned it soon loses its finish, and the stitches rot and break. Immediately after removing the harness from the horses it should be thoroughly wiped with a dry cloth, and every strap straightened out and hung up. Twisting up reins and traces does them a permanent injury, and if wet when twisted and allowed to remain in twist until dry they will become set and when straightened out the stitching will be greatly weakened if not broken. To preserve a harness keep the leather soft and well filled with grease, not covered with it on the surface, but all the pores filled so as to keep out water. Water absorbs grease rapidly and is destructive of the leather and mountings. Mud in drying absorbs the grease and leaves spots upon the leather. The perspiration from the animal, while absorbing the grease, injures the leather by its saliva properties, and if a harness is to be well kept it must be cleaned of all its destroying elements. Cleaning whenever used is the only safe way; yet it seldom occurs that a harness is cleaned more than once or twice a month. The proper course is to clean by rubbing with a dry cloth every time the harness is used, and when all the straps are nearly dry rub them with a cloth that is well saturated with grease and lampblack. As often as once a month the harness should be taken apart, every strap unbuckled, and all mountings removed that can be; each strap should then be brushed to remove the dust from the surface and in and around the stitching, then rubbed with a dry woollen cloth. If red spots show themselves on the leather where it has been rubbed, color them with vinegar black, then apply a coat of neat'sfoot oil, and soon after a coat of tallow applied by a brush; allow the straps to remain in the grease several hours, then rub off all the surplus by a rag; rub thoroughly so as to clean off the surplus grease and to give a good finish to the leather. All steel mountings should be kept in quicklime; silver and brass can be cleaned with tripoli, or by rotten-stone, or by some of the scouring soaps.

Horse owners labor under the belief that lampas is a disease, and feel justified in barbarously burning them out. No man acquainted with the practice of medicine or surgery would possess courage sufficient to lay hold of a hot iron and insert it in an animal's mouth for the cure of a disease. The signification of lampas is a tumefied palate in the region of the bars. What does this originate from? From local congestion, either passive or active. In passive congestion there is an excess of blood, in consequence of either weakness in the propelling force or of an obstacle to the exit of blood from the congested membrane. Active congestion is a determination of blood to the parts, in consequence of local irritation, teething, etc. Arising from whatever cause it may, except teething, lampas does not cause the animal any inconvenience. This opinion, I am aware, will conflict with a great many horsemen and ignorant farriers, who make it a practice of searching a horse's mouth whenever he shows the least signs of illness, to see "if the lampas are down." The bars or ridges of a horse's mouth correspond to the hard palate of man, which every one knows is not very sensitive, and therefore cannot be the cause of ill-health nor prevent the animal from masticating his food. Hence the burning of the bars is an unnecessary barbarity which should never be countenanced. The most I ever do in case of lampas is to scarify the parts lightly and rub in a little finely-powdered nitrate of potassia (saltpetre).

What is known as bone spavin is a disease of the hock joint, which becomes inflamed and exudes matter which turns to bone and forms a lump on the joint, causing great lameness. This disease of the joint may arise from any one of several causes—sprains, bruises, slipping, blows—in short, anything that may injure the joints is very likely to bring it on. If taken in season, before ossification sets in, bone spavin readily succumbs to proper treatment for reducing the inflammation. First raise the heels of the shoes an inch, then apply hot water bandages for a while, removing as often as they get cool, and follow with hot poultices. If, however, the bone has begun to form it will be necessary to treat it with blisters, but if it has so far advanced as to have the bony lump fully formed a cure is very difficult, if not impossible, and about the only thing to be done is to resort to firing, an operation that should only be confided to experienced hands. This sometimes will stop the lameness, although the joint will always be stiff.

Fast horses are usually bred from mares in the prime of life and not overworked. No matter how highly bred a dam may be, if she be past her prime or fagged with work it will tell against her offspring. This considerably increases the cost of breeding the fastest-trotting stock.

THE POULTRY YARD.

The Bronze Turkey.

The bronze turkey is perhaps no larger than the Narragansett or some other sorts from Rhode Island and eastern Connecticut, the section that largely supplies the Boston market, but for fine carriage and beauty of plumage it has no rival. Flocks carefully bred and well fed from the nest to the block at Christmas will dress: Cocks, eighteen to twenty pounds, and hens, twelve to fourteen pounds. Yearling gobblers have been known to weigh thirty to thirty-two pounds, and the hens fourteen to eighteen pounds, live weight. Adult birds sometimes reach forty pounds and upwards for the cocks, and twenty pounds and upwards for the hens, though such birds are rare specimens, and can only be had by breeding persistently from large stock and from mature birds, and by full feeding through the whole period of growth. The common practice of breeding only from second-brood turkeys and those that are not fit to kill at New Year's, is a very short-sighted policy. In nothing will a good selection pay better than in breeding this noble bird. In the wild state, where "the survival of the fittest" is the rule, gobblers weighing forty pounds are not infrequent, and some are upon record weighing even fifty pounds. The prevailing custom of breeding from the smallest and cheapest keeps our markets full of birds that do not weigh more than eight or ten pounds dressed. The birds that are known in the Boston and Providence markets as Rhode Island turkeys run at least one-third larger, and lots of dressed gobblers averaging twenty pounds can be furnished by the dealers at New Year's or later, on very short notice. We know of one breeder and dealer who killed four adult gobblers one year that weighed, dressed, 126 pounds, or 31½ pounds each. In all the districts from which these supplies are drawn, the farmers have found that it pays to take extra pains with the turkey crop. There has been a steady gain in the average weight of the flocks sent to market at the three great festivals for the last twenty years, and the limit of perfection with this bird has by no means been reached. A large bronze gobbler, the offspring of a pair weighing sixty-two pounds, that took the premium at the New York State Poultry Show, was brought into eastern Connecticut ten years ago.

Three Large Flocks Were Raised for Him,

and nearly all of themwere sold for breeding stock. The unanimous testimony of breeders, even in that district where large turkeys are common, is that their flocks have been greatly increased in size by this stock. Suppose there is only a gain of two pounds in the average size of a flock of 100 birds, it makes a difference of 200 pounds, worth $40 at the average price of poultry in the Eastern markets. This is nearly all profit, for the turkeys get the most of their growth in the pastures and woods, and are only fed freely six weeks before marketing. Why, then, do not farmers generally invest in better stock? The chief reason, probably, is the cost of such birds. It seems a large price to pay $5, $10 or $20 for a gobbler of extra weight, or for a hen weighing fifteen or twenty pounds, though such a pair of birds would leave their mark upon the broods of a whole neighborhood, and add hundreds of dollars to the value of the annual sales for years to come. The breeder of fine stock graduates the price of his birds, principally, according to their rapid development and weight. They will vary in weight considerably, even in the purest bred flocks. Gobblers weighing eighteen to nineteen pounds in December are common; a quarter of the flock may reach twenty to twenty-one pounds, and a few may add a pound or two to these figures. The extra price asked for the bird which carries the last two or three pounds seems unreasonable to a novice in breeding, yet it is the cheapest part of the bird, for it is this which shows his superior constitution and aptness to take on flesh and fatten. It is the same principle, applied to poultry, which has given such wonderful results in the breeding of Shorthorn cattle. The large, well-shaped gobbler, beautifully marked and bred to hens of similar quality, will produce birds of good, strong constitution, and which will develop rapidly and make the most flesh out of a given amount of food. A seven months' bird of three or four pounds extra weight is quite sure to make a thirty pound yearling, and such a yearling gobbler is worth a large price in any intelligent breeder's flock. There is no bird among all our fowls more susceptible of improvement than the turkey.

THE DAIRY.

Jerseys Crossed on Larger Breeds.

Iowa has become very prominent as a cattle-raising State, having a registry of 12,000 pure-bred Shorthorns alone, with full and increasing numbers of other improved cattle in proportion. At the Iowa State Breeders' Convention (at Iowa City last fall), there were about 250 breeders of various kinds of stock present, and several of the professors of the State Agricultural College. Professor Knapp suggested a mode of crossing to produce a dairy cow that would be larger than the Jerseys, and, being larger, better adapted to the conditions and views of Iowa farmers. His suggestion was that if they would use Jersey bulls on Shorthorn cows, and afterwards use Jersey males on this cross, he believed they would thus produce a much better cow for dairy purposes than any they now have. At this suggestion of using the Shorthorns merely to enlarge the size of the Jerseys, and then to fix the type of the cross by again using Jersey bulls on it, several Shorthorn breeders exclaimed in derision that he would then have a Texan. Professor K. several times explained his position by stating that the cow resulting from the cross he suggested was intended to be "strictly and exclusively" a dairy cow, but his explanations did not allay the evident perturbation of the Shorthorn men present, who, to wind up the discussion, procured the passage by the convention of a resolution instructing the managers of the Agricultural College at Ames to test the Jerseys and Shorthorns accurately at that institution, and report, before suggesting any further crossing or other change. The result following this well-intended suggestion shows how difficult it is for interested men to feel and act as though they were wholly disinterested in such cases. Before the Jerseys are employed for effecting hoped-for improvement, in common or other cows, it should be remembered that they cannot transmit qualities which they do not possess. They are not hardy, but quite tender, unable to bear exposure in a cool or cold temperature. Being natives of a mild climate, they are thin skinned, and correspondingly vulnerable to cold. But the main cause of lack of vitality and deficient vigor in the Jerseys consists in their exceeding deficient proportion of muscle or lean flesh. In such cattle as the Devons and the Polled Angus the muscular or fleshy structure comprises about half the total weight of the body. But

The Jerseys Have Less Flesh or Muscle Than the Shorthorns,

and probably some 30 to 40 per cent, less muscle in proportion to weight of carcass than either the Devon or Angus cattle. The quantity of red or vital blood is according to the extent of muscular structure which it colors by its circulation, and hence the extent of heat evolved or set free by assimilation is greater or less, according to the greater or smaller proportion of muscle in the organized structure. The Jerseys, as I saw them in the London market at Islington, in September last, and since in America, are exceedingly thin muscled, having probably 40 per cent. less muscle than the fullest muscled cattle. Having been tethered most of the time for hundreds of years, and so prevented using their muscles by natural locomotion, their muscles have been little developed. This deficiency of muscle and feeble development have become pretty firmly fixed characteristics in these cattle, by reason of centuries of transmission and inheritance. In using Jersey bulls on more muscular common cows the product of the cross will be fuller in muscle and vigor than the Jerseys. A cross of the Jerseys on the Shorthorns would probably not result in much increasing the muscle or vigor of the product, as the Shorthorns are considerably lighter in their locomotive muscles than common cattle, the latter having had to use their muscles (and so strengthen them) much more than the Shorthorns have done. Where cattle are herded in the unfenced ranges, and Shorthorn bulls have been much in use there for years, the cattle are generally higher graded with Shorthorn blood than east of Chicago, and in these Western Shorthorns there is a fuller development of muscle from the greater extent and regularity of exercise in grazing. And probably there is also more caseine in the milk from the same cause, as the blood that goes to make the milk and that which is used in repairing muscle, cannot, it would seem, be different in quality. There would naturally be more caseine also in the milk of a Jersey cross on Western than on Eastern Shorthorns, as more and regular activity develops caseine in greater quantity. But such a cross would produce cows of less vigor than on good common cattle, as the latter have fuller muscles than even Western Shorthorns. If the Jerseys were again used on the larger sized cross-breds from Jerseys upon Shorthorns, the Jersey character being more fixed by longer inheritance, the increase of size from the Shorthorn influence would probably be reduced by the predominance of Jersey blood. Hence, while it is not apparent that there would be much increase in the size of such crossbreds, it is certain also that there would be little if any increase in muscle, blood, vitality or vigor.

The Quality of Both Flesh and Milk is Always Healthier

in active than inactive cattle, and as it requires good muscular development to supply vitality and vigor, and a fair proportion of caseine, or a fair cheese quality of milk, would it not be well to form a breed of medium-sized cows combining fair butter and good cheese quality in their milk, with as much hardiness and vigor at least as good common cows are endowed with? The Shorthorns fatten easily, because their muscular development is light, but they are not uniformly good milkers, and therefore not well adapted for use as a base for such a new breed as seems to be required. The Herefords are more muscular, but require special training for several generations to develop good milking capacity. The Ayrshires are well established as a milking breed, which has been made larger (and very successfully, as I have seen at Charlestown, Kane county, Ill.), by using Shorthorn bulls on them. But there is not muscle or vigor enough in the latter breeds, and they are too nearly alike in general character to produce the vigorous and active breed of cows required for general use in connection with the creamery and cream-gathering system through all the dairy sections. Some of the Devons are rather small, but many of them are middle-sized, and they can be grown larger. They are full-muscled, with corresponding fulness of blood and vitality. They are very strongly fixed in character from being a very ancient, pure breed. Many Devon cows give a large yield and a good quality of milk for general purposes. Jersey cows are not adapted to produce good cheese milk, or for beefing with profit when turned off. Neither are they well adapted to grazing on large areas. To cross so as to make the Jersey character predominant would be breeding to sacrifice the cheese qualities of milk and beefing qualities in a cow; while their deficiency in muscle, vitality and vigor seems an insurmountable objection to making Jersey blood predominant in cows for general dairy purposes. I think it best, then, to stick to cows that give milk rich in caseine, because they have average muscular development, a regular and full circulation, with a fair degree of vigor and power for exertion and ordinarily necessary endurance. If these qualities can be perpetuated and kept dominant by crossing the Devons (in which most of them are full) on the Jerseys, or preferable, perhaps, on the larger Guernseys, it would produce a good result for dairymen and the general public. Certainly no cattle can excel the Devons in muscle and vigor, which are the very qualities required to remedy the leading defects of theChannel island cattle.—[Country Gentleman.

IN GENERAL.

Checking Growth Stimulates Reproduction.

The largest species of reptiles, quadrupeds and birds are already extinct. Of these that remain, whales, elephants, lions and condors are diminishing in number. The redwoods of California are few indeed. As animals and vegetables decrease in size they increase in number. Animalcules and vegetalcules probably outnumber all others. To the taunt of an inferior animal that produced several at a litter, the lioness could only reply, "One, but a lion." Besides, the periods of growth, maturity and gestation are generally much greater in giants than in pigmies. Few giants, but many dwarfs, is the law of nature. Again, highly bred and very highly fed domestic animals frequently fail to reproduce. Entire barrenness is not an unusual result. Moderate feeding sometimes cures this tendency. But excessive feeding fits for the butcher instead of the nursery. A manure heap cannot produce grain. A stall-fed animal seldom produces young. A field may likewise be so rich in vegetable matter as to produce a wonderful growth of straw, but very little grain. A forest oak, chestnut, beech, etc., has but little fruit. But the lowly scrub of the same species is loaded with seed. Twist, break or cripple a limb of a rapidly-growing fruit tree and that limb will prematurely produce fruit. Cut down a thrifty burdock or thistle, and the aftergrowth of little sprigs will be covered with seeds. Nature seems to delight in natural growth, but when this is checked it seems to fear extinction, and prepares to rejuvenate itself in a new crop of its kind. Therefore an excessively rich soil or an excessively warm and moist season will not produce the greatest yield of grain. Probably a short drought, or cool weather at the right time, tends to produce more grain per acre, at least on some soils, than rainy and hot weather. Undoubtedly there are fields of corn in 1822 with a better yield than there would have been with moister weather. Generally this year the reverse of this is true. Vegetable starvation of moisture or manure certainly does not produce the best crops. But, on the contrary, a plethora of either is not desirable where grain or reproduction is the result sought for. Very few farmers will have animals or land too fat for reproduction. But that animals and the soil can be fed with too much rich food is just as true as that they can be starved. Therefore, the wise farmer should not starve himself, his family, his animals, or his farm. Neither should he give either a surfeit of the richest food; for this is wasteful; it deranges the true balance of natural forces, creates disease, impotency and premature decay. The golden mean of feeding yourself, your animals and your land wisely and well preserves the health of the stomach, the land and the pocket. In short, the farmer must study his farm, and feed it just enough of that food which it needs. Then his granary and his pocket will be filled. The stomach of a stall-fed animal may be so crowded with rich food that the intestinal absorbents can take up and assimilate but a small portion of what is forced through the animal. Therefore, a large fraction of the food is wasted in the rich manure, besides the tendency to fever, diarrhœa, dyspepsia and kindred ills. If one-fourth or one-half the grain had been scattered through cut straw or hay there would have been comparatively no waste, and the animal would have constantly improved and remained in excellent health. So with the field that is overfed with the richest concentrated manures. A portion goes off with the winds, a larger part descends into the subsoil or the nitrates and other fertilizers run away with the percolating and off-flowing water. The point of saturation is where water or any fluid will hold in solution no more salt, sugar, lime, etc. Is there not likewise a manure line of saturation where the soil will hold no more fertilization of some kinds, and if more is mechanically internixed it becomes foreign matter and waste? Close observation and reflection will probably show that many fields and farms have an excess of certain mineral or vegetable manures that are now obstacles in the way of producing on such lands certain kinds of crops.—[The Tribune.

A Plain and Easy Way of Curing Hams.

The principal thing in curing hams is to get them just salt enough to keep them and not so salt as to injure the flavor and cause them to get hard. Hams should be neatly trimmed and cut rounding, to imitate as close as possible the hams of commerce. Trim closely, so there will be no masses of fat left at the lowest extremity of the hams. The shoulders may be cut in shape convenient for packing, and they should be salted in separate packages from the hams. Hams are cured by both dry salting and brine. When dry salting is employed the hams are rubbed often with salt and sugar. Between each rubbing they are bunched up on platforms or tables, the surface of which is spread with a layer of salt, and each ham is also covered with salt. When taken up to rub, which is usually done five or six times, a shallow box is at hand in which to do the work. When brine is used, prepare a pickle strong enough to float an egg and stir into it sufficient amount of sugar and molasses to give it a sweetened taste. Some add a little saltpetre to color the meat, while others claim it tends to harden the meat. In moderate quantities it is generally accepted as beneficial. Cover the hams with pickle and place the packages where the temperature is uniform and above freezing. For hams of twelve pounds four weeks will be sufficient; large hams must remain in brine a longer time. In general three to seven weeks embrace the extremes of time required for domestic curing of hams, varying as to the size of the hams, temperature and time when they will be required for use. When it is designed to preserve hams through the summer they must not be removed from the pickle too soon. Shoulders require much the same treatment as do hams, and both should be carefully smoked. The preservative principle of smoke is known as creosote. Smoke made by burning corn cobs is highly esteemed, but those engaged in curing meat on a large scale prefer the smoke obtained from dry hickory that has been stripped of its bark. The smoking process must not be too much hurried, or the creosote will not have time to penetrate the entire substance of the meat. Ten days' smoking is usually sufficient, unless the pieces are very large and thick. A process of ham-curing practiced by some of the leading packing-houses consists in creating the smoke in an oven outside of the smoke-house and passed through underground pipes into it. The smoke, rising from the floor to the top of the house, encounters two opposite currents of air drawn from the outside. These currents cause the smoke to form into a rapidly revolving horizontal column which passes among the hams. The smoke is not warm, and there is no heat to melt the hams or hot air to blacken them. The hams, under this process, are smoked in very much less time than by the old method. While canvassing hams has nothing to do with their flavor, it is a protection from insects, and will pay the farmer for the extra labor. It should be done before warm weather. Wrap each ham in coarse brown paper and then sew it up in cotton cloth cut to suit the size, following the shape of the ham. When covered as described dip them in a wash made of lime water and colored with yellow ochre. Hang up in a cool place to dry. The wash closes the interstices of the muslin, and the whole forms a perfect protection against insects. The room in which any kind of cured meat is stored should be dry and cool, and the darker the better.

WHAT FARMERS SHOULD KNOW.

Hints About the Farm.

Composts of acid phosphate, cotton seed and manure have given excellent results in the cotton field. Kainite has also proven an important factor in composts for cotton. A formula that has been used successfully consists of equal parts of manure and cotton seed and about 700 pounds of superphosphate in a ton of compost; 650 pounds each of manure and seed and 700 pounds of superphosphate making one ton. Kainite, when a genuine article, contains about 12 per cent. of actual potash, or 240 pounds to the ton. As kainite contains no phosphoric acid it produces better results when applied in conjunction with phosphates. Acid phosphate assists in decomposition of the hulls of the cotton seed and destroys the germinating power of the seed to be applied as a fertilizer. A second formula, especially adapted to worn or sandy land, and containing kainite, consists of manure, 600 pounds; cotton seed, 600 pounds; superphosphate, 700 pounds, and kainite, 100 pounds. A plan of composting which gives satisfaction consists in mixing the cotton-seed and manure in proper proportions and moistening these with water, urine, soapsuds, or, when the formula contains kainite, a solution of kainite; apply the proper proportion of phosphate and mix thoroughly, shovelling into a mass as prepared. Of course, it is better to compost under shelter. If more convenient, you can compost in layers, beginning with the manure, then a sprinkling of phosphate, then a layer of cotton seed, moistening these with water, solution of kainite, or such liquid manure as you may have at hand, and continue to repeat these layers until the material is consumed. Always cover a compost heap with dry earth or plaster. Allow the heap, however it may be composted, to stand until decomposition takes place; then, if composted in layers, cut down vertically through the layers with a sharp hoe or mattock, pulverize and shovel into a heap, when the fermentation will be renewed and the compost still further improved. Let it lie a fortnight at least after cutting down. These composts are applied in various quantities to suit the demands of the land, from 200 to 400 pounds per acre.

A question quite frequently asked is, How many inches or pounds of cream does it require to make a pound of butter? Two such inquiries now lie upon our table, and we have made reply several times before this. Necessarily it is impossible to answer such a question definitely. Cream differs in richness, and of course the richer the cream the less it will take to make a pound of butter. The average richness, or composition, is about as follows: Water, 65.80; butter (pure fatty matter), 25.40; caseinand milk sugar, 7.61; mineral matters (ash), 2.19. From this it will be seen that upon an average it requires about four times the weight of cream to make a pound of butter. But cream generally does better than this, and sometimes vastly better. Dr. Voelker states that his experiments lead to the conclusion that one quart of good cream will yield from thirteen to fifteen ounces of commercial butter; and when cream is very rich, as when the cows are fed foods that are very rich in oil, a pound of cream will yield almost a pound of butter. It is this superior richness of the Jersey cream that gives that breed of cows its value. In the first place the milk is rich in cream and in the next place the cream itself is rich. The cow herself has a great deal to do with it. Some cows are noted for their large yield of milk, but are valuable only when the milk itself is sold, it being poor in fats. If a dairyman is supplying the town with milk, he wants a cow that will yield largely of milk, but cares nothing for its richness. But if he is making butter he will desire cream more than he does milk, and will find that many a good milker is practically valueless for this purpose. But it does not all lie with the natural butter-producing merits of the animal. Of course food has a vast deal to do with the richness of milk and cream. If we feed what is destitute of oils, of fat-producing elements, necessarily the milk will be less rich. But in feeding we must be careful not to create too much fat. A cow fat enough for the shambles is not in the best of milking condition.

Few persons who eat eggs have any idea of the extent of the traffic in these succulent breakfast delicacies. The increase of the egg trade and its development as one of the industries of the country are really remarkable. A journal that has instituted careful inquiries regarding the matter, asserts that the business of supplying consumers in this city alone now amounts to $18,000,000 per annum. Throughout the Union there are eaten $75,000,000 worth of eggs each year. The improvements achieved in imparting permanence to that freshness which is one of the essential attributes of the egg to make it marketable, are certainly ingenious. The recently-invented process of crystallization is one of the most curious methods of guarding against this blight of tastelessness. By its agency the natural egg is changed into an amber-hued vitreous substance, which, while reduced in bulk, has imparted to it the property of remaining in edible condition for years and resisting the deteriorating effects of climate. What is more singular than this is that when thus treated the eggs can be transported to any place without injury and can afterwards be restored to their original condition, when desirable, by adding the water which has been artificially removed from the shell. This very simple process is called "desiccating," and the principal companies engaged in thus preparing eggs are situated in this city and St Louis. It is said that neither salt nor extraneousmatter is employed in producing "desiccation." The egg is merely reduced by the removal of the water, to a consolidated mass of yolk and albumen. Eggs are also preserved by the process of "liming," and thus preserved they may be utilized for every purpose except that of boiling. It is a custom of some unscrupulous dealers to palm these "limed" eggs off on purchasers as "fresh country eggs," and it can be done with ease and success. In the "desiccating" process such fraud is impossible, for the very sufficient reason that an egg that is tainted, even though it beever so slightly, cannot be crystallized at all.

Pop corn isa crop which will probably interest the small boy rather than the majority of farmers of more mature age, and for his information we will say that prices will be higher this year than last. Our dealers say that, judging from their correspondence the crop in New England will be very light, while in the West it is only fair. Of the old crop, the eight-rowed Western sells for from five to five and one-half cents per pound, with Eastern and Northern at a trifle better figure, an advance of one and one-half to two cents per pound over prices obtained last year at this time. It is reported that a dealer in Chicago has the greater part of the old corn in his own hands. If this is true, and all the merchants seem to believe it is, then there is a "corner" in popcorn, and, as is anticipated, prices will be higher. It is reported that some lots of last year's crop are held in New England and New York. Of course the holders will take advantage of the market. The new crop will not be marketable until April 1, 1883, when it is in condition to pop satisfactorily, but much of it comes into the buyers' hands before that time. The pearl rice variety sells now at seven cents per pound, but it is scarce, and the new crop will probably be short. The new pearl will be in good demand by January 1, as it is ready for popping earlier than the old-fashioned kind. There is none of the red variety on hand. Western corn sells in this market for a less price than New England, for the reason that it is shipped in bags. Popcorn thus packed shells and sifts off from the cob, while New England producers pack their popcorn in barrels. To obtain the best price attention must be paid to the packages, and it will always be found to pay if the corn is packed in clean, new barrels. The largest purchasers of popcorn are the manufacturers of cornballs and cakes, in Boston and Lynn. They sell their products all over the country. Grocery stores also purchase considerable quantities for local consumption by their customers during the long evenings of winter.

English hop growers generally select a sheltered field of naturally suitable soil, deep, fertile and well drained. It is deeply ploughed, subsoiled and manured in autumn. Sheep are frequently folded and well fed on the land in the first place. Cuttings or shoots of any approved sort, which have been reared in a nursery, are then planted in rows six feet apart, three being planted in every hill, and six feet apart in the rows. Some growers plant two or three hills with male plants in order to ensure the proper fertilization of the seed. The wide interspaces are sometimes turned to account during the first year in the growth of potatoes or cabbages. Each hill has a short pole placed near it, which is fixed before summer, and to which the young vine is tied. There is rarely any produce the first year. The spaces are well cultivated both ways and heavily manured, the richest farm manure, woollen rags, guano, in fact, every available fertilizer being employed in quantities unknown in the case of any other crop. The ground is cultivated and manured in early spring, the hills severally tended with spud and hoe, useless suckers cut away and the hills repoled, this time with three longer poles to the hill. The intervals continue to be cultivated with the nidget, a so-called horse hoe; the vine is tied to the poles, perhaps three vines to each. The hills are earthed up in June. There may be some trimming and pruning required, in the case of strong growth, in July. The hops are hand picked when sufficiently matured.

Butter is usually salted in accordance with the demands of the market to which it is to be sent. American butter is generally salted at the rate of about one ounce to the pound. Perhaps the greater part of the sweet-cream butter has half, or less than half, that quantity. In the south of Europe, indeed, all Latin countries, oil is in more general use than butter, and unsalted butter is preferred. The Parisian custom of serving butter entirely unsalted is sometimes aped in England and some of our American cities; but, as a rule, the markets demand that the butter shall carry more than half an ounce of salt. Unsalted butter will keep for ever, provided it is butter, and only butter. But the butter of commerce is never pure. It retains more or less of the other properties of the milk, and it is these which, while they add very much to its value, are subject to almost immediate deterioration, and in turn tend to injure the butter itself. Even salt will not long preserve them. Unsalted butter does not "keep." The use of salt in butter is more for flavoring than for preservative purposes. The protection and preservation of butter are due far more to the package than to the salt which is put in it.

Dr. Dickie is not clear about the comparative value of the manure, between hay, and straw and meal. I am satisfied that the latter ration will make the best manure. To use plain farmer language, the substance of the hay must be absorbed by the animal if it thrives on it, and the refuse—woody fibre—is voided and goes into the manure pile. The same is true with the straw, only there is not so much "substance" and this is made up by the meal, a portion of which is also undigested and becomes excrement. The latter is better manure than any excrement from hay entirely, hence the conclusion that straw and meal make the best manure. Straw thrown into the barn-yard makes, to put it plain, both slow and weak manure. It is not rotted by spring, only wet and heavy, and unhandy to handle and unsuitable to plough under, or for spreading upon the surface. It has to rot before it really becomes manure, and this may not take place during the season, especially if it is a dry one. It also lacks the mucus and other animal secretions which it would possess if it had passed through the stomachs and bowels of the animals. When fed, straw and corn fodder are in a condition for plant food as soon as they are mingled with the soil. They are in a more concentrated form and much easier to dispose of.

The rules for the erection of lightning rods, according to the latest scientific information, and which should be especially emphasized, are these: No insulator should be used; the rod should not terminate in a slender point—it should be of sufficient size; all joints should make perfect connections; great care should be taken to ensure large surface contact with moist earth; all large metallic surfaces should be in metallic connection with the rod; there should be a sufficient number of conductors extending above the roof, but one conductor down the side of the building to the earth is sufficient. It should be observed that no stress is placed upon the form of the rod. Since the electricity traverses the whole thickness of the rod, and not its surface, it is apparent that the diameter or the weight per foot is the only consideration on this score. The claims sometimes made by venders, that their conductors are specially meritorious because they are fluted, angular, flat, tubular, or of any other peculiar form, are entirely gratuitous. The amount of material in the cross-section of the conductor determines the value. If any form is to be preferred, it is that of a cylinder.

The great drawback in common whitewash is the want of durability, it being necessary to renew it every year; but an improved preparation may be made, at a very low cost, that when properly put on will last some years and look very well. It is made as follows: For five gallons slack six quarts of good lime in hot water, covering it up while in the process of slacking to keep in the steam; when slacked strain through a coarse cloth; add one quart of salt, prepared by boiling in water until dissolved and the impurities have been skimmed off; also add one pound of alum, one-half pound of copperas, three-fourths of a pound of potash, four quarts of very fine sand, and coloring to suit the fancy. This preparation should be put on hot; if properly done it makes a durable paint. To make a brilliant white: To the amount of lime above mentioned add one-fourth of a pound of burnt alum, one pound of refined sugar, three pints of rice flour made into thin paste, and one pound of dissolved glue. This, like the other, should be applied hot. If the lime be good it will make a very pure white that will last some years.

Corn is generally accepted as merchantable the 1st of January, and is often sold earlier in the season, but it continues to shrink and lose both in weight and measure from the time it is husked from the field or shock in the fall until April or May. This fact is one that ought to be always taken into consideration where the corn crop or a part of it is to be sold. The loss from shrinking has been variously estimated, according to the condition of the corn when harvested. In a general way it may be said that corn loses at least one-fifth by drying. Hence 35 to 40 cents per bushel as it comes from the field means to the farmer quite as much money as 45 to 50 cents in the spring. The weight of a corn cob varies from one to two ounces, and it has been estimated that the cob loses in shrinkage from 13 to 14 per cent. In a test made and reported by Professor Scovell the average percentage of cob in specimen ears of fourteen varieties of Dent corn was a fraction over 14.

It has been believed that to ensure the best results the seed corn should be selected from the middle of the ear, and that kernels from the butts and tips, and especially the tips, should be rejected. Dr. Sturtevant of New York experimental station has been making experiments during the past summer, which seem to prove that not only is this idea a mistaken one, but that the corn from that portion of the ear generally selected is, in fact, the very poorest of all. He selected one ear of the Waushakum variety, planted all the corn from it, and gave all the same culture. He reports as a result that the tip kernels bore longer ears than the others, and were most prolific of good corn; the butt kernels were more prolific than those from the centre part of the ear, and gave heavier ears than those from the centre or tip, but furnished more unmerchantable ears.

High-grade finishing varnishes, whether of English or American make, possess their wearing qualities from the simple fact that they retain their elasticity or oily principle for a great length of time. The surface hardens sufficiently to resist dust and admit of being washed, but the body of the varnish remains soft and sensitive, and mud, allowed to dry on the surface of the varnish, both stains it and extracts by capillary attraction the oil contained in the varnish. Each spot of mud, according to its size and shape, acts on the varnish immediately under it, but no farther, from the fact that suction is created by the evaporation of the moisture contained in the mud. Different kinds of soil act with more or less injurious effects. The sandy soil of New Jersey would have but a slight effect on a varnish which would be badly stained by the more adhesive, clayey soil of Indiana or Kentucky; and the filth of a large city is still more fatal to the gloss of the varnish.

It is a very common thing for a person with one cow to complain that her cream will not churn, or that it churns with great difficulty. The reason is the cream is kept so long to get a churning that it becomes too sour. Putting in either bicarbonate of soda or sal soda will reduce the acid and help the butter to come, but the butter thus made is always inferior. The remedy is to churn oftener, say every other day, or if the weather is a little cool, twice a week, and to put in milk to make sufficient bulk for churning. The skimming, too, should be done early—as soon as the cream is all up, or pretty nearly all up. It is better to take in the top of the milk in which the last rising of the cream lingers, than wait for the milk to get stale before removing the cream. The practice which many people follow of letting the whey start on the milk before skimming or on the cream before churning, is to a high degree detrimental, both to the churning and to the quantity and quality of butter. If easy churning is desired the cream must be churned while it has a fresh and new taste—not later than the first stage of sourness.

H. M. Engle of Marietta, Penn., has found the following remedies useful in destroying or repelling some of the insects which infest fruit. The peach grub is excluded from the trees by spreading on the bark, near the roots, a mixture of fresh cow manure mixed with lime. Bark lice on raspberry canes are effectually destroyed by a wash of lime and sulphur, applied early in the spring. Borers in apple trees are to be followed with wire, and they are excluded with a heavy coatitng of lime wash. Peach grubs, after they obtain possession, are taken out by following them in their burrows with a pointed knife. Curculios are destroyed by jarring, but most persons neglect it, or do not perform it thoroughly. The practice of hanging corn-cobs saturated with gas-tar in the trees has proved a failure.

The postmaster-general thinks of recommending the government to manufacture stamped envelopes and sell them for three cents, thus practically making letter postage two cents, and thinks that by this plan he will reduce the post office revenue by $2,000,000 only, while lowering the price of the three-cent stamp to two cents would reduce them by $15,000,000. He considers that his plan would indirectly decrease the work of the dead-letter office, which is now principally occupied in handling unpaid and underpaid matter, and would consequently lessen its expenses, and possibly diminish them enough to compensate for the loss in postage. The scheme is ingenious, seems plausible, and certainly ought to satisfy the ordinary letter writer.

The seeds of the sorghum, it appears, sell readily at sixty-five cents per bushel, and at that price it appears that they will pay all expenses of producing the cane up to the time when cutting begins. The Rio Grande company has housed its seed, amounting to 20,000 bushels, which, at the above price, will aggregate $13,000. There is yet another product of the cane which it is proposed to utilize, to wit: The fibre left after the juice is expressed. A paper manufacturer in Philadelphia is testing the bagasse for paper. Experiments made by Professor Collier of the Department of Agriculture, with that view, have already shown that an excellent quality of paper pulp can be made from it.

If seed onions are selected for raising seed with care, rejecting all that show any tendency to thick necks, and if this selection is repeated for several years a seed will result that will produce but few "scullions," provided the other conditions mentioned below are observed; but even with all possible care a few will be found in every onion field. Much of the seed sold in the market is grown carelessly and will yield a large percentage of scullions, even when the other conditions are what they should be. It is well to pay a good price for onion seed that is known to be good, and if such cannot be had it is labor lost to undertake to grow this crop.

For making cement for leather belts take of common glue and isinglass equal parts and place in a glue-pot. Add water to cover the whole. Soak ten hours. Then bring the mixture to a boiling heat, and add pure tannin till the whole becomes ropy or like the white of eggs. Apply warm. Buff off the grain of the leather where it is to be cemented; rub the joint surfaces solidly together; let it dry a few hours and it is ready for use. If properly put together no rivets will be needed, as the cement is as strong as the leather.

The barb-wire monopoly has been fighting the Farmers' Free Factory at Des Moines, Ia., by complicated legal processes, and lost its case. As one consequence, the managers of the latter concern now sell good painted cable wire for 7¾c. per pound, and extra galvanized for 8¾c., in any quantity, large or small, delivered at any railroad station within the limits of the State.

A correspondent keeps the rats out of his granary by "daubing all the angles on the outside of the building with hot pine tar for the width of three or four inches, and also any seam or crack where a rat or mouse can stand to gnaw.

A Missouri sheep-grower advises breeding from polled rams. The animals, he says, fight less, are never flyblown around the horns, are more conveniently sheared, keep easier, and grow larger. This is his opinion after nine years' experience.

Many farmers injure their farm implements more by exposure to the weather than by use on the farm. An implement which, with good care, would last twenty years, will, when exposed to the weather, become useless in five years or even less.

Physicians prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters for indigestion, weakness, low spirits, etc.

The simplest means to cure a Cold or Cough is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price only 25 cents.

A Hotel Man's Luck.

Mr. J. G. Tyler, chief clerk at the Union Depot Hotel, Ogden, had rheumatism in the muscles of the chest and left shoulder. By applying the Great German Remedy three days he realized complete restoration, and he is of the opinion that there is nothing equal to the St. Jacobs Oil for pain. The Great Germany Remedy is also a specific for burns and sprains.—[Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune.

COOKS AND GIRLS FOR GENERAL HOUSE WORK SHOULD CALL OR WRITE TO THE Y. E. A. OFFICE, 19 WINTER STREET. WE CAN GIVE TWENTY GIRLS GOOD PLACES AT ONCE. CALL AFTER 10 A. M.

A MINISTER'S ESCAPE

From the Asylum to the Bosom of His Home—How It was Done.

A prominent minister residing at the East has just made the following statement, which is herewith reprinted entire:

To the Editor of the Herald:

I have always shrunk from appearing prominently before the public, but a sense of the duty I owe humanity and the world prompts me to ask this opportunity for making a brief statement in your paper.

Whether it be true with others I cannot say, but during my entire life I have frequently been conscious that something was slowly and silently working to undermine my health and life. What it was I could not tell, but that some enemy of my being was devouring me within I was certain. At times I would seem comparatively well, and then I would be attacked with the most distressing symptoms. I would feel peculiar pains in various parts of my body; my head would seem heavy; my respiration labored; my appetite would be ravenous one day and I would loathe food the day following. Then again I would lose all interest in life; would feel weary without exertion; would become sleepy at midday and restless at night; occasionally my breathing would be labored and my heart almost motionless, while at other times it would palpitate violently. I thought these troubles were the result of malaria, and I treated them accordingly, but I got no better. Shortly afterward my stomach became deranged, my food failed to digest, and the fluids I passed were of a peculiar odor and color. And yet I did not realize that these things meant anything serious. Finally I consulted a number of eminent physicians, each one of whom took a different view as to the cause of my troubles. One said I was suffering from brain disease; another, spinal difficulty; others, heart affection, kidney disease, etc. My symptoms were terrible, and in the hope of relief I was cauterised, cupped, blistered and subjected to almost every known form of treatment. During one of these attacks while at Red Bank, N. J., a physician was called and left a prescription. After he had gone, I requested a friend to go and ask him what he thought of my trouble. The reply was: "Oh, he will be all right in a few days; it is only an attack of delirum tremens." He was at once informed that this was impossible, as I had never used any kind of intoxicating drinks; whereupon he returned, made inquiries, and changed his prescription. But all the care of my friends and physicians availed nothing. I grew worse constantly, and what is most terrible to think of, I did not know what ailed me, nor could I find any one who did.

During the summer and fall of last year my pulse ranged from 120 to 130 per minute; I had no relish for food and was indeed a most pitiable object. I continued in this state until last December, when I became unconscious and lost my reason, though I had two physicians in whom myself and friends placed implicit confidence. In this condition I was taken to Brattleboro, Vt., for the purpose of being placed in the insane asylum. I remained there until last April, being attended all the while by my faithful wife, who never left me, and believed that some disease and not insanity was the cause of all my trouble. I regained consciousness in March last and insisted upon being taken home. The physicians advised that I remain, but I insisted upon leaving, and we began the journey, travelling slowly. I was met at the dock by a friend whom I recognized, and then I became again unconscious and remained so for over a week. When I once more recognized my friend and knew my surroundings, I determined to try, as a last resort, a treatment of which I had heard much but knew nothing. Neither myself nor friends had much faith that it or anything could help me, but we resolved to try. We accordingly dismissed the physicians, gave up all other remedies, and I rejoice to say that with the blessing of Him who guided us, I am today a well man; having not been so vigorous for many years, and I owe it all to the wonderful, almost miraculous power of Warner's Safe Kidney Cure, the remedy which I used.

You can well imagine how grateful I must feel under the circumstances, and, like a new convert, I earnestly desire that all who are suffering should know and avail themselves of this means of recovery. Had it not been for the remedy above named I should doubtless now be within the walls of an asylum or in my grave. The great trouble with my case was that no one seemed to know what I was afflicted with, and I am positive that thousands of people in America today are in the same or a similar condition, and do not know its cause. Kidney troubles are the most deceptive of all diseases. They have no symptoms of their own, but often show the symptoms of nearly every known complaint. I know that people are dying every day from supposed consumption, apoplexy, heart disease, spinal complaint, and many other diseases, when, could the real cause be known, it would be found to originate in the kidneys. In their advanced stages kidney troubles are the most terrible of all known maladies, as my own experience can fully verify. That I had Bright's disease of the kidneys there can be no doubt. That the symptoms were those of many other diseases is equally certain, and that I was doomed to a terrible death had I not been saved as I was, I am positive. The following letters just received confirm this:

VERMONT ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, BRATTLEBORO, Vt., October 30, 1882.

Rev. E. D. Hopkins:

DEAR SIR: Yours of the 21st inst. received. We congratulate you not only upon the continuance of your health, but also upon its apparent continual improvement. Few persons, I think, have passed through so exhausting an experience as you and rallied from it. Certainly I cannot recall one who came to us in so critical, and for days and even weeks in so hopeless a state for amendment as you, and who survived and recovered from it; for, I think, you may now consider yourself recovered and no longer on the convalescent list. Hoping for the continuance of your present health, with the best wishes from all here,

I am, yours truly,
J. DRAPER.

OCEANIC, N. J., Nov. 2, 1882.

MY DEAR FRIEND: Replying to your letter I would say I have been acquainted with my highly valued friend, the Rev. S. D. Hopkins, about eighteen months, and very intimately acquainted for about six months past. For a little more than five months he was an inmate of my house, and we enjoyed constant intercourse with each other. When he came in April last he was almost a perfect wreck in point of health. I thought he had come to us but to die. Soon afterwards he began the use of some of H. H. Warner & Co.'s remedies, namely, the Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, Safe Nervine and Safe Pills. From almost the time he began their use his improvement was very marked and wonderful, and when he left us, after having taken some two dozen bottles, he was like a new man. The change was the most remarkable I ever witnessed,

SAMUEL MILLER,
(Pastor of the Presbyterian Church.)

In view, therefore, of these facts, and with a hope that all who read this may take timely warning, I make this open statement freely and for the good of my fellow-men.

Sincerely,
(REV.) E. D. HOPKINS.

East Richford, Vt., Nov. 7, 1882.

HEART DISEASE.

Now IS YOUR HEART SOUND?

Many people think themselves sick and doctor for kidney or liver troubles, or dyspepsia, while if the truth were known, the real cause is at the heart.

The renowned Dr. Clendinning, startlingly says "one-third of my subjects show signs of heart disease."

The heart weighs about nine ounces, and yet man's twenty-eight pounds of blood passes through it once in a minute and a-half, resting not day or night! Surely this subject should have careful attention.

Dr. Graves a celebrated physician has prepared a specific for all heart troubles and kindred disorders. It is known as **Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator** *and can be obtained at your druggists, $1. per bottle, six bottles for $5 by express. Send stamp for Dr. Graves' thorough and exhaustive treatise.* (1)

F. E. Ingalls, Sole American Agent, Concord, N. H.

HEART TROUBLES.

KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

42- ☞If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED



STOMACH BITTERS

Old-fashionable remedies are rapidly giving ground before the advance of this conquering specific, and old fashioned ideas in regard to depletion as a means of cure, have been quite exploded by the success of the great renovant, which tones the system, tranquilizes the nerves, neutralizes malaria, depurates and enriches the blood, rouses the liver when dormant, and promotes a regular habit of body. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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WARNER'S SAFE



KIDNEY & LIVER CURE

Disease is an effect, not a cause. Its origin is within; its manifestations without. Hence to cure the disease the CAUSE must be removed, and in no other way can a cure ever be effected. WARNER'S SAFE KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE is established on just this principle. It realizes that

95 per Cent.

Of all diseases arise from deranged kidneys and liver, and it strikes at once at the root of the difficulty. The elements of which it is composed act directly upon these great organs, both as a FOOD and RESTORER, and, by placing them in a healthy condition, drive disease and pain from the system.

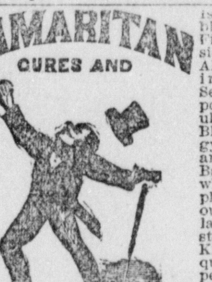
For the innumerable troubles caused by unhealthy Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs; for the distressing Disorders of Women; for Malaria, and for physical derangements generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes, ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For Sale by all dealers.

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NEVER FAILS. NERVINE

is unfailing and infallible in curing Epileptic Fits, Spasms, Convulsions, St. Vitus Dance, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Syphilis, Scrofula and all Nervous and Blood Diseases. To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary Men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all whose sedentary employment causes Nervous Prostration, Irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or Kidneys, or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, SAMARITAN NERVINE is invaluable. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system. For sale by all Druggists.

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American Poultry Journal	1.25	1.85
Atlantic Monthly	4.00	4.25
American Art Journal	3.00	3.80
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American Naturalist	4.00	4.45
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Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly)	4.00	4.25
" " Chimney Corner (W'y)	4.00	4.25
" " Boys and Girls' W'kly	2.50	3.10
" " Sunday Magazine (M'y)	3.00	3.10
" " Popular Monthly	3.00	3.45
" " Pleasant Hours (M'y)	1.50	2.25
" " Fireside Companion	3.00	3.30
" " Budget of Wit (M'y)	2.00	2.65
Forest and Stream	4.00	4.10
Germantown Telegraph	2.00	2.30
Green's Fruit Recorder	25	1.15
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Harper's Magazine	4.00	4.10
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Herald of Health (without premiums)	1.00	1.75
Home and Farm	50	1.45
Household	1.00	1.80
Housekeeper	75	1.45
Home Journal	2.00	2.55
Indiana Farmer	2.00	2.55
Independent	3.00	3.55
Irish American	2.50	2.55
International Review	5.00	5.10
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Journal of Microscopy	1.00	1.75
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THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

Concerning Consistency in Dress—Demorest on Trimmings for Cloaks and Dresses—Fancy-Work and Globe Receipts.

From a recent interesting article on consistency in costume the following extracts are taken: "The beauty of consistency was till a few years ago conspicuous by its absence from the dress of women of the present century in England. To wear a perfectly plain bodice in company with a skirt whose gathers were inconveniently superabundant was an incongruity so universal that those who, in advance of their time, dared to ask what was supposed to become of the fulness which so abruptly ceased at the waist were considered to be curiously hypercritical. If, undaunted by snubs, an inquiring mind of this order had asked what was the motive of fringe or lace stretched plain as a trimming upon a skirt, without a possibility of appearing to terminate anything, the owner of the interrogative mind in question would undoubtedly have been set down as "odd," a term of reproach which conveyed more severity in those days than it does now. Without unduly praising the reigning modes, which have many faults, it may be claimed for them that they display in many respects a due regard for consistency. Fringes are placed only where they are pendant from an edge. Lace has been misused, perhaps, in the matter of skirts where one flounce is placed above another throughout the entire length. This, however, is but an instance of the faulty carrying out of the original conception. The theory of such a skirt is that each lace flounce represents the edge of a skirt, shorter than, and falling over, the one beneath. There was a time when buttons were used by the gross as trimmings. They were sewed on anywhere and everywhere, down the middle and up the sides, on either "front" of a jacket, and thickly bestrewing the sleeves. Clever, indeed, was that girl considered who arranged her buttons in vandykes round her dress, and her skill was well advertised by the terrific noise made in church by her very original trimming. It never occurred to any one that buttons should have some plausible excuse for being in any given place. No good dressmaker would, nowadays, place a button where it could not appear to button anything. It is an axiom universally recognized, but too often disregarded in practice, that whatever is not useful in dress must be beautiful. Feathers, flowers, beads, passementerie irradiated with brilliant jet trimmings of every sort, lose their raison d' etre if they are not excellent of their kind. A poverty-stricken feather, a crushed flower, a faded ribbon, an emaciated fringe, beads that look as if they had been in a railway accident, braids that are but dim reminiscences of their former gold and silver splendors—all such things should be consigned to a judicious oblivion. They are of the past, passe; and the human creature who is dependent upon them for embellishment is better unadorned."

About Trimmings.

Demorest's Monthly has the following article on the subject of trimmings for cloaks and dresses:

Quite a revolution has occurred of late years in the ordinary methods of dress trimming. The cheap styles, the common varieties of braids and gimps and fringes, have almost wholly disappeared, and in their place we find trimming of the same, or a contrasting, material, rows of stitching, a facing which suggests color without really exhibiting it, and buttons which often have artistic value.

These methods must be considered a great improvement on styles of ornamentation which added nothing to the real beauty of the costume or garment, were easily defaced and then made a really good material look shabby before it was worn. Whatever is used as mounting of course suffers more from contact than the body part of the stuff, and ought to be more, rather than less, serviceable in its character. But this was rarely thought of in the selection of ordinary trimmings, and flimsy passementeries, gimps and fringes frequently cheapened and vulgarized an otherwise respectable fabric, and lowered its standard of excellence in the minds of those who judged it from its inadequate attempts at ornamentation.

Of late so many nice trimming laces have been produced, that efficient aid has been rendered in the finishing of ordinary silks and thin costumes, while in the making up of wools, neatness has been found the most effective form that decoration could take, and one after another every addition in the way of trimming has been gotten rid of, excepting the braids and bindings. This year there is a revival of the Hungarian cords and passementerie buttons, the "military" style, as it is called, which trade must make in the direction of attractive novelty and costumes. The real novelties and elegances in trimming are in the direction of the different kinds of open and solid embroidery and the magnificent cloak trimmings in feathers and chenille. In the production of the embroideries upon cloth and other fabrics, Venetian models have been largely followed, and designs, some of which have been obtained from museums and collections of rare works. The beauty of design, and the exquisite workmanship put into them, would elevate them into the region of art if they were executed by hand instead of by machine. As it is, there are trimmings which rival Venetian point in effect which are the depth of an antique flounce, and which can be bought for ten dollars per yard, and are therefore not valued as they ought to be, for three-quarters of a yard across the front of a dress gives distinction, and a narrower width for cuffs and collar serves to complete a toilet without the addition of costly real lace.

Workmanship upon the material has given the key-note to the present styles of decoration. It is only the carrying out of the Eastlake idea in furniture, which years and years ago we announced as a new departure, which was sure to have its following in dress and its adornments. The braided embroidery upon cloth, which puts cloth upon cloth, and outlines the design with a narrow, thick, flat, cord-like braid, which is placed partly flat, partly on edge, and often wrought in solid circular coins, or button-like forms, is an extraordinarily substantial and effective method of treating handsome cloth suits, and really enriches them, as it should, for it is very expensive.

FANCY-WORK.

Kensington Embroidery.

White linen sheeting is the goods generally used, and almost every variety of fancy goods can be made out of it. Doyleys, scrap-bags, tidies, lambrequins, toilet covers, curtains and table-spreads are a few of the many pretty adornments. To have the work look well it should be made on a frame. Any one who has the slightest ingenuity can make their own, but if in the neighborhood of a carpenter, why it will probably save time by calling on him. The sides should be about twenty-five inches in length; make a round hole in each of the ends and fasten together, in the form of a square, with wooden pegs. It is well to make two or more holes along the sides of the frame, so that it can be made any size desired. Cut the linen the length and width required, and then trace on it the pattern to be worked. This is easily performed by placing the pattern on the window glass and laying the linen over it. The light shines through, showing every line of the design, which can be readily traced with a sharp-pointed, soft, black lead pencil. When finished fasten it to the frames by tapes which are firmly sewn to the linen. Place the frame in your lap, with the left arm underneath. The downward stitch is taken by the right hand, the needle is received and passed up again by the left, so that the left hand is always below and the right hand always above the work. This method will seem difficult at first, but, with a little practice, it will be found much more rapid and convenient than keeping both hands above. Now, to begin, begin at the top; suppose the first figure to be a leaf, trace the pencil marks over with olive green crewel, with which all the leaf should be worked. Next push the needle through from the under side at the point where the stem joins the leaf, putting it in again on the upper side at about a quarter of an inch from the point where it was first put through. Then, with the left hand, push it back from underneath at about half-way between the first stitch, and as close to it as possible. Make another stitch of the same length as the first; push the needle back from the under side again at about the middle of the second stitch, and so on through the leaf, each stitch overlapping its neighbor; continue the stitches, gradually approaching the centre, until the design is entirely filled up; shade the leaf with different shades of olive, using the lightest for the top, the darkest for the part next the stem; after the leaf is worked with the crewel, work around the entire edge with embroidery silk of the lightest shade of olive; the veins are put in last, after the leaf has been entirely worked, so that they stand out in relief. The shaded petals of flowers are somewhat differently treated; the stitches should start from the outline and directed toward the centre, following the grain of the petal; be careful not to take all the stitches of the outer shade directly up to the inner shade, as that would make a hard line of contrast; the shades should be blended by occasionally running a stitch of the first color up into the next; always follow the grain of the object imitated, always working the stems up and down, never across. The stitch should vary according to the coarseness or fineness of the material used, by the size of the object represented, and by the destination of the work when finished. If, when the work is taken from the frame, it is puckered or drawn, lay it on a piece of flannel with the right side down; place a wet cloth over it and iron quickly with a hot iron; do not press too hard, as the flowers will look flattened. It is the heat and not the weight of the iron that makes the design stand out and smooths the work. When the work needs washing make a strong suds and rub the article in it, but do not rub the soap itself on the design. Rinse it thoroughly in cold water. Put a clean cloth on the carpet and stretch the article on it, keeping it in place with pins until dry. If the design is to be etched, follow the tracing closely with one row of stitches. White linen sheeting makes pretty towels. If desired, they can be ornamented in Kensington stitch with the initial, and finished with a drawn-work border and the edges fringed and knotted.

Crape Applique.

A very pretty mode of ornamentation is crape applique, which is done on pale tinted satin. Select a suitable design and trace it upon the satin, and then proceed with the crape in the following manner: Take a tiny round piece of crape and fold it in half, thread a needle with silk of the same shade and gather around the cut edge, leaving the folded side upward ungathered; draw it up and place it on the spot you wish, sewing it there lightly, but firmly. Keep placing them on closely until the flower you are copying is finished, then draw in the centre several gold beads or seed pearls, and if well done you will be delighted with your success. In making a rose you will want several shades of pink crape, making the outside leaves large, of the light crape, and as you near the centre make them smaller and use darker shades. A pincushion of white satin has a wreath of roses and forget-me-nots, and in the centre a monogram worked in gold thread. In using this thread unmixed with color, either the pure gold or Japanese thread should be used, as otherwise it is likely to tarnish.

Sand Bars.

These are very useful in stopping the draught from the bottom of doors, closets, windows, etc. To make them, cut from bed-ticking, or other firm material, pieces of any desired length and width, make into bags, fill with clean, dry sand, and sew up. Crochet covers of green or scarlet zephyr, or Germantown yarn, make the covers long enough to project two inches at each end, run cords of twisted zephyr through the cover two inches from each end, put a tassel or little ball on each end of the cord, draw up and tie. For windows these bags should be made the width of the sill, and the cover made to fit the inside bag closely and sewed up at the ends instead of being tied on the outer edge; trim with fringe to match the cover, or, if preferred, the cover may be made of embroidered burlaps of Java canvas. They make pretty window cushions, and are ornamental as well as useful, which is saying a great deal for them.

Fence-Row Inserting.

Cast on fourteen stitches.

1. Knit across plain, knit three, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit six.
2. Knit plain.
3. Knit four, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit five.
4. Knit plain.
5. Knit five, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit four.
6. Knit plain.
7. Knit six, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit three.
8. Knit plain.
9. Knit seven, over twice, narrow, knit one, over twice, narrow, knit two.

Knit two rows plain, after which begin at the beginning.

Lamp-Shade.

Take a piece of thin pasteboard, cut a round out of it sixteen inches in diameter; out of the centre of that cut a round three inches in diameter; now cut away three-eighths of your round, divide the remainder in quarters with pencil lines; take a darning needle and prick a star in the centre of each quarter, line with colored tissue-paper; now fasten your shade together with mucilage, cover that seam and each pencil mark with gilt paper, take three hairpins, fasten them at equal distances from each other in the inner circle of your shade; these are to rest against the lamp-chimney.

A Shade for the Eyes.

To make the eye-shade cut a piece of pasteboard the shape of the front piece on a boy's cap; cover with scraps of black silk; sew a piece of hat elastic on each end, and you will have a shade that will at least shade your own eyes; if you haven't any lamp-shade, try the eye-shade.

GLOBE RECEIPTS.

Self-Freezing Ice Cream.

Take one quart of rich milk, one pint of cream, eight eggs, four cupfuls of sugar and five spoonfuls of vanilla; beat the eggs separately; heat the milk almost to boiling; beat the eggs lightly; add the sugar and stir up well; pour the hot milk into this, beating all the while; then put in the whites; put into a tin pail in a pan of hot water; stir and boil fifteen minutes, or until like boiled custard; when cool beat the cream in and the flavoring; when packed beat the custard five minutes, and then leave it an hour; then beat again until smooth; then leave two hours or so; you can freeze in anything; can freeze it over again if it melts. Chocolate melted in milk and poured in the custard when it is ready to freeze will do for chocolate cream. I prefer it made without the cream, using milk in its place, for it makes it so light. You can use snow, when you have it, instead of ice, as it does not melt as quickly when the salt is mixed with it.

To Clean a Silk Dress.

Take six tablespoonfuls of the best soft soap, or four tablespoonfuls of yellow bar soap, scraped into thin shavings with a sharp knife, and dissolved in just enough boiling water to melt it; four tablespoonfuls of honey, half a pint of alcohol, and half a pint of hot water; beat all to a froth, and spread the breadths of the dress, one at a time, upon a sheet, and, with a sponge dipped into the mixture, rub it over the silk, taking care to mark the soiled places before it is all wetted, so they can have extra rubbing; dip each breadth into cold water as soon as it is cleansed, sousing it up and down in the water, so as to take out all the soapsuds, but do not wring it out or crease it in the hands; shake and snap the silk to clear it from the water, and hang it out of doors till it is partly dry; then roll it into a towel or sheet; proceed in this way till all the parts of the dress are cleaned and partly dried, and iron them on the wrong side of the silk, or over a newspaper, until perfectly dry.

To Wash Flannel Dresses.

Boil a quarter of a pound of yellow bar soap in three quarts of water, slicing the soap into thin shavings, and letting it boil until it is all dissolved. Take a tub of lukewarm water, and add enough of the hot soapsuds to make a good lather. Dip the dress in and rub it well, but do not rub soap upon it, for it will leave a white mark. Wring it out with the hands, not with a wringer, because it creases it badly. Wash in another water with a little more of the soapsuds, if it is much soiled. Then wring it again, and dip into lukewarm water to rinse it, and make it very blue with the indigo bag. Shake it out thoroughly after wringing it, and dry in the shade till damp enough to iron on wrong side. It must not be dried entirely before it is ironed. Colored woollen or cotton stockings can be washed in the same way, and rinsed in strong salt and water to keep the colors from running, instead of blued water.

Irish Stew.

Sixteen and one-half pounds of meat, sixteen pounds of potatoes, four pounds of onions, six ounces of salt, one ounce of pepper, one-half pound of flour. Cut the meat away from the bone, and then into pieces of one-quarter of a pound each, the loin and neck of mutton into chops, disjoint the shoulder, and cut the bladebone into four pieces (if leg, cut into slices) one-quarter of an inch thick, rub them with the salt, pepper and flour, and place the meat in the boiler with some fat, brown it on both sides, then add the onions whole, and then the potatoes, and enough water to cover the potatoes, stew gently for two hours; keep the fire down and well covered during the cooling.

Cheap Angel Cake.

One cup of white sugar, one-half cup of butter beaten to a cream, dissolve one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoonful of soda in one-half cupful of sweet milk, stir into the butter and sugar. To one cupful of flour add one-half cup of cornstarch and beat thoroughly together, then add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth. For frosting, beat the yolks of three eggs with seven tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, spread over the cake while it is hot in the pan and dry in the oven.

To Fry Calf's Brains.

They should first be washed in three or four waters; the skin should be removed, and then they should be boiled in salt and water, with a little vinegar added to it. Boil them for from ten to fifteen minutes; take them out then and let them lie in cold water till you are ready to use them. Make a batter of the yolks of eggs and fine cracker crumbs; cut the brains in slices, dip them in the batter and fry them in very hot fat—either butter and lard mixed or beef drippings. Garnish with fried parsley, if convenient. Small beets boiled and cut in rings make a good garnish also.

Hard Soap.

Four gallons of water, six pounds of washing soda, six pounds of clean fat, three and one-half pounds of stone lime; put the lime and soda in the water and boil until the soda is dissolved; then pour it into a tub and let it settle; then pour off the water gently, with as little lime as possible; then add the fat and boil until done; take a little out in a saucer, and if no water remains under when cold it is done; pour it in deep pans or a tub, and when cold cut in bars.

Whitening Beeswax.

My way is to melt the wax and pour it while hot into a quantity of the coldest water I can get; the cold water sets it quickly and it will look like a large sponge; then take it out of the water and lay it in a sunny place out of doors, leaving it there until white enough to suit, occasionally turning it over. It bleaches in a short time. Then melt again and mould into any desired shape. Sometimes I strain it through a cloth at the final melting.

Mince Pies.

Mix together two pounds lean, cold, boiled meat chopped fine, four pounds chopped apples, three-quarters of a pound of suet chopped fine, a pound and a half of raisins, a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of citron, three pounds of sugar, a teaspoonful and a half of ground cloves, five teaspoonfuls cinnamon, two a half of ground mace, half a teaspoonful black pepper, three tablespoonfuls salt, a pint of cider and vinegar mixed and a pint of molasses. Add the juice and grated rind of two lemons. Keep in stone jars until ready for use.

A Simple Chicken Salad.

Boil a chicken tender; when cold separate from bone and skin and chop fine; add a cup of finely-chopped cabbage and two bunches of celery, chopped with the whites of four hard-boiled eggs; for dressing mash the yolks fine, add a spoonful of melted butter, spoonful or less of sugar, small teaspoonful of made mustard, salt and pepper, and, last, half a pint of vinegar; pour over the salad and mix thoroughly; set in a cold place. This is very nice.

Bean Soup.

Soak a quart of navy beans over night. In the morning put them over the fire in three quarts of water, with three onions fried in a little butter, one small carrot, two partly cooked potatoes, a small piece of pork and salt. Boil slowly five or six hours. Then pass through a colander and return to the fire. Season with salt and pepper. Bits of bread fried brown in butter make a pleasant addition; celery and cloves are sometimes added; a cupful of cream mixed with the soup makes a pleasant change.

Wild Duck.

If fishy, and the flavor is disliked, these should be scalded for a few minutes in salt and water before roasting. If the flavor is very strong, the duck may be skinned, as the oil in the skin is the objectionable part. After skinning, spread with butter and thickly dredge with flour before putting in a very quick oven. Young ducks feel tender under the wings, and the web of the foot is transparent; those with thick, hard breasts are best. Be particular in selecting wild ducks.

Head Cheese.

Clean the legs nicely and boil by themselves, so that when done there will be plenty of the liquor; boil the upper head, minus ears, eyes and nose, with considerable lean meat, tenderloin is best, and when done remove bones and skin from head and legs; chop the lean; salt and pepper to suit taste; add the liquor the legs were boiled in, and last, but not least, a teacupful of vinegar and a teacupful of catsup to every gallon; when thoroughly cold it can be cut up in slices.

Squash Pie.

A good squash pie is easily made if one will take care to observe this rule: Do not attempt to make a squash pie unless you have at least three eggs to spare for each pie. Beat the eggs till they are as light as it is possible to make them; then beat the eggs and squash together till it all looks foamy; add milk enough to thin it sufficiently; bake in a moderate oven, and success is certain.

Paste.

To every quart of paste put a tablespoonful of pulverized alum, a few drops of carbolic acid or oil of cloves, and the paste will not sour or be infested with insects. Stir the alum in with the moistened flour. Put the paste in a wide-mouthed bottle or glass can, and keep tightly corked when not in use. It will keep till used up.

Black Cake.

One pound brown flour, one pound brown sugar, one pound citron, two pounds currants, three pounds of stoned raisins, three-quarters of a pound of butter, one teacup of molasses, two teaspoonfuls mace, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful soda, twelve eggs.

A FAMOUS COMMANDER.

General Booth, Leader of the Salvation Army—Description of a Meeting of His Numerous Forces Held on the Scene of One of His Latest Conquests.

The other day, writes a London correspondent of the New York Sun, I went to see the opening of a new place of meeting for Mr. Booth's Christians. The new temple was an old, wicked building, which for a century had combined the unrefined attractions of a low music hall and a common public house. General Booth justifies his preference for places of that kind by saying that their acquisition shows his conquests over his enemies. This would be very well if he had not to pay very dearly for such acquisitions. Now, if you had to put your hand into your pocket and apply for a loan at your bank to get what you want, it would hardly seem as if the word conquest could correctly define the transaction. But, after all, what does it matter if the Salvationists call it a signal victory to buy tumble-down theatres and taverns off the hands of their enemies, who immediately apply their money to building better and more attractive ones? Not being well acquainted with the locality I found myself in, I entered successively two large public houses, thinking them in turn to be the last conquest of General Booth. The reason of my mistake was simply that the shrewd landlords of those establishments had marked by so many flags, decorations and devices their appreciation of the good effect the opening of the new place of worship, I mean the new barrack, would have on the sale of their liquors, that their premises had all the appearance of a Salvationist's future chapel. Inscriptions like the following were placarded in golden types on their most conspicuous parts: "Welcome to the Salvation Army. May they do us good." However, I soon came to another spot where the excitement was intense. There could be but little doubt that I had reached at last

The Place to Be Consecrated

by Mr. Booth; a man was being conveyed to the hospital, policemen had their bludgeons in hand while relieving this dark side a few sportive apprentices in a small alley had just got up an exciting game of foot ball with a Salvation bonnet. I entered the barrack—I had known the place in other times when second-rate ballets and pantomimes, hoarse and nasal singers, robust and unblushing beauties, aerial acrobats, and hard drinking constituted a suitable fare of attractions for the population of the neighborhood. The place had been thoroughly repaired, whitewashed and decorated, the stage had been fitted up as a platform for the services, but long did I doubt when this service began if any change had taken place in the company performing on the boards. The house was full. I had paid a shilling for admission, and was shown to a seat by an officer in the regulation guernsey, trimmed with red. On the stage were General Booth, his wife, two of his daughters, two of his sons, his staff, his band, his friends. His two daughters were just engaged in singing in duet a very pretty hymn, the assembly taking up the chorus at the end of each verse, accompanied by the band. The eldest Miss Booth, whose pretty and expressive face looked particularly attractive under the Salvation bonnet, is a fine singer and charming artist. The hymn was an invocation of love to Jesus. She sang it beautifully, and with such a tenderness of look, such a warmth of heart, and such graceful gestures, that it looked like a great scene of love at the opera. Nothing could be more impressively profane. Now and then

General Booth Interrupted the Performers

to adapt, in a burlesque manner, passages of the sacred song to the most trivial circumstances of the day, which adaptation invariably secured loud marks of admiration. Then a man suddenly leaped to his feet in the gallery exclaiming that he was saved, and he was going to leap into the stalls as if he could not bear it, when he was opportunely got back by his neighbors. I had behind me a middle-aged dame who, although of enviable lungs, had already, at an early part of the proceedings, grown quite hoarse by an ambitious desire to be always the first and last in the chorus, and by a regrettable abuse of pious ejaculations. I had likely attracted her attention by my composure in the midst of the general fervor, for as the man had just been restrained from committing suicide she sharply poked me with her umbrella, as if to warm me up, whispering, "He is a saint, sir; he is a saint"; then louder, "God be glorified, Amen, Hallelujah!" I could not acknowledge the remark, my attention being at the time diverted by General Booth introducing to the meeting an old woman of 80, who, he said, had been ninety times before the magistrate for drunkenness and disorderly behavior, and had now joined the Salvation Army. The pet, the darling; how pretty she looks in her Salvation bonnet, ejaculated my neighbor, while similar exclamations equally judicious, mixed with a sudden discharge of the cymbals, filled the place with deafening noise. Silence being restored on a cry that a young woman had fainted

"Aren't They a Magnificent Lot of Lasses,

only one to faint after all the treatment they have received outside?" exclaimed the general, amid a renewed uproar of "Bless him," "Bless her," and volley of "amens," accompanied by a support of the tambourines. Then, exhaustion having quieted down matters a little, Major Smith was introduced to the congregation in order to give the Salvationists' war hymn, called "The Lord's Brigade," set to the tune of the popular music hall melody, "The Fire Brigade." Major Smith has been a mountebank, an acrobat of small fame in the uninfluential regions of the town. He startled us all by beginning the pious anthem with a good three-foot jump in the air, straight from the floor, silence being only broken by "the cherubim" of my female neighbor. On went the major with his song. Attention, however, soon became concentrated on the prodigious activity of his body, his arms flourishing as if engaged to score against time with imaginary clubs, while his legs continued to be a constant cause of surprise. Once, when leading the chorus with the somewhat alarming motto of the army, "Blood and Fire," he leaped so high that it looked as if he was about to clear the whole Booth family by his side. However, the general dexterously caught him in time and lowered him gently on the boards. Then there was what they call a regular Salvation Army swing, the voices ringing and the brass band instruments sending forth the loudest possible strains, and, a collection having been made in support of the army's campaign, the congregation adjourned to a hallelujah tea.

Three of a Kind.

[Buffalo Courier.]

The president of a matrimonial association entered into a contract with the "landlady" of a boarding-house, agreeing that if she would keep three kinds of meats on the table he would board with her three months. The other day a lawsuit grew out of the contract, and when the case came up for trial the president of the matrimonial association made a statement declaring that liver was the only kind of meat furnished by the landlady. The woman in reply said: "Judge, I promised to keep three kinds of meat, and I have; at each meal I have had beef liver, hog liver and sheep liver. If that ain't three kinds of meat, I'm willing to surrender my experience and hire out as a professional yellow fever nurse." The judge decided that the woman's idea of meat was correct and accordingly threw the unfortunate president in the cost.

DON'T die in the house. "Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, flies, roaches, bedbugs. 15c

HOUSEHOLD ART.

Decorative Notes—Odd Fancies.

Blacking bottles and small jelly bottles can be made into pretty vases if first painted blue, shading from light into dark or fading into a grayish blue, allowed to dry perfectly; then painted in oils with a small spray of leaves and blossoms, and finished with a coating of demar varnish. They make a pretty ornament for the mantel or table.

A pretty plaque is first painted a light blue, deepening in color toward the lower end; when quite dry a photograph, which has been removed from the card by placing it in tepid water for a half-hour, is cut into an oval and gummed on, and surrounded by a wreath of tiny flowers and leaves painted in oils, and the whole varnished with a clear white varnish. Another pretty ornament made from photographs is to arrange them on cardboard with a surrounding composed of dried flowers and grasses, and then pasted in a deep velvet frame.

Very pretty plush plaques, which make handsome holiday gifts, can be made by taking a piece of pine wood a quarter of an inch thick, three inches wide and nine inches long; cut a piece of paper and fit it over one side of the board and press it down smoothly, so there will be no wrinkles; remove it, and without smoothing out the creases, cut a piece of plush of the exact shape; cut a piece of red cotton or dark stiff goods and glue it smoothly to the board, covering the back; now put on the plush on the other side and glue it neatly and firmly to the lining. A photograph may be mounted on the plush, or a small flower painted in oils. An olive green plush panel has a cardinal satin ribbon band placed slantingly across the front, with a spray of almond blossoms painted in oil on the satin.

Hand-bags are made of coarse linen twine crocheted in imitation of macraime lace; the crochet is four inches deep, and each side is five inches long; they are much prettier if made in one piece. Finish the top edge with a small scallop and the bottom with small points and a scant fringe; the lining is of satin and a satin bow is placed on the crochet; the top of the bag is drawn together with narrow satin ribbon.

A set of tidies is made of satin and cretonne. Cut the satin in squares the size desired and cut the figures from the cretonne and apply it to the satin with Japanese gold thread in chain stitch. Finish the edges with antique or Russian lace.

To cover worn furniture with cretonne, cut patterns of paper that will fit on each article. Place these patterns on the cretonne, and cut them out exactly, marking every crease and fold with pins, so that they may be put on straight and not puckered. First pin on the back of the chair, then the arm-pieces, and then the outside coverings, and then lace narrow gimp over the raw edges, pinning it and tacking it down with upholsterers' tacks. Pin in the seat tightly, keeping the same folds that were in the old cover; sew it down firmly in the back, and cover the front edges with gimp and nails. If you prefer, the seat can be first covered, and it can then be fastened tighter at the back. If you wish to tack it down with buttons, you can cover button moulds with the material, or purchase velvet or kid buttons of the upholsterer. After placing the cover over the seat take a mattress needle and thread it with strong twine and double it, and push it up from the bottom of the chair into the place where the old button was; then through the button and down through the seat again; then pull it very tightly and tie it in a hard knot. Put all the buttons on in this way, and tuck material far down at the back of the chair and nail it on in front, and cover with gimp and nails. Then nail a cambric covering over the bottom of the chair. Chair coverings can be made of strips of brightly-colored woollen plush, alternated with strips of satin, or of woollen reps of contrasting colors.

A screen of white china matting is painted with a trellis and grapevine, with green leaves and purple clusters of fruit.

A table cover is made of wine-colored felt, with the border and corners embroidered in silk of a darker shade and outlined with gold Japanese thread. A unique spread is made of old gold satin, with a border in applique of dark blue, worked with gold Japanese thread and cardinal embroidery silk. The shape is oblong, and the two ends are knotted with tassels of crewel and silk in all the colors used.

A piano spread for an upright piano is of gray linen, with a frieze of dancing figures or a scroll design worked with scarlet filling silk.

When a sofa has become worn remove the upright back and the covering from the couch; use the old material for a pattern, and lay it on cretonne or wool goods, cutting them out carefully. Tack it on the sofa and make a curtain that will extend all the way around, finishing the top with two puffs, allowing the bottoms to hang loose. Make two pillows of the cretonne or wool, narrow and long, sew a heavy cord all the way around the side and bottom seams; fill with curled hair. Face the openings with cardinal and tie with a cardinal ribbon four inches from the top, so that they will resemble meal bags. Place one at each end of the sofa.

Take an old cloth coat and cut out of it a straight piece one-quarter of a yard wide, work a pretty running pattern in bright-colored crewels, and finish by cutting the bottom into shreds one inch deep for fringe. This will make a very pretty corner lambrequin.

A pretty tidy is made of pale blue Java canvas; choose that which is all wool, as it will not fade and will wear well; fringe it out around the edge to the depth of two inches; in the centre apply a round fan cut from cream-colored felt; catch it to the canvas with fine stitches, and ornament in any style you please, using a good deal of scarlet embroidery silk to brighten it; in each corner apply smaller fans of a different shape; make stitches in line upon them, so that they will appear to be half or wholly spread.

A pretty lambrequin is made of bedticking; the white stripe is worked with different colors of bright worsted in cross stitch; it is cut in large scallops across the bottom, and a fringe of worsted added.

A three-fold screen has the centre panel of gold paper, and the side ones, alternately, of blue and satin-watered paper. On the centre panel fancy cards are arranged close together, one overlapping the other, without any particular design, showing every now and then the gold background; at the base a row of floral cards, cut out, formed a band, below which, to the depth of eight inches or so, the plain gold paper was left, simulating a dado; on the pale blue and pink panels the best and largest cards were placed, every one with a narrow gold embossed band round it, and a narrow gold cord apparently suspending it to a gold-headed nail; each one backed a picture, and the effect, when varnished, was of pink and blue china. This arrangement was carried down to the base of the screen. Another screen had a rather deep dado of the rich-looking lacquered Japanese paper, now so fashionable, above which were arranged the cards, the largest and most effective being in the centre, and the others grouped around.

For a piano mat procure some canvas not too coarse, cut it the size you wish your mat, leaving a margin of at least an inch, a wood mesh one inch deep, and a dozen large and strong rug needles. A small pattern with border is most suited to the work. You should mark on the canvas a border of two or three inches in width, and line this border on each side with two stitches of very dark grenat wool. In the middle of this border work a small star or scroll of thirteen stitches; work this in white, and the ground between the two lines in a lighter shade of grenat; for the centre mark your design on the canvas with pen and ink—a small geometrical one would be in character. When this is marked thread your needles with very long pieces of wool and work them double. The work is now commenced. Work carefully in rows, and every stitch pass the wool over the mesh for each part of the stitch. Have a few stitches of one color, and then change the color. To effect this leave the needle, just running the wool in and out of the canvas under the mesh, and draw the thread out and cut off; if it does not waste it too much, carry it on to the next place where required, as the fewer joins the better. It is better to cut the rows when all are worked. A skilled cutter will make this kind of work look much like velvet pile, but an amateur would not succeed in producing that effect, especially with such coarse material. We have seen steel meshes half and three-eighths of an inch in width, with a little movable knife at one end. When the whole row was worked this way the knife was slipped into the place. The mesh was then pulled through the work, and the knife cut as it passed through, making the work very even and the work softer than velvet pile. After the mat is completed it should be lined throughout with burlap or canton flannel and trimmed all around with an edge of colored cloth pinked out, or with a wool fringe of gay colors, to match the shades used in the work.

A pretty little pincushion in the shape of a bellows can be made as follows: First cut out four pieces of cardboard (visiting or invitation cards are best) to the size required, and the shape of a small bellows; cover these four pieces singly with pretty silk or satin, by turning over the edges and lacing them from side to side with a needle and thread to make them fit. Then join two pieces together and sew over the edges neatly; sew a little piece of fine flannel or merino, filled with needles, to one joined side-piece at the point; then put the two sides together, and sew them well together at the point, leaving space enough for a gilt bodkin to pass through, and make the real point. Put pins in all around the edge, add a narrow ribbon band, fastened by a pin at the handle end, to keep the sides together. The inside of the bellows looks best with satin or plain silk, aud the outside with brocade. If a small design is painted or embroidered on the outside, it has a very good effect. The length of the bellows that is usually made is three inches from the end of the handle to the point, the width at the widest part two inches, the width across the point half an inch, across the handle three-quarters of an inch; the bodkin projects about an inch beyond the point.

A pretty toilet stand is made in this way: Take any old four-legged stand (or a dry goods box will do) and cut a piece of pink cambric to fit the top. Draw this over tightly and tack around the edge. Cut a piece of the cambric long enough to go around three sides of the stand and wide enough to reach from top to bottom. Draw around plain and tack. Cut a piece of bleached cheese cloth twice the length of the cambric and the same width, allowing an inch and a half for a hem. Gather the edge opposite the hem and tack around the edge of the stand. Cut a strip of the cheese cloth three inches wide and a strip of the cambric one and a half inches wide. Notch each edge of both these box plaits or gather through the centre, fasten together (the pink over the white) and tack around the edge of the stand with bright tacks, and also fasten just above the hem. Mats can be made to correspond, and it is very pretty as well as inexpensive.

Have a plain pretty-shaped shelf, not too large, put up across the corner of your room; cover the top nicely with dark, smooth cloth; then tack a piece of fine, firm satin, wine color, brown, or any rich and very dark color, of the proper width and length for the front piece to the shelf; paint near one end of this a white garden lily, with a bit of the stalk and two or three of the slender green leaves; near the other end a sprig of bluebells, and in the centre a small bouquet of yellow, white and purple pansies. Line with buckram or padding to stiffen; hem the bottom and finish with a handsome fringe to match; fasten up around the edge of the shelf. If you lack the skill or time to do the hand-painting nicely, procure instead a card of the small variety pictures now so much used for such purposes; cut out carefully, paste neatly and finish as above.

THURLOW WEED.

The Veteran Journalist Breathes His Last in New York City—Sketch of the Life and Work of a Truly Great Man.

Thurlow Weed died at his residence in New York last Wednesday morning.

Thurlow Weed was born at the little village of Cairo, New York, in 1797. When he first saw the light Washington was still alive; George III. was King of England; Napoleon the Great was the first consul of France. His life thus links us with a past that is now ancient history. He has been himself a most important part of the history of his country. He has personally known and been politically associated with most of the great names which have come down to us from former generations. Lincoln, Seward, Sumner, Scott, Stanton, and his other worthies of the war of the rebellion, were his intimate co-workers. He knew intimately General Jackson, General Taylor, General Harrison, General Scott, remembered well the death of Washington, and lived to mourn the murder of Garfield. Of his eighty-five years, at least seventy have been passed in the active service of his country. At the age of fourteen he was a boy in a printing office at Catskill, and only one year later he was

A Volunteer for the War of 1812.

Born of very poor parents, who were unable to give him the education he deserved, he set to work to educate himself, and his intelligence and precocity are shown by the position he held at this early age. For such a boy there could be no better college than a printing office, especially as it pays wages to its students instead of demanding tuition fees. Thurlow Weed learned to be a practical printer and graduated from the compositor's case to the editorial chair. In ten years after he had attained his majority he started and edited as many papers in the western part of this State, learning somethingby every failure, and progressing faster in politics than in journalism. As the editor of the Anti-Masonic Enquirer, which he published at Rochester, he was sent to the Legislature, and soon found his true sphere among the political magnates at Albany. Young as he was, the nomination of De Witt Clinton for governor was credited to his sagacity, and he was urged to accept the editorship of the Albany Evening Journal, then the organ of the opposition to the Democratic regency. Anti-Masonry was then the party Shibboleth, and

Thurlow Weed's First Victories

were won with that rallying cry. To that and to him William H. Seward owed his future fame and Millard Fillmore the presidency. Mr. Weed was made State printer soon after he became the editor of the Journal, and he never held any other office. Wealth poured in upon him from his papers and his political influence. He was the real and accepted manager of his party, always a little ahead of it in his prescience and always prudently giving other men the offices while he retained the practical power. To have checkmated the Albany regency and wrested the State and the presidency repeatedly from the great Democratic chieftains would have been glory enough for the famous firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley; but a greater fame awaited Mr. Weed. He was one of the first to foresee the partisan and national advantages of creating the Republican party to take the place of the Whigs and make freedom for all a political platform. Greeley withdrew from the firm in 1854; but it was even more prosperous and powerful without him, and it obtained all the benefits of his assistance and that of the Tribune without being annoyed by his private piques and impossible cravings for office. Nevertheless, the personal animosity of Greeley to Seward, led to

The Selection of Lincoln

as the Republican candidate in 1860. Thurlow Weed, however, swung about with the tide—instead of deserting to the Democracy, as many others of Seward's supporters had done—and thus identified himself with the best interests of the country, and won a reputation in comparison with which his previous achievements will seem trivial. The boy volunteer of 1812 was not to be found outside of the Union party in 1861. As soon as Fort Sumter was fired upon, Thurlow Weed resigned his Albany editorship and placed himself in confidential communication with the new president. A few months later he sailed for Europe to accomplish important secret missions, the results of which were evident in the neutrality of England and the immediate checks which the rebel schemes in Europe received. The Warwick who could manage the politicians of Albany and Washington found himself at home among the diplomatists of England. He was received by the best people, and his personal, as well as his semi-official, influence was devoted to the Union. Visiting London several years afterwards, we found Thurlow Weed

Warmly and Pleasantly Remembered

in circles where Americans, and particularly Americans opposed to the Southern confederacy, were not usually favorites. But there was something about the frank, genial, amiable manners of Mr. Weed, his hearty interest, not assumed, in all who were brought into relations with him, that made friends easily, kept them long, and was the secret of his success as a manager of men. At the close of the civil war, Mr. Weed took charge of the Commercial Advertiser, but ill-health again forced him to abandon regular newspaper work. Since then he has often written for various papers, and the signature "T. W." has always been the sign of an interesting letter or an important political fact. He wept when poor Greeley died, and paid a splendid tribute to his memory. Latterly he has been most at home in the Tribune, and has principally favored that paper with his contributions. His fortune amounts to nearly a million of dollars, but his income has been liberally expended in charities. For years he has been a practical as well as a professing Christian. Recently, during a discussion as to his pension as a veteran of 1812, it appeared that he had always paid over the money to a poor lady at Albany. He has lived in a

Comfortable, Old-fashioned Mansion

on Twelfth street and Fifth avenue, and his doors have always been open to the poor, to interviewers and to his many friends. Until his eyesight failed his chief amusement was reading Dickens over and over, and he regularly took his walks abroad upon missions of business and benevolence. To know him was a political education, and he was ready to bestow the treasures of his experience and his memory upon all who talked with him. It was his characteristic that he always gave one some valuable hint to carry away. One day, when some one remarked upon the enormous quantity of work he had performed, he said: "Do you know how I managed it? I always travelled by night; I learned to sleep well on the journey; and thus saved all my days. I used to finish my work here in New York, dine with a friend or a public man, take the train for Albany or Washington, and arrive the next morning ready for business there. People thought me ubiquitous, but the secret of my double work was night travel."

What The Great Journalist's Estate Was Made Up Of.

The property left by Thurlow Weed is estimated to be worth from $1,000.000 to $2,000,000. A prominent Wall street man, who was familiar with Mr. Weed's affairs, said the other day to a Tribune reporter: "It was not until he had reached the age of 50 that Mr. Weed seemed to realize the value of money. Before that time he was almost indifferent on the subject of money making. His fortune was accumulated after he had passed the time when a man usually takes a keen interest in the question of bettering his financial condition. I should say that when Mr. Weed died his income had been ranging at about $70,000 a year. I consider a man's income to be the best test of what he was worth, and I, therefore, prefer to use that figure rather than to estimate what the principal of this property is. His estate is of a character that can readily be converted into cash. Mr. Weed made his fortune by wise and careful investments and the reinvestment of their accrued profits. When his income was, say $40,000 a year he would spend only $20,000, and would put the remainder into prime securities. His estate consists principally of first-rate railroad mortgage bonds. He owned to some extent railroad stocks. He held no 'cats and dogs' though, as we say on the street. He never was anything of a speculator, and he did not make his money by any bold or fortunate stroke. What he bought he always paid for, taking it as a matter of investment. He owned some considerable amounts of Dry Dock, East Broadway and Battery and Third Avenue Surface railroad stock. He bought some Third Avenue stock when its price was about $30, and now the price is ten times that figure. He held considerable amounts of government bonds at times, but I do not think there is over $50,000 in his estate today. Mr. Weed never was a heavy owner of real estate, and he had little of that kind of property when he died. He owned a handsome country seat at Croton, N. Y., adjoining the property owned by Samuel Sinclair. This Croton real estate Mr. Weed bought about ten years ago. It is fully worth $20,000. He owned his house in West Twelfth street, which he paid $50,000 for. This property he bought in 1865, when he removed from Albany to this city. He also was possessed of some lands in Michigan, Minnesota and other Western States. These he purchased several years ago."

The best medicine of the age for quickly curing indigestion, nervousness, etc., is Brown's Iron Bitters.

HINTS TO GOOD HEALTH.

Winter Heating and Ventilation—The Training of Children—Cheerfulness.

Heating and ventilation in summer are much more adjustable to each other and to surroundings than in the winter. The natural ventilation by doors and by windows is readily available. Whatever may be the more artificial, these are resorted to with ease in order to make adjustments. But in winter the blasts from without will not do. Both heating and ventilation become matters for internal regulation. Heat, in order to be desirable, needs to be such as is imparted to pure air and such as admits of regulation as to degree, while moisture has some relation to our comfort in connection with it. The changes which have occurred in heating methods have involved new risks, as well as added to convenience. The old open fireplace was very much of a self-regulator. It warmed the air it found in the room, and by drawing toward itself also served for ventilation. With it the problem was not how to have the air pure, but how to keep warm. The open grate, with its reflecting surroundings, was much of the same character, and often left the back of the person and of the room too cold. Then came stoves of various patterns, which mostly drew their air-supply from the rooms. By a more central position and a greater radiating surface, they imparted more heat, but were less valuable for ventilating purposes. The gas-burners, while they give less escape to coal gases, are so nearly air tight that they aid but little in room ventilation. Next the furnaces come, with their air supply either from the cellar or more wisely from an air duct without. Thus a warmed air is introduced into the room more likely to have its full supply of oxygen. According to the place of its introduction, it mingles with or drives out the air before in the room. In doing this, it gives rise to currents quite different from those caused by fireplaces or stoves. It does not always rapidly obey the law as to the diffusion of gases. We need yet, with the anemometer and by other methods, to study just where the hot air should be introduced, whether both at the floor and at the ceiling, and how to regulate its flow. While hot air tends to rise, the momentum is much affected by its tendency to flow along surfaces and by the varying heat at different heights of the air already in the room. Persons are often injured by the habit of standing over registers or sitting in such close relation to them as to have on one side a blast of hot air, quite different in temperature from that on the other side of them. Where hot air or steam are introduced into radiators, the principle is the same as that of a stove, which warms the air of a room; only there is less of dust and equality of temperature is more easily secured. The question of what metal to use, how thick, and how best to secure in the smallest compass the largest amount of radiating surface, has been carefully dealt with by physicists and engineers.

The advantage of steam over hot air is that it is more readily equalized and steam-pipes do not seem so to affect the iron as when air is baked. Even the radiators are not absolutely air-tight. We, perhaps, still need some explanation of the prevalent idea that steam heat is more genial than dry, hot-air heat. But just now we are witnessing new and important changes in methods of heating. We have just examined some of the arrangements in New York city for heating whole blocks and streets by steam. A large building contains many boilers, of all degrees of horse power. The steam is dispersed to each building through pipes, so that every part, from cellar to attic, can be supplied and regulated in amount to suit each owner. Radiators of various capacities are put up as occupants may desire, and so as to suit both customers and clerks. There is a mode of registry of the amount of heat used. A merchant recently told us he could now heat through his whole building for less than his coal formerly cost him. It is certainly a valuable mode of introducing a regulating heat. But we are yet to find out what will be the effect of these hot pipes running through moist and filth-sodden ground, and heating many a cellar and side-hole, filled with the materials for organic decay. Heat, moisture, and such filth in such places are dangerous allies.

The use also of gas stoves is to no small degree superseding coal in small rooms among those who can only afford inconstant fires. They are so easily lighted and put out, and so are very ready heaters. Yet as they consume the oxygen of the air, they often interfere with good ventilation and cause unevenness of temperature. We do not as yet know of a perfect oil-stove or gas-stove for heating purposes, but await improvements in this direction. Electricity, too, has its future, perhaps, for heat as well as for light. It is well for us, in preparing for winter heating, to bear fully in mind such outlines as these, and to see to it that we do not have too much or too unequal heat and that we use that method of heating which is most consistent with pure air and good ventilation.—[Independent.

The Training of Children.

We live in a progressive age and can not use altogether the books of the past on this subject; it is doubtful even if we should use anything but our own common sense. Those who feel that they have a failing in regard to government, might well read a few of the books of the nineteenth century on this subject, such as Jacob Abbott's volumes, entitled "Gentle Measures in Training of the Young"; "H. H.'s" four articles on "Training of Children"; Herbert Spencer's work, and Miss Sewell's work, entitled "Principles of Education." The works of the above-named authors on training and education of children have done more good by the little practical suggestions there are in them than all the theories advanced in centuries past. In such a case as this, and at such times, we naturally look for something even better than thoughts expressed by writers of the past, no matter how good. If parents and guardians were more apt to govern their charges by the common-sense practical rules found in phrenology, there would be less trouble—less talk of the bad manners of the present generation.

When a parent studies the defects and virtues of each child separately, remembering that hardly any two children are so much alike that they can be governed in the same manner, he may then arrive at some settled method which in the end will prove beneficial. Alas! parents are too often apt to think their precious charges unworthy so much attention and treat the younger and elder alike. A careful examination of each child's idiosyncrasies from the cradle up to manhood must result in parents finding, if they are faithful and conscientious, that each one needs firm management throughout. Not using power in a tyrannical way, for that invariably gives a child a dim sense of your love of dictation, and he naturally rebels; but kindness should be used with it to effectually carry out you designs. When a child has learned that the first thing is to obey, then half his character is formed. It is easy for any child to get on in life if he once realizes that his good lies in obeying his superiors, not that his superiors have a right to dictate anything that is not for his good; but if he realizes that his parents' aim is to save him future trouble, annoyance and disgrace, and not love of power, he will be much more apt to fall in with their wishes. A child that has a sensitive or stubborn nature should never be whipped; half the evils in government of children have arisen from resorting to corporal punishment. A stubborn child is invariably made worse, and a sensitive child will brood over it for days, and neither, naturally, will take the punishment in its intended light; their dispositions cannot be improved by such means of government.

The prevalence of corporal punishment in the days of our grandparents led to many serious results, many homes being quite broken up through its influence. This enlightened age, to be sure, has done away with it in a great measure; still there can never be too much said against it.

"Men are but children of a larger growth," and if they treated their children kindly, firmly and courteously, as they are supposed to treat their equals, they would realize and perceive a difference immediately.

Parents expect too much, and do not begin early enough in the government of their little ones, then mourn their waywardness later and wonder why they are afflicted with such rude, ill-mannered children. They forget that there should be no cessation in their work; that it is not the work of a day or year, or a thing that can be accomplished by the job. A quiet, unseen, unceasing influence for good, can do much more toward moulding a child's character in a perfect manner and eradicate the evil than a great deal of severe punishment at odd times. We have never seen a child which could not, sooner or later, be conquered by kindness, and there is no necessity at any time for being harsh, but the parent must use time and patience.

Many we meet think their work a complete failure if they do not see results at once; and yet many of the children longest despaired of become the best men and women in after years, and acknowledge that their success in life was entirely owing to unceasing care and patience combined with judicious government, which so impressed itself upon them that it followed them through life. If we expect aught but good of our children, even the worst, we can never succeed. Often their deficiencies are inherited from us, and we, knowing by experience where we have been benefited by certain treatment in such cases, can act accordingly. As Dr. Lyman Abbott tersely says: "Success is not fees, nor office, nor salary, nor land, nor machinery—it is results obtained; harvests reaped, garnered, distributed; humanity bettered; the nation improved; the world enriched."—[Phrenologist.

Cheerfulness.

It may be urged, however, that good health promotes cheerfulness, and, consequently, instead of cheerfulness being the cause of good health it may be the consequence. It is true that good health is conducive to cheerfulness, yet there may be good health without cheerfulness. The two, however, have been designed by nature to be intimately associated. Every healthy child is generally cheerful and happy. So universally is this the rule, that many are disposed to regard childhood as the most enjoyable period of human existence, and regret that they are no more to experience the pleasant joys of youth. The child, however, has its troubles and sorrows, but is more cheerful than those of a "larger growth," simply because it sooner forgets its griefs and gives itself to the enjoyment of the pleasant things of its existence. The child is really a better philosopher than the man, and, consequently, finds more enjoyment in life, thus preserving its cheerfulness.

Some persons are notably more cheerful than others. For those who are naturally cheerful it seems easy for them to maintain their cheerfulness; but how are the naturally gloomy to put on cheerfulness? Will cheerfulness come at the bidding? The despondent cannot become cheerful by willing it. The proper conditions must be complied with, and cheerfulness comes as its result. Well-directed efforts promote the attainment of cheerfulness. The mind must resolutely put aside corroding cares, keep aloof from worry, and take a hopeful view of the future. The mind may be active and devoted to the business of life, and yet so hold itself that life shall be full of cheerfulness. The cheerful mind is more likely to succeed in life than the gloomy one. Cheerfulness strengthens the power of the mind as well as the body, and the cheerful mind is better able to cope with the difficulties of life than the gloomy mind is. The man who is busily engaged in business does not need to shut out cheerfulness from his life in order to succeed; on the contrary, by so doing he is less likely to succeed. By persistent effort every one may attain to a fair degree of cheerfulness. Well-directed efforts are almost sure to be crowned with success. Every one who will may be cheerful.

Cheerfulness is one of the good things of life and is well worth possessing. Ralph Waldo Emerson well said: "The best part of health is a fine disposition." It is more essential than talent, even in works of talent. Nothing will supply the want of sunshine to peaches; and to make knowledge valuable, you must have the wisdom of cheerfulness. Whenever you are sincerely pleased you are nourished. The joy of the spirit indicates its strength. All healthy things are sweet-tempered. Genius works in sport, and goodness smiles to the last; and, for that reason, whoever sees the law which distributes things, does not despond, but is animated to great desires and endeavors. He who desponds betrays that he has not seen it. As we advance in years and in knowledge from youth upwards, instead of becoming less cheerful, as is frequently the case, we should become more cheerful. Cheerfulness not only best promotes health, but it also facilitates success in all of our undertakings, besides contributing to the enjoyment of life.

Oh, My Back!

That's a common expression and has a world of meaning. How much suffering is summed up in it.

The singular thing about it is, that pain in the back is occasioned by so many things. May be caused by kidney disease, liver complaint, consumption, cold, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork, nervous debility, &c.

Whatever the cause, don't neglect it. Something is wrong and needs prompt attention. No medicine has yet been discovered that will so quickly and surely cure such diseases as BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and it does this by commencing at the foundation, and making the blood pure and rich.

Logansport, Ind. Dec. 1, 1880.

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Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.
Glycerin, q. s.
Mix.

Make 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 P. M., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take *two* pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor.

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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,

BOSTON, MASS.

Boston Weekly Globe.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1882.

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A NEW STORY THIS WEEK.

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A HASTY PROMISE;

OR,

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary Advertising 30 cts. per line. About 8 words average a line. Editorial Notices 50 cts. per nonpareil line. Discounts: 5 per cent. on $100; 10 on $200.

Dr. Austin has written a pamphlet with the suspicious title, "Handbook for Water-drinkers." It probably contains full explanations of the latest soda fountain signals and gives complete instructions for mixing gin-fizzes and other harmless appearing beverages. There can be no other purpose in getting up such a hand-book, for any fool knows how to prepare mere water for drinking. Three fingers of rye will make one finger of water palatable and absolutely harmless, and it don't require any hand-book to teach a man that.

Dakota wants to be a State, and the highly respectable Advertiser is sorely troubled because, as a territory, she has sanctioned the repudiation of bonds by Yankton county. Our esteemed Republican neighbor says: "The electoral and senatorial votes which Dakota would give the Republicans would be convenient, but to admit a territory with a stain on its honor to the family of States would be an expensive method of securing votes." It is strange how these spasmodic attacks of virtue always make us think of Mahone and certain expensive methods of obtaining votes, but somehow they do.

The Journal, in its selections of choice extracts from George F. Hoar's "patriotic and statesmanlike" speeches, is not notably felicitous. Our esteemed neighbor quotes from the representative of cultured cant these words: "It is the duty, as it is the purpose of this nation, under the lead of the Republican party, to pay every dollar of the public debt in coin, according to the understanding on which it was contracted." Will the Journal take the trouble to go through later files of the Congressioeal Record and select some patriotic gem which shall contain Mr. Hoar's views concerning the duty and purpose of Virginia under the lead of the Republican party and Billy Mahone?

The New York Herald has this to say about the flurry in the steel trade, which touches the point very closely in our judgment: "The announcement of the closing of a large number of iron and steel foundries and mills in different parts of the country at a certain date in the near future is, to say the least, curious. Have the late elections and the proposed revision of the tariff anything to do with the suspension? If the manufacturers, as they assert, cannot make money at the present prices, they, of course, have the right to protect themselves and close up their establishments. But is it true? Mr. Hewitt, who is in this line of business, says that the firm of which he is a member is clearing nearly 80 per cent. on its investments. Is the whole thing a mere political dodge?"

As Thanksgiving day approaches the generous public are reminded that the Soldiers' Home at Chelsea contains about 100 men, who are honorably discharged soldiers and deserving the gratitude and protecting care of the State. The Home has been purchased and paid for and partially endowed, and the inmates are made comfortable and happy therein, but a good Thanksgivng dinner would add to their happiness and thankfulness. Let the people who remember the widow and the fatherless remember the veteran, who made possible the present peace and prosperity of the nation, and send of their substance something to cheer their hearts and make the day one of thanksgiving indeed. The generous action of the marketmen of Boston, which is noticed in the military column today, is an indication of what the citizens think of the veterans of our State.

The death of Mr. Weed suggested some thoughts to Mr. Beecher for his Friday evening talk. Among other things he said: "The newspapers made the most of men's deaths and perhaps perpetuated the impression that the places of great men could not be supplied. Their maw must be filled with something, and so their columns were filled up with daily reports of a man's condition. Then come reports about his funeral, then reminiscences, so that in these days it really required about a month to fairly get rid of a man." If Mr. Beecher had a long and serious illness, and the newspapers did not yield some space for an account of his condition, he would probably feel very much disappointed. He is a man who dearly loves the very notoriety he condemns. In his day Mr. Beecher has not probably been much different from some other ministers who would kindly prepare something about themselves for a newspaper and almost beg for its publication.

Mr. James G. Blaine, the ex-secretary of state and ex-friend of Guano Shipherd, made a desperate effort to defeat Perry Belmont of New York at the recent election. Mr. Belmont had the audacity to question and cross-examine Mr. Blaine in committee, and Mr. Blaine resolved to punish him. And so he got Mr. Dwight Townsend to run against him for Congress. Mr. Townsend is a sort of a Democrat, we believe. The result will not prove very gratifying to the friend of Mr. James Mulligan of Boston. The official canvass of the vote cast in that district shows that Mr. Belmont received 18,689 and Mr. Townsend 4956, thus showing a majority for the former of 13,733. In 1880 his majority was 2652 only. Doubtless he would like to have Mr. Blaine put up another candidate when he runs again.

THURLOW WEED'S CAREER.

The history of our country scarcely contains a character whose career furnishes such dramatic interest as does that of Thurlow Weed, politician and journalist. It is full of striking situations from first to last, and has power equally to enchain the attention whether it is considered as a whole in its long span of eighty-five years, or is separated into its parts and each studied by itself from the time when as a ten-year-old urchin he earned his own living as a cabin boy until, an old man, blind and helpless, he still kept his eager interest in the doings of his countrymen, who listened with respect to all he had to say. In time he linked the first president of the republic with the latest, and in position the contrast lies between the cabin boy and the wandering journeyman printer, and the trusted agent of the government sent on the most delicate and important of missions, the maker of presidents, cabinets and governors, the possessor of more real power perhaps than has ever fallen to any other one man in the history of the country. His character comes out in a stronger light, and becomes the more striking from the fact that, although he held so much political power which he could at any time have turned to his own advantage, he cared nothing whatever for office. His genius was for organizing and controlling others, and from its exercise he derived the greatest pleasure. He was not moved by either of the two ambitions which control most men in this country—the desire to become rich or the desire for public place. Up to the time when most men are thinking of retiring from business he was still a poor man, and would have so remained until the end of his days if he had conducted his business affairs himself. With the strings of office in his hands for half a century and with influential positions repeatedly offered him and urged upon him, his official services were limited to a term or two in the State Legislature and a short period as State printer.

In this country of comparatively short lives, and proportionately still briefer seasons of public service, Thurlow Weed's marvellously long life is less strange than that he should for so long a time have held such political power. No other public man has held secure the lines of power in his party through such length of time and such various political issues as he. Through the anti-Masonic contest, through the varying fortunes of the Whig party to its final astonishing victories and its gradual dissolution, through the early struggles of the young Republican organization and the conflict of the war, through all these he was a leader whose hand was in every party move, and whose voice was most potent in party councils. The secret of his perennial power lay in the fact that he subordinated personal aims, personal opinions, the wishes and the success of friends, everything, to that which he conceived to be the desire of the body of his party.

He was a partisan in the strongest sense of the term, yet a partisan for no ignoble aims, but because he believed in the success of his party to carry the greatest good. He seldom advocated a measure until he was sure it would have the approval of the greater portion of the party, would be in every sense a party measure, and then he was indefatigable in pressing it. He did not attempt to lead public opinion on any question until he saw that it was ready to be led. But with all this he kept somewhat in advance of the conscious desire of his party, directing its course and guiding its policy. On those questions involving moral issues he stood between the prophet-like reformer and the mass of the unseeing people, accepting the principles of the one, but refraining from giving them utterance as party measures until the masses of the people, who must be moved, were ready to receive them.

FRANCOMANIA.

The prevalent Anglomania, which is not confined to the "you know" style of young man, but which leads a great many people in a great many different circles to ape English customs, to imitate English methods of pronunciation, to adopt English phraseology, and to accept with unquestioning delight whatever bears the mark of English approval, provokes from their more sensible and more patriotic countrymen a running fire of reproof and ridicule. But the censure they receive is every bit of it deserved, and there would be ample excuse for even more of it if there were any indication that it would save from the error of his ways the individual who talks about the "brahse" for his "luggage"; declares that it is "beastly weather, you know," and pronounces it a "narsty day." But he and all his ilk are beyond the hope of reclamation. However, Anglomania is not the only senseless extreme of imitation that we have developed. There is extant an imitation and acceptation of French phrases, a tendency to Frenchify pronunciation, that is just as ridiculous, just as senseless, just as reprehensible as the Anglomania that monopolizes so much attention.

We interlard our discourse with French words and phrases. We give a French twist to our pronunciation of words that have long been perfectly at home among us. Our artist of the kitchen concocts a new dish, and we give it a French name. We have made such plentiful use of French words and French quotations, and so dressed up in French gewgaws good old English words and modes of expression, that our language is coming to look and sound a very mongrel. There is ample excuse for adopting a word from another language when it expresses an idea better than can be done in our own tongue without an awkward circumlocution. But is there any reason to be given in all the expanse of these United States why any writer, who pretends to use the English language, should say "raison d'etre" when he means "reason for existence," simply that and nothing more? Yet the expression is one that is to be seen in all classes of current literature, and has become so common that three-fourths of the writers who wish to express the idea will use the French rather than the English phrase. "En passant" is thought to impart a more distinguished appearance to a page of manuscript than "by the way," notwithstanding its birthright of English respectability. And even the wittiest wit of the comic paper, supposably far enough removed from the influences which control the tendency, is so impregnated with the universal Frenchifying spirit that he exclaims "C'est possible" instead of airing his astonishment in the time-honored Yankee phrase, "You don't say!"

The same tendency crops out occasionally in the pronunciation of words that have been in such long and constant use that practically they are as English as if they had come down from King Alfred's time. Has not an "employe" been employed in English long enough to be perfectly at home in English garb? And the absurdity of referring to a collection of working people, the most of whose birthplaces have been in Yankeeland and the Emerald Isle as "ongplwayas!" Can any of the users of that mongrel pronunciation of a word in daily use, that is neither French nor English, nor of any other tongue, give any sensible reason why they should say "ongvelop?" We and our fathers and our grandfathers have used the word until it has as assured a place in the English language and as undoubtable a right to English dress without the addition of any ridiculous "French fixings" as half the words in the dictionary. The list might be continued indefinitely, but these are sufficient to show the tendency which is to make the American branch of the English language one great conglomeration of words and phrases and methods of pronunciation that are neither of their original tongue nor naturalized into this, with scarcely a sufficient thread of similarity running through it to hold it together as one language.

THE SCARE IN STEEL AND IRON.

It appears from interviews with leading representatives of the steel rail industry that the threatened stoppage of Western mills was not the result of any concerted movement to influence the action of Congress at the approaching session. There has been an over-production of steel rails in this country under the stimulus of a high protective tariff and large profits in certain quarters. The supply has come to largely exceed the demand, and the inevitable of course happens. Mr. Hatfield of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company said to an interviewer: "Until the demand of the country comes up to the capacity for production by the mills, supply must be in excess, and prices consequently low, unless enough works stop to make it a profitable business for those that run. The sooner some of them stop, the sooner the thing will rectify itself." Mr. Carnegie of Pittsburg said on this subject: "The truth of the matter is that we Bessemer people are between the upper and nether millstones in this country this year—the millstones being lack of demand and over-supply. The country is not going to lay 12,000 miles of railroad this year, as it did last year. If it were there would be enough business to go around and give all the mills a share, but as retrenchment appears to be the order Bessemer firms have felt it necessary to make an active competition for whatever of next year's trade appeared in sight." He said, further, that the sudden drop in prices was caused by the action of the Scranton mills. "There was," he said, "a preconcerted arrangement on the part of Eastern men to squeeze out the Western people, as appears to have been covertly suggested. When Mr. Clark, the owner of the Scranton mill, came from Europe last week, he found his mill without more than enough orders to last him a week. His coal and ore roads and mines were idle, and there was no market. He resolved to make a market and quoted rails at the mill at $40 to $43 delivered in Chicago. He can't make rails for $40, but he loses less at $40 than if he were to let his mill lie idle. He did what I would have done." Judging from previous reports, the steel rail manufacturers can afford to make considerable reductions and still live.

"GO WEST, YOUNG MAN."

In a letter to the Century an Iowa correspondent echoes the same question which has become familiar to many Eastern young men who have friends in the West, viz.: "Why don't the young men of the East come out West and tackle farming or stock-raising?" The arguments on this subject have been discussed at many New England firesides. The Western farmer says that in the East the professions are crowded; that there is no reason why college-bred young men should have an aversion to profitable farming; that it is the most independent vocation in the world; that Eastern parents make a mistake by not giving their sons some money after spending so much on their education and let them become independent as farmers and stock-raisers, and then the professions are still open to them; that they will thereby become more manly and self-reliant at the beginning of life; that hundreds of students from England have settled and are doing well in the West, and much more in the same strain.

On the other hand, the principal objection to following this advice is the small amount of funds possessed by the Eastern young man. But this is not insurmountable, as we have heretofore shown, because a young man of pluck can succeed West on a very small beginning. As the Century well says: "The chances for a young man of average pluck and energy are unquestionably much better in the West than in the East. He shares the advantages of being among the first to open a fresh storehouse of natural wealth. He gets the first dividend on the increase of value resulting from bringing population upon the soil. The land he buys for $3 or $4 an acre, or gets for nothing by homestead settlement, soon becomes worth $10 or $15. If he embarks in trade or in any mechanical pursuit, his wares or his services are in brisk demand, because all the new-comers around him require goods and implements. Then there is a certain stimulus in the moral atmosphere caused by the ambitions and energies of a new community full of hope and activity, which makes hardships easy to bear and causes buoyancy of spirits."

The census and other reports show that the West is rapidly filling up with young men from the Atlantic shores, but it is well for an Eastern young man to bear in mind that it lies with him, if he has a few hundred dollars at his command, whether he will succeed or fail in the West, whether he will be a drone or not, whether he will work hard or shirk, and whether he will improve his opportunities. And it is also best for him to remember that it is often a good thing "to let well enough alone." He should not let any one's advice sway him in this matter, but act on his own responsibility.

GLADSTONE'S IRISH POLICY.

Mr. Parnell gave a fresh proof of the breadth and intelligence of his statesmanship on Thursday night when, in the House of Commons, he succeeded in getting a sufficieut support for his motion for an adjournment of the House to call attention to the inefficiency of the arrears of rent bill as a remedial or satisfactory measure for the Irish tenantry. During his remarks he pointed out the fact that there is danger of grave distress in the west of Ireland, and that the government must be held responsible.

It is now established as a startling fact that there has been another failure of crops in Galway, Mayo and Sligo, owing to a wet season, which is always fatal to the potato crop. The same thing occurred in 1879, and the result was a famine, the dire consequences of which were staved off by Messrs. Parnell, Davitt and others, who raised sufficient funds in America and elsewhere to keep the poor peasantry from starving. Public attention was called to the iniquitous system of land tenure in Ireland at the same time, and the government were compelled to bring in a measure of relief. The land bill of 1880 was passed after a long debate, but it was found to be inadequate. The arrears-of-rent bill followed, but even that failed to secure to the tenantry in the poorer districts that measure of relief which was required. The best proof of this is found in the fact that the farmers of the western maritime counties were unable, owing to the expense involved, to take advantage of the provisions of these two measures, and the other fact that the moment it appeared that the potato crop failed starvation stared the peasantry in the face.

Mr. Parnell and his followers in the Commons have repeatedly warned the government that their land legislation never went deep enough; that they would only succeed in diverting the poisonous elements which permeated the Irish system of legislation from one point that they might break out in another, and that to remove the ulcer altogether they must abolish landlordism with its train of evils and abominations. Mr. Gladstone professed great friendship and sympathy for the Irish tenantry, but he also wished to protect the landlords, and he succeeded by his land acts only in giving temporary relief, leaving the sore to still fester and develop, and finally to break out again with increased virulence.

That he realizes his mistake is evidenced by the fact that he is anxious to impress on the Irish members his desire to relieve the present sufferings in the West by liberal monetary grants from the treasury. But this is the old policy of external treatment of the cancer which will continue to grow and develop until it reaches a point where a permanent cure will be impossible. The land act of 1880 has been rendered nugatory by the interpretation given to the Healy and other clauses by the commissioners, and also by the fact that the class of tenants who needed relief the most were excluded from its privileges by the costs attendant on a prosecution of their claims before the courts. The arrears act will expire by limitation in a few weeks, or rather the time in which tenants may take advantage of its provisions will run out. Then the landlords can resume their eviction operations and the wretched peasantry will be in no better condition than before.

Mr. Gladstone has enjoyed the reputation both in England and America for some time of being a sincere friend of the Irish people. He has repeatedly given intimations of his desire to grant them the only permanent measure of relief which can satisfy their desires or alleviate their condition—home rule. He is strong enough to put such a measure through Parliament, but instead he has busied himself with the passage of coercive laws and the cloture. The former take away the the right of open agitation in Ireland and the latter destroys the power of the Irish representatives in Parliament to be of any service to their constituents. What will be the result? Famine, discontent, disaffection and outrages must follow. And, after all his efforts to conciliate the Irish people, the "grand old man" will be liable to close his political career without settling the great question, because he has never gone to the seat of the evil, never applied the proper remedy, never made a serious attempt to remove the cancer which threatens the very life of Ireland as a distinct nation and the people of Ireland as a distinct nationality.

OUR INDUSTRIAL GROWTH.

An idea of the extent of the industrial growth of the United States may be gained from a census bulletin just issued. The statistics of manufactures as returned in 1880 show that the number of establishments was 253,840; capital invested, $2,790,223,506; average number of hands employed, 2,738,950; paid in wages during the year, $947,919,674; value of materials used during the year, $3,394,340,029; value of products, $5,369,667,706. Comparing these figures with those furnished in other census years some interesting facts are discovered. In 1850 the number of manufacturing establishments was 123,029; in 1860, 140,433; and in 1870, 252,148—about the same number as now. The capital invested in 1850 was $533,245,351; in 1860, $1,009,855,715; and in 1870, $2,118,208,769, or only $672,014,737 less than the amount invested in 1880. In the hands employed there was an increase from 958,079 in 1850 to 1,311,246 in 1860, and 2,053,996 in 1870. In 1880 the total was composed of 181,918 children—531,753 females over 15 years, and 2,025,279 males over 16. In 1850 the wages paid were $236,755,464; in 1860, $378,878,066; in 1870, $775,584,343. It will be seen that in each case the increase was the most noticeable between 1860 and 1870, and that our industrial growth from 1870 to 1880 was quite slow. Of course the panic of 1873 had much to do with this. It is to be hoped that the next decade will witness more prosperity than the last. Congress certainly has the power by wise legislation to very materially aid in increasing it.

CURED OF INTEMPERANCE.

Men are cured of intemperance at an institution in New York known as the Christian Home for Intemperate Men by a peculiar method. It seems that cures are effected by treating drunkenness as a sin, no intemperate man being received unless he expresses a desire to become a Christian. None is received for less than four weeks, and some stay as long as three months. No liquor is ever allowed for "tapering-off," as it is called, and yet, contrary to the generally received opinion, no cases of delirium tremens, arising from a sudden deprivation of the accustomed stimulant, are reported. Warm milk with a little salt in it, beef tea, and, in exceptionally bad cases, bromide of potassium, are administered. Victims of the opium habit have been also cured, some of whom had taken as much as 260 grains per day. Tobacco is excluded as rigorously as liquor. The patients have the use of a library and reading-room, are expected to attend upon the large number of religious exercises which take place daily, and to sign a promise pledging themselves upon their honor not to use while in the house, or have in their possession, liquor, opium or tobacco. Amusements are not encouraged; inmates are expected to read, write, meditate and pray. There is no physician, the idea being that if a man desires to be saved he can be. There is a good deal in this belief, as all reformed men know. The institution has had 925 inmates in five years, of which number it claims to have reclaimed sixty per cent.

THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

When General Mahone made his trade with the Republicans, and Hoar and Dawes became thereby his champions, he was promised an office for his henchman, Riddleberger, and the entire Federal patronage of the State of Virginia to help him secure entire control. When Arthur became President by the grace of Guiteau, he found this bargain among the political effects of the "martyr president." He has since carried out his part of it with fidelity and consistency. He has placed the post offices, the custom houses and the internal revenue offices of Virginia at the disposal of the Repudiationist leader, and any Federal officer who dared to disobey the orders of the new boss was promptly disciplined. Even a poor woman, the widow of a soldier, was turned out of a post office to make room for a henchman of Mahone's—a man who could control votes.

The next move made in favor of the renegade was that in which Hubbell figured. Mahone represented to the congressional committee that he could carry Virginia if he had money. Hubbell, the late highwayman-at-large of the party, was instructed to send $10,000 into the State, and later on $25,000 more was added. We published, a few weeks ago, some of the Mahone-Hubbell correspondence on the money question, which let a little light in on the relations existing between the committee and the Virginia repudiator. It is safe to presume that Mahone had $50,000 from assessments made on the officeholders of the country, both by himself and Chairman Hubbell.

What did he do with it? The Republican papers throughout the country favored the corrupt bargain made with him, because it was in the interest of a "free ballot and a fair count." Mahone was pictured to us in the Northern States as a great missionary, who had dedicated his life to the regeneration of the South, the extinction of terrorism and bull-dozing at the polls, and the inauguration of a new era of purity and honesty in political action. What did he do with the money sent him? A great popular movement, such as that of which he was said to be the head and front, usually does not need much money. Theodore Lyman was elected to Congress in Massachusetts with an expense of less than $150, and Henry B. Lovering was chosen by the people of the sixth district after a campaign which cost just $140. We have heard from reliable sources that Mahone spent $145,000 in his last campaign against political corruption in Virginia. Some of it was expended in the payment of poll-taxes, for there is a property qualification there as well as in Massachusetts; some more was expended for legitimate purposes, but a large slice of it went to corrupt the ballot-box and defeat the will of the people.

But it seems from latest advices that even all these elements of strength sufficed not to give the State over fully to repudiation and political corruption. There was fraud at the polls, and dishonest counting after the ballots had been cast. The county clerks and treasurers in sections where Mahone's creatures were in office issued receipted tax bills to the Readjuster managers, and they were put in the hands of negro repeaters, who voted on them. The evidence that such methods were employed in several of the congressional districts is rapidly accumulating, and it is expected that the contests to be instituted during the early days of the Forty-eighth Congress will disclose a state of political dishonesty, corruption and fraud seldom if ever equalled in this country. It was to bring this about that our Massachusetts senators lent themselves and their influence to the Virginia boss. We hope they are pleased with the result of their brilliant effort.

The verdict of the people at the polls on November 7 has in all probability sealed the fate of the Star route conspirators. The disaster of that day operated in two ways against these public plunderers. In the first place it riled the administration to see its course publicly repudiated in every State which held elections; and in the second place it made it absolutely necessary that the party, if it ever expects to recover, should unload some of its official thieves. During the campaign the President and his advisers were aware of the evidence of complicity and collusion now published against Spencer, Marshal Henry, Postmasters Ainger and Parker, and Foremen Helm of the Congressional Record. And yet they were allowed to hold office, represent the people of the United States in responsible positions, and continue to steal and aid others in the stealing. Why? Because the grand old party could not at that time stand an exposure such as that just made in Washington. If the Republican party, by the aid of Hubbell and the other plunderers, had won the fight there would have been no removals now; the Star route trials would hang fire, and this spasm of virtuous indignation which has shaken the department of justice to its centre and reached even to the executive mansion would never have been disclosed. But the prospects of a Democratic Congress and Democratic investigations has rendered it necessary to make the ring prosecutions a reality instead of a myth. Brady and Dorsey will be thrown overboard at last. Their henchmen and strikers are pitched out first. The 7th of November was a "cold day," not only for the g. o. p., but for the thieves who have grown sleek at the public crib, and who have been shieldd in their crimes by friends at court.

Deacon Richard Smith of the Cincinnati Gazette, who undertook to educate the people of Ohio on their political duties during the campaign last October, and who got snubbed at the polls, acknowledges his failure as a political leader and boldly calls for some man to take his place. He says: "There never was a time in the history of the Republican party when it needed a leader capable of rising above factions and handling great questions with ability and in a manner to command support more than at present. Jealousies on the part of would-be leaders, personal dislikes, clashings of patronage brokers and the use of questionable methods with a view to rising into power have disgusted the Republican party and scattered its forces. The latter have not been driven into the Democratic party. There is nothing there to attract them. In the late elections they were not at the polls. The Republicans who permitted the Democrats to carry the November elections are waiting to be called into action, but they will not heed the call of bosses or machine men. They will, however, promptly and effectively respond to a leader who has the ability to lead, and who is not an advertised candidate for the presidency or composed of the clay to be moulded into a mere dispenser of public offices by patronage brokers." We don't know where the party can secure such a man, unless they fall back on Robeson of New Jersey once more.

NOTES AND EXTRACTS.

According to the latest and most reliable figures the population of the world is 1,433,887,500.

"Little girl, do you know whose house this is?" asked a solemn-looking old man of a bright child seated on the church steps. "Yes, sir; it's God's, but He ain't in," she added, as the old gentleman was about to walk up the steps, "and His agent's gone to Europe."—[Exchange.

The London Spectator urges more consistency in costumes. Many people would be happier if they regulated their purchases for clothing by what their purses will stand. Fashion is too dear a mistress.

Scores of ministers are constantly complaining that they cannot "get at" their congregations. They are not ministers who are independent of their manuscripts. Show us a minister who is reckoned the most successful and we will show you one who preaches without notes. There is much sense in the eulogium passed upon a popular divine by an old hunter. "I like him," said Nimrod, "because he shoots without a rest."—[N. Y. Tribune.

A witty old author advises men to avoid arguments with ladies, because in spinning yarns among silks and satins a man is sure to be worsted and twisted, and when a man is worsted and twisted he may consider himself wound up.

He snuffed it. Jean (waking Tam at the dead of night): "Oh, div ye feel the smell of the gas? Are ye sure ye pit it out?" Tam: "Shure, wummun, I wonder to hear ye talking. Hiv I no got a pig blister on my thoomb?"—[Glasgow Bailee.

From the French: "I say; why don't you buy that carpet-bag? It's going very cheap." "What do I want a carpet-bag for?" "Why, to keep your clothes in!" "Ya-as, and go naked?"

A vote in the House or Senate is of the same importance and creates the same excitement as a call on 'Change in New York; the rise and fall of political stocks is of surpassing interest to everybody. It is scarcely necessary to state that Robeson stock has disappeared from the market and investors have lost margin and all; that Keifer is down to nothing, without the smallest prospect of a rise; that Chandler and Logan are shaky, and Blaine securities are deader than Judge Folger was the morning after the election; and the late Republican bears are up a tree, trembling for their lives, while a vast herd of Democratic bulls are bellowing for them to come down and have it out between them.—[Washington Correspondent of the New York World.

The next Congress will contain 147 new congressmen. This means hard skirmishing for the lobbyists.

There was recently a lively sewing circle at a minister's house in Baltimore, because some one had removed a nice talking parrot from his cage and substituted one which was used to talking in a sailor's boarding-house.

Probably the politest and most considerate man who ever lived was General Bradsbale of Arkansaw. Some time ago, boarding a train, he perceived his son, whom he had not seen for twenty years, occupying a seat, reading. The old gentleman sat down immediately behind the young man. After the train had gone about thirty miles the young man laid aside his newspaper, and, discovering his father, seized the old man with affectionate warmth. "Why didn't you let me know that you was on the train, father?" "Because," replied the old gentleman, "I saw that you were reading, and I did not wish to disturb—" "That would have made no difference." "And besides," continued the father, "I thought that you might want to borrow a few dollars."—[Arkansaw Traveller.

There is a chimney in New York City, built by the New York Steam Company, which is 221 feet high, containing 1,056,000 bricks. Few people would care to climb to the top of it, even to see the fine view.

The Japanese believe that the first man was not Adam but Hu-Sing, who made his wife of clay and baked her forty days. Subsequent developments probably convinced Hu-Sing that he was at least a month too previous in taking her out of the oven.

An Illinois man has celebrated the fourth anniversary of the invention of the telephone, which he claims to have invented. The telephone, let us here remark, is an older child than four years, and besides, every considerable town in the country has a claimant for the honor of its invention.

The girls of the country have formed a league not to kiss the cigarette-smoking young man. Now for retaliation. Let the young man firmly resolve never to kiss the chewing-gum young girl.

A Missouri girl waved her apron at a railway train, prevented a collision and received a life pass as her reward. By the way, the wave of a girl's apron is a potential power in many directions.

In New York there is a dwelling-house with five feet front on one street and 100 feet front on another. A tall man has to sleep lengthwise of that house.

A young married couple by the name of Luke, living in Crittenden, N. Y., were awakened from their slumbers one night recently by a furious barking of the dog. Mrs. Luke called to her husband to get up and see what the trouble was, saying: "If you don't, I will," and she did. She sallied forth into the night and found the dog had a coon up an apple tree. She climbed the tree, shook off the coon, which the dog quickly despatched, and she bore it in triumph to the house. —[Batavian.

"My dear, I think Johnny is studying too hard. Hadn't we better take him out of school?" asked a loving mother of the old gentleman. "Hah! Wait till he strains his brains at arithmetic as much as he did his back at foot ball and then I'll talk about it. For the present his brain appears to be in a healthful, semi-comatose condition."

"How much do you ask for a dollar's worth of sugar?" "Let's see. We have sold a dollar's worth of sugar for a dollar ever since we've been in business," said the grocer, smilingly. "I didn't know; I only got eighty-seven cents' worth for a dollar here the other day." Now, who got the best of that argument?

Teacher: "Define the word excavate." Scholar: "It means to hollow out." Teacher: "Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar: "The baby excavates when it gets hurt." —[Waifs.

"Mamma, are you an actress; do you ever play?" "No, my dear; why do you ask me?" "Because," said the little innocent, "I heard papa say he came home late from the club last night and you played h—l."—[Brooklyn Eagle.

"Well, Hannah, my dear, this is a glorious winter morning, isn't it?" said Mr. Smiley, as he tucked his napkin into his collar and prepared for his coffee. "A glorious morning. Now isn't this nice to have such a breakfast for the, let me see —must be as much as the ten thousandth time we've eaten breakfast together, eh?" "Why, Ichabod, I don't believe we have ever eaten so many breakfasts as that. That would make me quite an old woman, you know." "Well, what are you?" "Well, I'm not an old woman, whatever else I may be, Ichabod Smiley; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself, so you had." Mr. Smiley said nothing, but quietly drew a long gray hair from the hash and laid it beside her plate as indisputable proof of his side of the question. She had forgotten her brown wig that morning.

Jumbo wanted to take a walk the other day, so he placed his head against the wall of his building and went through as if it was paper. The wall was nearly a foot thick.

Over 1000 sugar houses through twenty-seven parishes in Louisiana are now in operation. The welfare of at least 150,000 laborers depends upon the result of the present work, and $40,000,000 of capital are awaiting the returns on the investment.

"Why should not women whistle?" That's what we'd like to know. A woman is like a locomotive with a long train behind her. Locomotives whistle. You can see where the logic will lead to.

"Has a clergyman's wife a moral right to kiss the male members of her husband's congregation?" Only in retaliation, as it were. Hope the meaning is clear.

"Where do you pass Thanksgiving?" inquired a gentleman of his friend as he came up town with him. "Thanksgiving? Nowhere. I've nothing to be thankful for. I'm a Republican."

"Let's see, I haven't sold you an overcoat this season yet, have I?" said a clothing dealer to his neighbor. "Well, no; but you sold me well on one last winter." No signs of a trade in that quarter.

The Louisville Courier-Journal notifies Democrats elected to office that five times as much good will be expected from them than would be expected if they were Republicans. Certainly. Expecting any good at all from Republican officials has long been decidedly absurd.

Thurlow Weed's life almost spans the history of this country under its present Constitution. He was born before Washington died, and when Webster, Clay and Calhoun were making their reputations he had edited several country newspapers and fought in the battles of his country. He was older than Seward, or Lincoln, or Greeley, and when Clay, Webster and Calhoun were dead he had not entered upon the most important part of his career. He was alive when Napoleon's star appeared in the darkness of the French revolution, and was already a young man when the battle of Waterloo was fought. He lived and worked with three generations of public men.—[New York Tribune.

Chatting about the selfishness of rich men, Joe Howard says: "You will take note that neither Vanderbilt nor Gould is known to the public eye. As individuals they don't amount to shucks, but as representative oppressors they take the cake, bake-house and wagon before the door."

The pigeon that Thurlow Weed was so fond of and constantly petted until he became too ill to permit its presence in the sick chamber grew very disconsolate after its master's death. It could hardly be quieted, and seemed to be aware of its loss.

"Oh, yes," said the tramp, as a tear glistened like a gum-drop upon his sun-stained face, "I served during the entire war." After stowing away the comfortable breakfast that was given him he finished the sentence—"I was a waiter in a Canadian restaurant."—[Exchange.

We notice that Mr. H. P. Hubbard, the well-known advertising agent, is having a hot fight with a New Haven paper. We would bet on Hubbard if betting was not so wicked.

A Russian grain merchant says that the American cheap grain has undermined their trade, and they cannot compete with this country.

The elections have had one effect the people meant they should. Politicians in Washington say that something must be done about the civil service.

A report of the comptroller of the currency shows that of the government bonds nearly $240,000,000 are held by the savings banks. This brushes away the general belief that the national banks hold most all of them.

There is again much distress, owing to the lack of the necessaries of life, along the west coast of Ireland. There are plenty of indications, however, that the Irish people will not be the only ones who will experience a hard winter.

A railroad president says that the present trouble in the West "has arisen from the mania for railroad building which has been fostered by the profits realized by the getters-up of construction companies. They go to work to build a line, and in order to ensure a double or treble return for the money actually expended capitalize and bond the line two or three times its possible cost. This is what brought us the panic of 1873, and we don't propose to submit to it to our injury."

If the boot and shoe manufacturers of the United States can combine to manufacture nails for their own use, and thus break down a monopoly, as they think of doing, why cannot other business men and mechanics organize to protect themselves against the monoplies which oppress them? Monopolies can generally buy up small concerns which oppose them, but they could not keep down a multitude having one aim in view.

This is the way the Washington Post figures out the taxation business: "There are in the United States about 10,000,000 families. Our annual taxation for Federal purposes is about $400,000,000. Each head of a family pays therefore an average tax of $40. Under the existing revenue system the working classes are more heavily taxed than their wealthy neighbors, for the highest duties are imposed on the coarser goods used by the poor."

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GREENWICH, February 11, 1880.

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A GAMBLER'S FUNERAL.

The King of the Monte Men Buried at Weehawken.

One of the Mourners Tells the Strange Story of Slim Jim.

His Fondness for Fleecing Pious Deacons and Clergymen.

Last Wednesday afternoon, says the New York Sun, there was a strange funeral from the undertaker's shop at 82 Greenwich street. No minister, no weeping relatives, no flowers, no tears were to be seen. Only a couple of dozen rough men went into the shop, singly or in couples, and took a look at the corpse. It was the body of a man of 30, with a high forehead, prominent nose, and the expression of a man who had seen life in some of its roughest phases. The undertaker said: "There is no use in publishing his name. His last request was that it should be kept secret, because he did not wish his poor old mother to know of it. She is 70 years old, and living in a comfortable home down East which he provided for her. He said it would not do any good to let her know he was dead."

"He was the slickest handed man that ever tossed a pasteboard," said one of the bystanders. "He went by the name of Jordan, but his real name was Bruce. He was well known among the sporting fraternity as the original 'Slim Jim, king of the three-card monte men.' His real name was James Bruce, and he was a farmer boy away down in Maine up to 1868. One day he went to a county fair and saw a man tossing the three cards. He thought he could pick out the little joker. It looked so easy to make $5 by saying 'that's the card,' when he saw the corner turned. He bet and lost, and bet and lost as many a greenhorn has done before and since. In trying to get $25 out of the three-card monte man, on what he thought a sure thing, he lost $25. Then he made up his mind it would be a good game to learn. He earned it so well that he

Made Over $400,000 Out of It.

Jim was 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighed 150 pounds, had a smooth face and looked like a natural verdant or 'sucker.' To look at him when he was made up for business you would think him a country lout, who needed to be taken care of. He used to wear a suit of 'dungarees,' or brown country garments, that made him look like a farmer's man in store clothes. When he got on those dungarees, with a straw hat, big boots, with his pantaloons tucked in, and a hunk of gingerbread, he was ready to skin the sharpest countryman that ever tried to rob a monte man by pretending to guess a card when he thought he had it sure. Jim, dressed in this rig, would stumble into an express train at a country station, sprawl over the floor, spill a few out of a bag of $20 gold pieces, swear that he had been robbed of a part of the money he had got for selling his farm, and in a clumsy way bring out the cards to show how the gamblers got the best of him. His cappers or confidants would gather about, and soon Jim would have a first-class game under way. The greenhorns would be sure to bite, Jim would turn up the corner of the ace in such a clumsy way and let them win a few times to get them excited. Then the simpletons would bet all they had, and Jim would scoop it. For years Jim had been known at races, fairs and on the principal railroads. He worked them all as long as he could. He was very successful on the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads, and was the best 'sure thing gambler' in America. He was the equal of the celebrated 'Canada Bill,' the three-card monte man who died in Philadelphia recently. Jim offered the Union Pacific Railroad Company

$10,000 for Permission to Ply His Game

on their road in 1870, and agreed that he would not fleece anybody but deacons and clergymen. He used to say that it was a perfectly fair thing to swindle the pious people who were trying to cheat others by betting on what they thought was a sure thing. Jim was well known in Utah, California, Nevada, and, in fact, throughout the West. Often the railroad companies would put detectives after him to keep him off the trains. Latterly he has worked the trains between New York and Washington. He was not without sympathy. If he won from a man who could afford to lose he would not care how much he took away from him. But if he thought the victim could not spare it, he would give back part of the money, with the good advice, 'Don't gamble; don't even bet that you are alive.' Jim was registered at the Park Hotel, Mat Gooderson's old place, as James Jordan, and by that name he was mostly known. A week ago last Saturday night he was out with some friends pretty well on to Sunday morning. He got scuffling and fooling, all in fun, with Mat Carroll. Carroll got into a scuffle with another man and shot at him, hitting Jim by mistake. The ball lodged in the groin, and he was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where he died. Some of the boys visited him in the hospital and did what they could for him. They raised $150 to bury him decently, and some of them sat up with the body last night. Who were they? Well, perhaps there is no use saying who they were, as the man was crooked. But, though he was a crooked man, he had a good heart, and many is the dollar he took from those who could afford to lose it and gave to some poor emigrant without a dollar in the world."

Jim, the king of all monte men, was buried at Weehawken cemetery.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD TO MARRY.

Commodore Vanderbilt's Widow About to Become the Third Wife of One Who Will Then be Her Third Husband.

An interesting rumor comes to me from New Orleans, writes the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Record, to the effect that General George Pierre (he has dropped the Pierre, though, I believe) Toussaint Beauregard is about to marry Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the widow of the dead commodore. Beauregard, as all the world knows, was one of the greatest engineer officers on either side in the late war. Carefully trained at West Point, where he graduated second in his class in 1840, he rendered valuable services to the United States in the Mexican war, and invaluable services against it in the war of the rebellion. He is considered today one of the foremost military engineers of his time by competent critics. Some of them contend that he is the equal of any engineer since Vauban. Certain it is that he is very highly spoken of, and that some of his work—that at Manassas battlefield in Virginia, for example—is pointed out by the older engineer officers of the army as a model for the young lieutenants of the corps. He is, however, nothing more than a great engineer. He was not a good fighter, and after the war he failed signally in an attempt to revive a Southern railroad which was on its feet within six months after he left its presidency, and is now striding forward into permanent prosperity. Perhaps, since we have no great engineering work for him to do, General Beauregard is best employed as he is at present, in assisting to manage a lottery enterprise at a salary of $10,000 a year. General Beauregard is a short, shapely, handsome old gentleman, with gray hair and white mustache and a ruddy face. He has the appearance and accomplishments of a courtier of the days of Louis XIV., and, withal, hosts of friends. He has buried two wives and has a married son and a married daughter in New Orleans. Mrs. Vanderbilt was the reigning belle of Mobile while yet very young in the years immediately preceding the war. She was not pretty, but exceedingly attractive, "handsome," "stylish," "lovely," the old beaus say. She married William H. Elliott, a New Orleans lawyer, but they did not agree with one another, and finally separated by way of the courts. For several years Mrs. Elliott, who was still very attractive, supported herself and her mother by teaching music. They had met the Vanderbilts before her first marriage, and it is said that the Commodore, who admired them, quietly contributed to their support, through her mother, after her separation from her husband. Be this as it may, they met again in the North after the war, and when Mrs. Vanderbilt died Mr. Vanderbilt married Mrs. Elliott. Now she is a handsome widow of about 40, with a legacy of $800,000—$100,000 for each year of her life with the Commodore, as some one has observed—and nothing to prevent her marrying anybody she pleases to marry. Mrs. Vanderbilt is, as is well known, like her late husband, a great admirer of Rev. Dr. Deems of the Church of the Strangers, New York City. Vanderbilt University, at Nashville, Tenn., probably owes its existence to the appeals made by Dr. Deems and Mrs. Vanderbilt to the dead millionnaire. General Beauregard, a creole in everything else, is presumably a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

Killed and Injured by a Fall of Ice.

SCRANTON, Penn., November 26.—The ice which had formed in the Oxford shaft fell Wednesday on the men working in the bottom of the shaft, completely burying them in ice and timbers. Two men were killed. Their names were Patrick Rocheford of Sandy Banks and Hopkin Hughes of Patagonia. The injured men were: Thomas Watkins of Patagonia, shoulder broken and severely cut about the head and face; James Roberts of Providence, right leg broken and a large hole in his side, not expected to live; William Hayes of Hyde Park, cuts on his leg and body. Morgan Jones stood in a corner, and escaped miraculously. The accident occurred about 7 o'clock. The men were employed in sinking a new shaft, and were down about 150 feet.

Death of Boston's Oldest Apothecary.

Dr. John I. Brown, the oldest apothecary in Boston, died at his residence on Shawmut avenue Wednesday morning, at the advanced age of 92. He was the eldest of four brothers who at one time kept apothecary stores in this city. Their stores were all located on Washington street—John I. near Essex, Joseph T. at the corner of Bedford, Frederick near State, William on the corner of Eliot. From these stores have graduated a large number of Rhode Island boys, who have followed and still follow the business. Mr. John I. Brown came to Boston in 1807 and was employed by Dr. Stephen Thayer at No. 1 Newbury street. The store was located at that point on what is now Washington street, nearly opposite the head of Essex street. In 1812 he purchased the business, which he carried on uninterruptedly until nearly twelve years ago, when he retired. For many years there was no drug store south of Mr. Brown's in Boston. He kept in a small wooden building, the rent of which was $150 per year. The upper part of the building and a room in the rear of the store were let as a tenement, and Mr. Brown occupied for a sleeping apartment a room in the attic, connected with the store by means of a bell. During his business career Mr. Brown accumulated means which enabled him to pass the evening of his life in comfort and enjoyment. He leaves two sons, Messrs. Atherton T. and G. Frank Brown, of the firm of John I. Brown & Sons, and two daughters.

A MOURNFUL VIGIL.

An Old Lady Watches by the Corpse of Her Husband for Forty-eight Hours Without Fire or Food.

HINGHAM, November 21.—On an isolated street in the quiet village of Scituate have resided for the past six months Jonathan Hunt, aged about 80 years, and his wife Elizabeth. The couple came to Scituate from Weymouth, where the old gentleman followed the vocation of a cobbler, but of late he has done very little work. The couple have lived somewhat retired, and very little is known of them by the townspeople. Monday morning a young man called at their house, and, the wife answering the bell, he requested to see Mr. Hunt. She replied that he could not see him, as "he had passed away." The young man thought that the woman acted somewhat strangely, but, beyond that, gave no particular attention to the remark, and quitted the premises. During the day a man called and left a load of coal, and, on his asking for Mr. Hunt, the woman told him that he was in bed. This morning he again called, and the woman coming to the door he asked to see Mr. Hunt, and again got the same answer—that he was in bed. The man was by this time thoroughly convinced that there must be something wrong, and accordingly he notified Officer Gordon, who accompanied him to the house. In answer to their knock the wife came to the door and again vouchsafed the information that her husband was in bed. The officer said that he must see him, and the woman replied that she was taking care of him, and that they must not come in. She then retreated from the door, and the officer followed her through three rooms, when she suddenly pulled to the door and held on for dear life. With the assistance of the gentleman the officer succeeded in pulling the door open, and on entering the room discovered the inanimate body of the old gentleman lying upon the bed. The wife was emphatic in saying that she was taking care of her husband. The officer began to question her relative to the death of her husband, but could get no information except that she was caring for him. Her manner and conversation convinced the officer that she was insane. The only intelligible answer they could get from her was that Sunday her husband became sick, and that she wrapped him up in blankets. While the officer was standing over the corpse she would occasionally come up to the bedside and remark: "Don't you see him move his eyes?" It is probable that the old gentleman, as she terms it, "passed away" during Sunday, and in her demented frame of mind she felt it incumbent on her to take care of him. In this condition she has sat by the bedside since the demise of the old gentleman, nursing the hallucination that his eyes were moving. With this strange and almost weird hallucination the unfortunate woman has sat for two days, without fire or food, over the corpse of the partner of her joys and sorrows. Medical Examiner Brewster of Plymouth has been notified and will view the remains tomorrow morning. The local authorities have done absolutely nothing in regard to the matter, and no one knows anything about the circumstances or the nature of the disease from which the old man died. The woman has gone to Weymouth in company with an undertaker, and tonight the corpse lies all alone at home awaiting the arrival of the medical examiner. The affair has created considerable excitement, and the result of the medical examination is anxiously awaited.

Death of General Daniel P. Upham.

General Daniel P. Upham of Little Rock, Ark., a man of various experiences in his adopted State (Arkansas), has just died at his father's house in Dudley, aged 49. He went to Arkansas in 1865, met with much persecution as a northern man, though he avoided politics, and narrowly escaped assassination, receiving a dangerous wound in the temple from a bullet fired by ambushed cowards. Recovering, he joined in an effort to restore law and order, and, attracting the notice of Governor Clayton, was placed at the head of the three military districts into which the State was divided for suppressing political outrages and securing the safety of citizens. Finally, though maligned by his enemies, he became commander of the State militia, holding the place for five years, and that of Chancery Court clerk for five more. President Hayes appointed him United States marshal for the western district of Arkansas, which included Indian Territory and was the largest in the United States. He performed his duties well, but two years ago retired from public service broken in health. Since then he has been busy improving the agriculture of his State.

They Think They are the Heirs.

The following, which appeared in a Boston paper recently, has created considerable excitement in Brockton in a family named McCarthy, who think they represent the heirs referred to:

An immense fortune is waiting for a claimant in India. The person entitled to it is a man named William McCarthy, presumably an Irishman, who sailed from Liverpool for New York about forty years ago. Nothing at present is known of this individual, and advertisements have been inserted in the papers in England and this country. Possibly he may have succeeded in realizing a fortune by his own industry; possibly he may be in dire destitution; possibly he is dead. Whatever has become of him the fact remains that his uncle, General William Frederick McCarthy, has recently died in India, and in his will left him all his property, amounting to over 1,000,000 rupees.

The names of the Brockton claimants to this large fortune are John and Patrick McCarthy, the former employed as a shoemaker at C. H. Ward's factory, and the latter in the employ of A. S. Porter & Sons. According to their story, their father, William McCarthy, sailed from Liverpool about forty years ago, and his first residence in this country was in New York City. The brothers feel so certain that they are entitled to a share of this fortune that they have consulted a claim lawyer, and will look into the matter.

The Cape Cod Canal.

Captain Nathan Appleton is reported to have said that Count Ferdinand de Lesseps and General Turr, the well-known Hungarian canal builder, will be interested with him in the building of the ship canal across Cape Cod, for which an application is now on file at the State House. Captain Appleton thinks that three years will serve to complete the job, coupled with $2,000,000 or $3,000,000. He estimates that the tonnage passing through the canal will amount to 5,000,000 tons annually, that, at a toll of 5 cents a ton, would bring an income of $250,000.

Through the Adirondacks by Rail.

TROY, N. Y., November 26.—A couple of wealthy New England lumber men propose spending $400,000 in building a railway into the Adirondacks wilderness. The citizens of Malone have called a public meeting, with a view of asking that Malone be made the terminus of the new road. The projectors of the new road have bought sixty square miles of the finest land, which they will clear of lumber when the road is completed. This will denude a large section of the central forests of the Adirondacks.

Manager Haverly's Gigantic Scheme.

NEW YORK, November 22.—Manager J. H. Haverly, in an interview today said: "Before eighteen months have passed I shall have fifty theatres under my management in different parts of the country, the most of them in the West. Capitalists are ready to write checks for the purpose, on condition I take buildings on ten-year leases. The houses will be run as combination theatres, establishing a circuit over which companies can play the entire season."

Allowed to Carry Whiskey.

CHICAGO, November 26.—A party of Chicago sportsmen recently started on a hunting trip through Indian territory, carrying with them twenty-five gallons of whiskey. While going through the territory they were arrested by the United States marshal, and they produced an order signed by General Sheridan permitting them to take wine or whiskey with them. They were finally released by orders from Washington.

David Davis' Aspirations.

CLINTON, Ill., November 26.—There seems to be a prevailing opinion in central Illinois that Senator David Davis will be a candidate for United States senator for Illinois, although he has stated that he does not desire to be considered a candidate. He has a great many friends in this section who are pushing his claims. Republicans are in favor of Hon. Richard G. Oglesby, ex-governor of Illinois.

"EVERY truth has two sides; look at both before committing yourself to either." Kidney-Wort challenges the closest scrutiny of its ingredients and its grand results. It has nothing to fear from truth. Doctors may disagree as to the best methods and remedies, for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting.

THE attention of our readers is called to the large advertisement in this issue of S. H. Moore, New York, publisher of The Cricket on the Hearth and Cottage and Farm, in which he offers to send both of these charming papers for one year, together with six splendid premiums, all for the small sum of $1, which is the regular price of the Cricket alone. This is a most liberal offer, and you cannot make a mistake in taking advantage of it. The advertiser is thoroughly reliable.

GIRLS FOR GENERAL HOUSEWORK WANTED AT Y. E. A. OFFICE, 19 WINTER STREET.

MORE MONEY WANTED

By the Secretary of the Navy for New Vessels.

Sad Need of a Naval Marine Worthy the Name.

How Some of the Vessels Could be Used in Case of War.

WASHINGTON, November 25.—It is reported that the secretary of the navy, in his estimates of the expenses of that department for the next fiscal year, will ask for $6,000,000 more than was voted at the last session of Congress. It is desired to apply this money to the construction of new war vessels. The House committee on naval affairs made a most exhaustive investigation last spring of the condition of the navy, its cost, present value and fighting equipment. The question of armament was also considered, and the cost of supplying the service with effective rifled guns estimated. The inquiries made by the committee demonstrated one fact beyond peradventure, and that was that the government has absolutely no naval marine worthy the name. While the naval register shows a list of 140 vessels of all classes belonging to the navy, forty-two of these ships are of no power whatever, and the remainder are of antiquated pattern, entirely unfit to cope with modern ships of war, and, in reality, only useful to cruise in times of peace and fair weather from one port to another, giving a decent amount of exercise to the sailors in the service of the government, and furnishing comfortable quarters for the officers in command. In the event of an attack upon the United States by a foreign power some of these vessels would be valuable to sink at the entrances of harbors as obstructions to hostile navigation, but to repel an opposing fleet of modern ships of war they would be of less value than were the defences of Alexandria against the British bombardment. It is asserted by competent authorities that the real strength of the government, in the event of war with a foreign power, would lie in the number of fast iron ships now engaged in the coastwise trade that could, at a large expense, be purchased by the government, lightly armed and sent abroad upon the seas to destroy an enemy's commerce. At the last session, Congress made an appropriation for the construction of one fast armed cruiser, and a board of navy officers is now engaged in examining the different plans and models that have been submitted for the building of the ship. Congress also at the last session directed an examination to be made of the different navy yards, with a view of ascertaining how many of these expensive institutions can be abolished without detriment to the service. In fact this Congress is committed to a policy of naval reorganization. It cannot be doubted, however, that the result of the recent elections will have a decided effect upon this policy, probably to nullify if not entirely reverse the proposed work of building up a decent navy. The Democratic majority in the next Congress will undoubtedly reduce the expenditures to the lowest possible point, and it is very doubtful, under the circumstances, if the Republicans at the approaching session will think it politic to vote money for any other purpose than the bare support of the existing naval establishment.

A WORM IN A HORSE'S EYE.

The Singularly Located Parasite Carried by a New York Horse.

NEW YORK, November 25.—Dodge & Bliss' big bay horse, which has a parasite in its right eye, was brought from Jersey City Monday afternoon and taken to the reception room of the American Veterinary College in Fifty-fourth street, near Sixth avenue. Many students came down stairs, and, gathering around the horse's head, stood on tiptoe to peer over one another's shoulders at the singular spectacle. All approved when one said it was very beautiful. Professor A. Liautard, chief surgeon, brought an ophthalmoscope, a circular concave mirror three inches in diameter, in the centre of which is a small magnifying lens. The horse was led into a dark corner. The mirror concentrated the light of a lamp on the eye while the professor looked through the lens. The outer transparent coat, or cornea, with the fluid behind it, the professor said, were more clearly visible to the naked eye than when looked at through the lens. The cornea is about three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and in the fluid behind it, the aqueous humor, a tenuous white worm about three inches long was twisting, doubling and darting about so rapidly that no part of it could be examined with satisfaction.

Professor Liautard said that the parasite could be easily removed by puncturing the cornea and allowing the fluid to escape. The worm would follow the current of the fluid. Professor Noyes successfully performed the operation on a horse at the college three years ago. It was the location of this worm that was singular. Such worms are frequently found in other portions of the body and in other animals than horses.

About 4 o'clock Oren D. Pomeroy, professor of ophthalmology, arrived. He said the germ from which the worm grew was taken with the food. When developed it worked its way through the system by chance. This case could be easily cured. The worm affected the eye merely as a foreign substance. When removed the eye would heal. He thought the sight would be restored. If allowed to remain the worm would destroy the eye. It caused an irritation and inflammation of the iris. The crystalline lens was apparently unaffected. He asked to have the horse brought to the college on any Tuesday in order that the parasite might be removed. Captain Cafferty, the foreman of Dodge & Bliss, agreed to do so if the proprietors would consent.

SAVED FROM HANGING.

William Richards Cheats the Gallows by Cutting His Throat.

RICHFORD, Vt., November 26.—William Richards, who was to have been executed Friday at Sweetsburg, Que., for the murder of Joseph Jackson of Abercorn, Que., in July, 1881, committed suicide in his cell early this morning by cutting his throat.

The history of this crime is one which has caused great excitment and interest in this vicinity. About the 20th of last April, while some children were playing in the woods near the sugar house of Frederick Bussel, they discovered the remains of a human being partially concealed under some stones and brushes in a deep ravine. The dead person was evidently about 25 years of age, and the murder would have never been traced out had a letter not been found on his person revealing the fact that his name was Joseph Jackson; that he came from England to this country to purchase land and try farming. The letter was quite lengthy, was well written and signed, "From your loving sister, M. H. Jackson." This gave a clew. The sister was communicated with, and found to be the one who had written the letter and gave much information. This being obtained, the next step was to find the murderer. H. D. Pickel, high sheriff at Sweetsburg, took the matter in hand and went to Montreal, where he found a letter at a boarding house where Richards had stopped, which explained that he had a daughter living in Connecticut. With the assistance of a detective Mr. Pickel found him at work in a foundry at Waterbury, Conn. There he was arrested and taken to Hartford jail. From there he was finally removed to Sweetsburg jail, where he has since remained. He was tried September 29, and, after a long and impartial trial, was pronounced guilty of murdering Joseph Jackson and sentenced to be hanged November 24.

A SAD STORY.

The Mother of a Victim of the Vienna Fire Visits Her Son's Grave on All Saints' Day and Commits Suicide the Day Following.

Among the thousands who on All Saints' Day visited the graves of the poor victims of the Ring Theatre catastrophe, writes a Vienna correspondent of the London Daily News, a lady in deep mourning was remarked, who for hours knelt beside a grave which she had decked with wreaths of flowers. This poor lady was found dead in her room in a hotel on the day following, and papers found in her desk proved that she had committed suicide, and explained the reason why she had done so. About a year and a half ago the widowed mother sent her only son, a lad of 18, to Vienna to study medicine. He wrote home so regularly that when the news of the Ring Theatre fire reached Gotha, the city where the mother lived, and no letter came to reassure her, she immediately travelled to Vienna, and all her worst fears were confirmed, for she found her boy among the dead whom it was possible to identify. Her companion during this melancholy journey was a daughter of 17, her only child after the death of her son. This girl's affection for her brother was so strong that she fell into a decline after his death, and two months ago the mother knelt at a fresh grave which had closed over her daughter. It is not probable that the bereaved mother came here with the intention of committing suicide, for she bought several articles immediately after her arrival which she would not have felt the want of had she meditated death. But on returning from the churchyard at night she gave the chambermaid five florins, and, when the latter refused to accept them, said she should not want the money any more, and pressed it upon the reluctant girl. An open letter to the Mayor of Vienna explained that she did not think life worth living without her children, and that the money found in her bag should be devoted to the expenses of her burial. She begged that she might be interred beside her son. The Mayor yesterday gave orders that she should be buried in the same grave as her son. The deceased was not quite 50 years old, and was the widow of a merchant named Petter. By order of the Mayor of Vienna a gigantic wreath of palm branches and rare flowers was deposited on All Souls' day upon the large common graves of the victims of the Ring Theatre fire who could not be identified by relations or friends. A catafalque was erected upon the grave surrounded by shrubs and flowers, and by 100 large wax lights in chandeliers. The catafalque bore the inscription, "8th December, 1881," which was read by thousands who surrounded the grave on the 1st and 2d of November. In the evening of both of those days it is the custom for the Viennese to visit the theatres, which one and all give the same piece, "The Miller and his Child," a tale of love, superstition and death, during which tears flow abundantly, and the audience deceives itself into the belief that by crying on this particular day it honors its dead.

THINGS RICH AND STRANGE.

Patent Applied for on a Mummy-Making Process.

[Washington Post.]

Two Pennsylvanians have applied at the patent office for a patent on a recently-discovered process of preserving the dead, supposed to be the long-lost Egyptian art. It is claimed that, partly by accident and finally by experiment, they have discovered a certain combination of antiseptic elements which, if diffused through a dead body, even when it is in an advanced state of decomposition, will destroy all corruptible matter and convert the flesh into a cartilaginous state, the denser parts, such as the gristly parts of the ear, being converted into a hard, horny substance, but natural in appearance. In one of their experiments the inventors, by the aid of electricity, applied the compound to the body of a dead infant. Ten weeks after the body had been removed from all contact with the compound the flesh had become like rubber; the cheeks were full and pliant to the touch, and the ears had become like polished horn. There was not the slightest odor, and the corpse seemed to have no more properties of decomposition than a rubber doll. Whether the body will remain in the pliant state or whether it will become hard like horn as the denser parts now are will probably take more than one lifetime to determine.

The Dog and the Drummer.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Among the persons who purchased tickets at the Union ticket office yesterday was an elderly lady whose destination was St. Paul, Minn. Save the presence of a small dog, which she declared she was going to take with her, the lady was alone. After securing a check for baggage, the lady and her dog entered the ladies' coach, where the former took a seat, while the latter crouched down at her feet. Soon after she had assumed a peaceful attitude the train hand entered the coach, and, noticing the dog, started to drive it out. The old lady objected, but the train hand would not yield, although he saw the dog's mistress in tears. A commercial tourist who had been a silent witness to the entire conversation stepped up and asked the train hand to let the dog remain until he could return. The train hand complied and the tourist left the coach in a hurry. He returned, bearing a cheap valise in his hand, which he opened. After cutting a large hole in the side, he placed the dog in the valise, and pulling his head through the hole, closed the valise. With a smile he deposited the valise on the seat by the old lady and quietly laughed when the train hand came back to kick the dog out.

Jam from Colonel Sellers' Favorite Fruit.

According to the correspondent of a trade journal, it is a mistake to suppose that fruit is absolutely necessary to the manufacture of preserves. He describes a visit to a large jam-producing factory, in which he found that the work was being bravely carried on without the aid of fruit at all. Jams of various kinds were being produced before his eyes—currant, plum, strawberry, apricot, raspberry and gooseberry. Yet neither currant, plum, strawberry, apricot, raspberry nor gooseberry was in the building. Turnips served the purposes of the fruit. The flavoring matter was extracted from coal-tar, and the resemblance to raspberry and strawberry jam was further produced by mixing the boiling compound with small seeds of some cheap innocuous herb. A common form of sugar is used, and this is the only honest ingredient of the mess. These preserves are offered as made from "this season's fruit."

Result of Using Dynamite as Bait.

[Charlotte Journal.]

Some days ago one of our hardware merchants presented a Lancaster county men with some dynamite cartridges, telling him that by exploding one of them under water fish would be killed and rise to the surface. Yesterday the merchant received a letter from the Lancastrian describing how he had experimented with the cartridges. He had gone out in a boat on a mill-pond on Cane Creek and had thrown the cartridge violently into the water. The result was disastrous not only to the fish. The boat was thrown clean out of the water, capsized and its three occupants ducked, one of them who couldn't swim well being nearly drowned.

Ample Provocation for Murder.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Two of the mountain members of the legislature were at a fashionable ball the other night watching the gay crowds of waltzers that spun by them to the soft music of the orchestra. They were evidently very much astonished at the spectacle. At last one of them asked the other:

"You reckon any of these men are married?"

"Yes, I saw some a dancing that I know are married."

"Well," was the deliberate reply, "I'll be dogged if Kate Southern didn't kill Norcissa Cowart for a heap less than that."

Religious Exaltation Drives a Mule to Suicide.

[Richmond Register.]

Near the town of Irvine, in Estill county, the other day, a mule belonging to Mr. W. F. Park deliberately committed suicide. He put his head through a crack in a post and rail fence, slipped his neck down to a narrow place, pulled back and choked himself. The cause of the suicide is not known. He had not been drinking, and there was no trouble with his family. It is thought by some to have been the result of religious excitement.

A Musical Mouse.

[Richmond Whig.]

Mr. Benedict of the Richmond Post Office brought to this office yesterday a mouse which John Benedict, his little son, captured at their residence, No. 516 North Twenty-seventh street. The mouse, strange to say, has developed into a vocalist, if such a word can be applied to it, for the little thing sings and chirps all night like a bird. Last night it was placed in a cage in the reporter's sanctum, and for hours sang and chirped with the ease and sweetness of a prima donna, though not on so grand a scale.

A Blind Pup Guided by His Brother.

A Chicago man had four setter puppies that were got by a famous hunting dog. One little fellow was totally blind, and stayed pretty close to his warm nest in an old box at first. One day, however, when they were several months old, the owner saw the brightest and largest of the four trotting across the laundry floor in the basement with the blind puppy by his side, each having in his mouth the end of a short stick cut for kindling wood. The older puppy was leading his blind brother about the room.

How a Lecturer Kept Her Appointment.

Mrs. Courtland, a popular lecturer of Missouri, after completing an address in the court house of Butler on Friday night, missed the passenger train for Rich Hill. With her daughter she tried to get through on a freight train, but was informed that no passengers could be taken. She then demanded to be shipped as live stock, and as there was no rule against this she and her daughter were weighed, ticketed and consigned to the editor of the Gazette as cattle.

A Salt Lake in New York State.

In the eastern part of the town of Savannah and about half a mile west of Seneca river is a small lake of about an acre in extent, the water of which is as salt as the ocean. Forty years ago when wood was plenty, there was quite a settlement around this lake, and a considerable quantity of salt was manufactured by boiling down the water. Now the woods are all cut down and burned and the salt boilers have disappeared.

Phenomenal Potatoes.

[Owensboro Post.]

R. B. Nunn's is headquarters for vegetable monstrosities. He has on exhibition a potato that is the exact shape of a quail, even to the feather markings, eyes, bill and wings. Also one that is the shape of a turtle, legs, head, shell and tail. He has a vine that is covered with potatoes on root and stem. Those that grow above the ground are as perfect as those that grow where good potatoes should grow.

An Irascible Blue Bird.

[Nashville Banner.]

John Allen of Williamson county captured a strange bird about thirteen miles from Nashville, in Williamson county, recently. It is of navy-blue color, with snow-white beak. It has huge claws, measuring nearly six inches in length. It has a perfect antipathy to the human eye, a sight of which arouses all the anger of its ferocious nature. Mr. Allen says it flies with great rapidity.

The Object of a Georgia Lady's Devotion.

[Oglethorpe Echo.]

There is a lady living in Lexington who believes in doing everything in a hurry. The other day her husband hired a man of all work who was too slow to suit her. The other morning he was employed cutting wood while the family was at prayers. Upon arising from her knees the first thing she said was: "That boy didn't strike but three licks while we were at prayers."

EDWARD EVERETT and Edwin M. Stanton died with apoplexy, a disease often mistaken for heart disease. The two complaints are, nevertheless, essentially different. "Apoplexy is a loss of voluntary motion and sensation, caused by pressure on the brain." For 30 years past, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator has always cured heart disease and its kindred troubles.

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKETS.

Record of the Week in Wall and State Streets.

BOSTON, SATURDAY AFTERNOON, November 25, 1882.

The Boston money market has shown but little change during the week. It has shown about the same activity as usual of late, which is not saying a great deal. Money continues scarce, and consequently rates for loans and discounts rule quite firm. The banks as a class have an idea that there are "breakers ahead," and in order to be in a fit condition to meet what may happen, they are doing but little outside of attending to the wants of their own customers. This they are doing at a range of 6@7 per cent., which are also the quotations for good mercantile paper, while the ruling rates are 6@6½ per cent., with but few exceptional cases, where discount is made under 6 per cent. Prime corporation notes and acceptances, consisting principally of factory paper, are quiet at the old quotations of 4½ per cent. asked, the banks bidding 5, with but few sales at any price, and then to parties outside of the banks. Collateral call loans range from 6@7 per cent., the rate depending upon the nature of the security, with government bonds as first choice—first, last and always.

Outside of the banks the note brokers are placing a limited amount of paper, and quote rates as ranging from 5½ per cent. and upwards. Suburban banks are asking their customers 6½@7 per cent. In the matter of discount, and report that discounting is brisk at these rates. For balances between banks the ruling rate has been 4 per cent., which was today's figures. At the clearing house the gross exchanges for the week were $71,717,159, and today were $10,517,759; the balances for the week were $8,926,975, and today, $1,418,442.

During most of the week New York funds have sold at par to a few cents discount per $1000, but today they were quoted at par to 10 cents premium per $1000.

Foreign exchange has slowly declined in price as the week advanced, closing today at the lowest figures which have been seen for some time, and is somewhat below the gold importing point. The following are the closing prices: Sight, 4 83¾@4 84; sixty days, 4 79¾@4 80; commercial bills, 4 77½; francs, sight, 5 18¾; sixty days, 5 22½. Contrary to marked expectation, the Bank of England gained on balance during the week, and the rate of discount for three-months' bills was not changed.

During the week the street rate for money in Wall street has been subject to violent and pronounced manipulation, at times the money quotation reaching 30 per cent. This manipulation was a part of the programme for crowding down the price of stocks, and was eminently successful. But on every day during the week the closing rate was at a heavy decline from the highest figures reached. Folger, the secretary of the treasury, was frantically appealed to to relieve the money market, and responded on Friday by an order that any called bonds, including those covered by the 119th call, may be presented to the amount of $10,000,000 per week for payment without rebate. This increases his former order from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 weekly; but the bonds have been very slow in being presented under the former order of $5,000,000 weekly, and the doubling of this amount can hardly serve to hasten the presentation. At all events, the secretary telegraphed the sub-treasurer in New York today as follows:

In lieu of a call for bonds of the 5 per cent. funded loan of 1881, continued at 3½ per cent. by highest numbers, at a notice of three months as required by law, and then an anticipation of payment without rebate of interest, the secretary of the treasury will, on the 28th of February next, receive and pay without specifying numbers and without regard thereto, if holders present them at any time from now to that date, pay that amount of those bonds without rebate of interest if they are presented at your office.
(Signed) CHARLES J. FOLGER, Secretary.

This is equivalent to slight premium for uncalled 5s. It is an open question if it is the secretary's policy to help the bulls and bears of Wall street, direct in a partial degree the fluctuations of prices, and lend the power that he wields, not to call it the power of the government, in the interests of stock gamblers. For all legitimate purposes money is in comparative good supply, and at not high but even rates of interest, while money wherewith to carry stocks has been tied up, and the rates advanced by pure manipulation.

The bank statement issued today is an unfavorable one, as was not unexpected; every item shows a decrease, as follows:

Loans decreased	$4,817,700
Specie decreased	2,739,900
Legal tenders decreased	116,700
Deposits decreased	6,664,300
Circulation decreased	75,000
Reserve decreased	1,192,225

The banks are now $2,070,950 below the legal reserve.

Last week's statement showed an increase of $2,146,275 in the matter of reserve, while the banks stood $3,024,700 below the legal reserve.

Closing Quotations of Stocks and Bonds.

LAND COS.	Bid.	Asked
Boston	6	—
Boston W P.	3	—
Boylston	87½c	—
Maverick	—	1½
BONDS.		
A.T&SF1sts	119	—
Chi.B&Q 7s	—	126½
KC.FS&G7s	110	110⅝
L R & F S 7s	105	—
Mass Cen 6s	25	26
Eastern 6s	108¼	108½
NY & NE7s	114¼	115
NY & NE6s	104	104¼
Or Sht L sub	97½	—
Og&LCcon6s	90	92
A & P inc	18	18⅛
Mex Cen 1sts	67¼	67½
Sonora 7s	102¼	103
T.D & B 1sts	39	40
do incomes	9½	10
doSED 1sts	44	45
do incomes	9½	10
RAILROADS.		
A.T&SFe	83⅝	83¾
F & P Mar	17	—
do pref	96	—
L R & F S	—	44½
La & Mo Riv.	15	16½
Mar,H&On	60¼	60½
Mass Central	3	—
Metrop H	76¼	76½
Bos & Alb	173	—
Bos & Lowell	98½	99
Bos & Maine	147	147½

RAILROADS.	Bid.	Asked
Bos & Prov.	160	—
Chi, B & Q	125¼	125½
Cin, S & Clev	—	25
Eastern	30	31
North'n. NH	111	—
NY & NE	45¼	45½
Rutland pref	19	20
Summit Br.	8	—
Union Pac	102½	102¾
T, Del & B	4 7-16	4½
Wis Central	13⅝	14¼
MexCen No 1	—	20
MexCen No 2	16	—
Connotton V	3¾	4
MINING COS.		
Allouez	—	2½
Atlantic	14	—
Cal & Hecla	249	250
Catalpa	1	1.05
Franklin	13¼	13¾
Harshaw	50c	—
Osceola	33	34
Pewabic	9	—
Quincy	60¾	61
Silver Islet	5½	6
Sullivan	1⅛	1½
Bonanza	3	3¼
Crescent	32½c	35c
San Pedro	30c	35c
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Bell Tele	170¼	172
Mex Tel'phe	2⅞	3
Pul Pal Car	122½	123

Stocks in Wall Street.

NEW YORK, November 27—12.30 p. m.—Money is loaning at 6@8 per cent. on call. Prime mercantile paper 6@8 per cent. Bar silver 110⅞. Subsidiary coin ¼ discount buying, par selling. Exchange is weak and the nominal rates are down ½ cent to 4 80 for sixty days and 4 84 for demand, actual business being done at 4 78¼@4 79¼ for long and 4 82¼@4 83¼ for short sight. Governments are ⅛ per cent. higher for 3s and extended 5s, and unchanged for 4½ and 4s. State bonds are fairly active and ⅞ per cent. higher for Tennessee 6s, old. Railroad bonds are generally strong.

U S 3s	102	Lake Erie & Western	27
U S 5s, extended	101¾	Lake Shore	112¼
U S 4½s, reg	111¾	Louisville & Nash	49½
U S 4½s, coup	113	Louisville & NewAlb	60
U S 4s, reg	118⅞	Manhattan Beach	16
U S 4s, coup	118⅞	Manhattan Elevated	42
Pacific 6s, 1895	129	Memp & Charleston	44
D C 3-65s	109	Metropolitan Elev'd	83½
Hartford & Erie 1sts	44	Michigan Central	94¾
Central Pacific 1sts	114½	Mil., L. S. & W	45
Den & Rio G 1sts	106	Minn. & St. Louis	26
Erie 2ds	98⅛	do preferred	63
Kansas Pac consols	99	Missouri Pacific	99¾
Kansas 1st Den. Div	106	Mobile & Ohio	17½
Lehigh & Wilkesb'e	101½	Morris & Essex	133½
Oregon Nav 1sts	107½	Nashville & Chat	48
St Joseph	108	New Jersey Central	66½
St Paul & So C 1sts	110	Norfolk & West prf	51
So Pacific Cal 1sts	102½	Northern Pacific	43½
Texas Pac land gts	54	do preferred	93½
Texas & Rio Grande	78	Northwestern	134½
Union Pacific 1sts	115¼	do preferred	152
do land grants	110¼	New York Central	127½
do sinking funds	116	New York, C & St L	14¼
Adams Exp	130	do preferred	29½
Alton & T H	41	Ohio Central	13¼
do preferred	85	Ohio & Mississippi	34
American Exp	94	Ontario & Western	26¼
Boston Air Line prf	78½	Oregon Navigation	153
Bur, C R & Northern	73	Oregon Transcont'l	82⅜
Canada Southern	65	Pacific Mail	34½
C, C & I C	6	Panama	167
Central Iowa	30	Peoria, Dec & Evans	24½
Central Pacific	85	Pittsburg	139
Ches & Ohio	22¾	Reading	44
do 1st preferred	31½	Richmond & Allegh	13
do 2d preferred	24½	Richmond & Danv	58
Chicago & Alton	130½	Rich & West Point	26
Chic, Bur & Quincy	126	Rochester & Pitts	19½
Chicago, St L & N O	75	Rock Island	126
Cin, San & Cleveland	49½	St L & San Fran	33
Cleveland & Col	73	do preferred	49¾
Consolidated Coal Co	25	do 1st preferred	89
Del & Hudson	106¾	Mil & St Paul	102¼
Del, Lack & Western	124⅛	do preferred	120
Den & Rio Grande	41¼	St Paul, Min & Man	142
Erie	35⅝	St Paul & Omaha	45⅜
do preferred	82⅜	do preferred	103½
East Tennessee	9¾	Texas Pacific	36⅜
do preferred	17¾	Union Pacific	102½
Hannibal & St Jo	43	United States Exp	63
do preferred	75	Wabash Pacific	29⅛
Houston & Texas	70	do preferred	52⅝
Illinois Central	144¾	Wells-Fargo Exp	127
Ind, Blooming'n & W	34¼	Western Union Tel	80¾
Kansas & Texas	30¾	Mutual Union	22

COMMERCIAL MATTERS

BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING, November 25.

We cannot say that the business situation is satisfactory, taken as a whole, yet there is no good cause for the gloomy apprehensions which some persons indulge in. The breaking up of some speculative enterprises cannot affect to any great degree the leading industries of the country. The consuming capacity of the country at the present time is greater than ever before, and in a short time will use up the apparent accumulations which at present depress values. In the Iron trade the furnaces and mills in Pennsylvania are in full blast, and the same may be said of the machine shops and foundries of New England. Wool has been fairly active. Prices have settled down a little, but not any more than might have been expected from the yielding tendency of the past few weeks. Cotton is steady. Hides are firm, with small stock. Leather sustains a pretty steady tone. In Metals the tendency has been in favor of buyers. Fish and Linseed Oils are steady. Petroleum is unsettled, with a decline in crude and refined. Leading articles of food are but little changed. Flour is in large receipt and dull. In Corn prices are maintained. Pork has further declined. Groceries are dull and weak. Groceries continue dull and weak, and business in Sugars, Coffees and Teas is unsatisfactory. Trade in Fish is quiet and prices are unchanged. Butter is slow and prices are not fully sustained. Cheese is a little firmer. Eggs are but little inquired for and prices are a little easier. Beans steady. Potatoes maintain their price. Apples are firmer. Hay is very dull. Hops are quiet and still show signs of a reaction.

APPLES.—There has been a firmer feeling for choice Baldwins. We quote sales of fancy fall at $3@4 ℔ bbl; Baldwins, No 1, $2 75@3 ℔ bbl; do, No 2, $1 50@2 ℔ bbl.

BEANS.—The market has ruled steady for Pea; choice hand-picked Mediums in moderate demand. We quote: choice small, hand-picked, $2 80@2 90 ℔ bush; do do large hand-picked, $2 60@2 70 ℔ bush; do do common to good, $2 00@2 50 ℔ bush; medium choice hand-picked, $2 65@2 70 ℔ bush; do, choice screened, $2 30@2 50 ℔ bush; do, common to good, $2 00@2 25 ℔ bush; improved Yellow Eyes, $3 15@3 20 ℔ bush; do, choice flats, $3 10@3 15 ℔ bush; do, common, $3 00@3 10 ℔ bush; Red Kidneys, $2 75@3 ℔ bush.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—Trade in this department has further improved, although it is not of a satisfactory character, as the advance asked by manufacturers has been obtained only in a few instances. Liberal orders have been placed for the various kinds of spring goods, and factories will be in full operation in a short time. Brogans, plough shoes, and some kinds of ladies' grain shoes are paying a slight advance, but no substantial gain has been secured on the better grades of serge, kid and goat goods. There is a smaller number of buyers here than last week. Rubber goods are in small supply, and the production of factories is engaged up to the close of the season. Shipments of boots and shoes continue to decline.

BUTTER.—The market is without improvement. The demand has been light and prices are irregular, with the tendency in favor of buyers. We quote fine Northern creamery, Oct make, at 35@36c ℔ lb; do good to choice, 32@34c ℔ lb; do summer made, 28@31c ℔ lb; dairy, Franklin County, Oct 32@...c ℔ lb; dairy grades New York and Vermont, fall lots 28@30c ℔ lb; do do straight dairies, 23@27c ℔ lb; do do common to fair grades, 18@22c ℔ lb. We quote Western—Fine fresh made creamery, 35@36c ℔ lb; good to choice, 28@34c ℔ lb; do common to fair, 23@27c ℔ lb; choice dairy, 25@2...c ℔ lb; do fair to good, 18@24c ℔ lb; choice fresh ladle packed, 19@20c ℔ lb; do fair to good, 16@17c ℔ lb; do common, 15@16c ℔ lb; do choice, June, 19@20c ℔ lb.

CHEESE.—There is a little firmer feeling in Cheese but no change in prices. Western Cheese is giving good satisfaction. Common and medium grades have been dull. We quote the sales of choice New York, 12½@13c ℔ lb; choice Vermont, 12½@12¾c ℔ lb; Northern fair to good, 9@11c ℔ lb; do common, 5@9c ℔ lb; choice Western, 12@12½c ℔ lb; do fair to good, 9@11c ℔ lb; do common, 4@8c ℔ lb.

COAL.—English Cannel Coal continues without any change, and sales have been confined to retail lots. A few cargoes of Nova Scotia Culm Coal has been received and sold at full prices. No coarse arriving. Cumberland Coal is quiet, as consumers decline to pay the high rates of freight. In Gas Coals there is no movement. Anthracite is firm and the leading companies are fully supplied with orders. The retail demand is good for the season.

COFFEE.—The market for Coffee has been easier. The supply is large and the market tends in favor of buyers. Mild grades have been in fair demand, but the market has been quiet. We quote sales of Mocha 26@26½c ℔ lb; Java at 12½@24c ℔ lb; Maracaibo at 8@14c ℔ lb; and Rio at 6@9¾c ℔ lb for inferior and prime.

COPPER.—We quote the last sales of Sheathing Copper at 28c ℔ lb; and Bolts and Braziers' Copper at 30@32c ℔ lb. Yellow Sheathing Metal sells at 20c ℔ lb, and Yellow Metal Bolts at 22c ℔ lb. Ingot Copper has been quiet, with sales at 18@18¼c ℔ lb.

CRANBERRIES.—Sales of choice Cranberries have been made at $11@12 ℔ bbl; common to good, $5@10 ℔ bbl.

CORN.—There continues a scarcity of Corn and very full prices have been obtained, and the sales of mixed have been at 88@89c ℔ bush. To arrive from Chicago new high mixed is held at 74@75c ℔ bush, and old at 83c ℔ bush.

DRUGS, DYES AND CHEMICALS.—There has been no movement of any importance under this head and we quote sales of Alcohol at $2 27@2 29 ℔ gal; Sulphate Quinine at $1 65@1 80, and German at $1 80@1 95; American Castor Oil at 14½@15c in barrels and cases; Brown Sugar of Lead at 7c; White Sugar of Lead at 12½@13c; Morphine at $3 50@3 60; Bleaching Powders at $1 07@1 10; Soda Ash at $1 55@1 65, and special brands at $1 75; Sal Soda at $1 15; Caustic Soda at $3 15; Argols at 29½@3...c for half refined; Sicily Crude Brimstone at $2... 50@28 for seconds and thirds; Cream Tartar at 31@31½ for crystals, and 32@32½c for powdered; Cochineal at 28@31c, as to quality; Bichromate Potash at 15½c for American; Prussiate at 24c for yellow and 50@51c for red; Gambier at 7c; Chamomile Flowers are firm at 40@45c; Opium at $4 25@4 35; refined Camphor at 23@23½c in barrels and cases; Senna has advanced abroad and Alexandria is held at 15@30c, as to quality; and other articles have been taken in small lots at previous prices.

DRY GOODS.—There has been an increased demand for plain cottons, but otherwise the market is quiet.

DYEWOODS.—In St Domingo Logwood there have been sales at $20@23 50 ℔ ton. All other Dyewoods are quiet and prices are nominally the same.

EGGS.—There has been less demand, in consequence of which extreme prices are difficult to obtain. We quote sales of Eastern at 31@32c ℔ doz; Aroostook county, 30@31 ℔ doz; New York and Vermont, 30@31c ℔ doz; Northern, 30@31c ℔ doz; P E Island and Nova Scotia, 30@31c ℔ doz; Western, 29@30c ℔ doz; held stock, 26@29c ℔ doz; limed, 26@27c ℔ doz.

FEED.—Sales of Shorts have been at $18 50@19 00 ℔ ton. Fine Feed and Middlings have been selling at $20@25 ton as to quality. Cotton Seed Meal has been selling at $30@31 ℔ ton.

FISH.—The demand for Codfish has been steady but moderate and prices remain about the same. Sales of large dry Bank have been at $5 75@6 ℔ qtl, and large pickled cured Bank at $5 50@5 62½ ℔ qtl. Shore Codfish have been selling at $6 50@6 75 ℔ qtl. Hake have been easier, and sales have been at $3@3 25 ℔ qtl, Haddock at $3 50@3 75 ℔ qtl, and Pollock at $3 75 ℔ qtl. The season for Mackerel is about over and the market is firm. Fare sales have been made $11@11 25 ℔ bbl out of pickle, and inspected lots at $8 ℔ bbl for No 3, $11 for No 2, and $14 for No 1. In jobbing lots an advance on these prices has been obtained. Choice Split Herring have been in good demand, with sales at $9 ℔ bbl. Medium-sized splits have been selling at $3 57@4 ℔ bbl. Smoked Herring have been in demand, with sales at 25c for medium scaled and 18c ℔ box for No 1. In Alewives sales have been at $3 75@4 ℔ bbl. Salmon remain without change and nothing of any consequence has been done.

FLOUR.—There is a dull feeling for Flour and business has been limited. The trade are buying only in small lots, and there is now no disposition to purchase to any extent to arrive, as present wants are fully supplied. Some of the leading brands of spring patents are sold up close, but stocks are beginning to accumulate. At the same time there is no great pressure to sell and holders are not disposed to press sales at lower figures, as Western millers are fully employed and firm. We quote the last sales as follows, viz: Spring wheats—Western superfine, $3 50@3 75; common extras, $4 00@4 50; Wisconsin, $....@....; Minnesota bakers, $5 00@6 25; Minnesota patents, $7 00@7 75. Winter wheats—We quote Choice patents, $6 50@6 75; do common to good, $6 00@6 25; New York and Michigan roller flour, $5 50@6 00; Ohio, and Indiana roller flour, $5 75@6 00; St Louis and Illinois, $6 00@6 25 ℔ bbl; Illinois and St Louis straights, $5 50@6 00; Ohio and Indiana straights, $5 25@5 75; Michigan straights $5 00@5 25; Winter wheat seconds, $4 00@4 50 ℔ bbl. Rye Flour, $3 75@4 25 ℔ bbl; Cornmeal, $3 65@3 70; Oatmeal, common to good Western, $5 50@6 50; Oatmeal, fancy brands, $6 75@7.

FRESH MEAT.—There has been a steady market for Beef and Mutton, with a fair demand. We quote as follows: Beef, choice hindquarters, 10@12c ℔ lb; do common, 8@9c ℔ lb; do choice forequarters, 7@7½c ℔ lb; do common to good, 5@6c ℔ lb; extra Mutton, 7@8c ℔ lb; common to good do, 3@4c ℔ lb; choice Spring Lamb, 8@9c ℔ lb; common to good do, 5@7c ℔ lb; choice Veal, 10@11c ℔ lb; fair to good do, 8@9c ℔ lb; common do, 4@5c ℔ lb; Worcester county choice do, 10@12c ℔ lb; Worcester county do, 7@9c ℔ lb.

FRUIT.—There has been a quiet market for Malaga Raisins, and we quote the sales of loose Muscatel at $1 90@1 95, and London layers at $2 45@2 50. Valencia Raisins have been selling at 8¼@8½c ℔ lb. Sultana Raisins have been selling at 11½@12c. In Smyrna Figs the last sales have been at 14@25c ℔ lb. Currants have been sold at 6@....c ℔ lb. Citron at 14¾@15c ℔ lb for old and new; Turkey Prunes have sold at 7¾c ℔ lb for new, and old at 6¾c ℔ lb, and French Prunes at 11½@16c ℔ lb. Dates have been selling at 6½@6¾c ℔ lb for African. Peanuts have been in fair demand, with sales at 8@11c ℔ lb for Norfolk. Florida Oranges have sold at $4@5 ℔ bbl; and Jamaica at $5@6 ℔ bbl. Lemons have been selling at $2 50@5 ℔ box, as to quality.

GUNNY BAGGING.—There continues a fair demand for domestic Bagging. We quote sales at 7c for 1½ lbs average, 7½c for 1¾ lbs average, 8¼c for 2 lbs average, and 9¼c for 2¼ lbs average.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market for Hay has been dull and $18 is a top selling range for Eastern and Northern, with the exception of a few fancy coarse grades. Rye Straw has been quiet. We quote sales of Eastern and Northern choice new Hay at $18 00@..00 ℔ ton; choice Hay, $....@.... ℔ ton; good, $16 00@17 00 ℔ ton; fine, $15 00@16 00 ℔ ton; poor, $10 00@13 00 ℔ ton; Western Timothy, $17@18 ℔ ton; Swale Hay, $9 00 ℔ ton; choice Rye Straw, $15@16 ℔ ton; do common to good, $14@... ℔ ton; Oat Straw $9 ℔ ton.

HEMP.—In Manila Hemp there continues to be a quiet market, with prices nominally at 11½c ℔ lb. In Sisal Hemp there have been sales in New York, to arrive, at 5¾c ℔ lb. Jute Butts have been in light request, and we quote at 2⅞@2¾c ℔ lb for paper and bagging grades.

HIDES.—There has been a firm but quiet market for Hides, with sales limited. Sales include Montevideo at 23c as they run; dry Montevideo seconds at 23c as they run; dry Entre Rio, to arrive, at 25¾c, selected; dry Rio Grande cows at 23½c ℔ lb. In Western Hides nothing of any consequence has been done. Calcutta Hides are also quiet and nothing of any consequence has been done. Goat and Sheep Skins are firm. Sales of Buenos Ayres goat at 55@55c; tanned sheep at 60@65c, and tanned goat at 72½@80c.

HOPS.—There has been a quiet market with a little easier tendency, but holders are not disposed to urge sales, as they believe that foreign buyers will soon be operating again. We quote sales of good to prime Eastern, 1882, 95c@$1 ℔ lb; do 1881, 90c@$1 ℔ lb.

INDIA RUBBER.—Prices have ranged from $1 09 for fine; coarse do, 60@75c.

INDIGO.—We quote sales of Indigo as follows; Fine Bengal at $1 65@2 00; good consuming grades at $1 40@1 60; ordinary at $1 10@1 30; Guatemala at $1@1 25.

IRON.—There has been quite a dull market for Pig Iron, and the sales of American Pig have been at $26 00@30 00 ℔ ton, as to quality. In Scotch Pig sales have been at $24 00@28 50 ℔ ton. Bar Iron is dull and sales have been at $2 40@2 75 ℔ 100 lbs. American Sheet Iron remains the same and has been sold at 4¼@5c ℔ lb, as to quality. Steel Rails continue quiet and remain about the same. For next year's delivery contracts are quoted at $44@46, and spot lots at $48@50 ℔ ton.

LEAD.—Pig Lead is quiet, with sales at $4 00 ℔ 100 lbs. Lead Pipe has sold at 7½c ℔ lb; and Sheet Lead at 8c ℔ lb; Tin-lined Pipe at 15c, and Block Tin Pipe at 45c ℔ lb. Old Lead has been taken in exchange for new at 4¾c for solid and 4¼c for tea.

LIME.—There have been sales of Rockland at $1@1 05 ℔ cask.

LUMBER.—We give the following as the quotations: Clear Pine, Nos 1 and 2, $50@60; No 3, $40@45; No 4, $32@38; No 5, $25@26. Coarse pine—No 5, $17@18; refuse, $..@..; shipping boards, $17@18. Spruce—Nos 1 and 2, $13 00@14 00; coarse and refuse, $....@..... Hemlock boards—Planed, $1 higher—Nos 1 and 2, $11 00@12 00; refuse, $..@... Southern pine—Flooring boards, Nos 1 and 2, $32@34; flooring boards, ¼ and ½ step, $33 00@35 00; ship stock, $27@31; dimension factory, $21@24; random cargoes, assorted, $21@22; refuse two-thirds price; black walnut, $60@90; cherry, $60@70; white wood, inch, $28@33; do do 5/8, $22@26; oak, $38@42; ash, $38@42. Clapboards—Heart pine, $30@50; saps, $30@45; spruce, $18@30; shingles, $1 75@5 75; spruce laths, $1 85@2 00; pine do, $2@2 25. The market for Lumber remains about the same, with a steady demand.

MOLASSES.—There has been a dull market and prices are nominally steady, with no transactions of importance, and we quote the last sales of common to choice Porto Rico at 36@55c ℔ gal; Barbadoes at 40@42c ℔ gal; Cienfuegos at 33@37c ℔ gal. New New Orleans Molasses has been in active request in New York.

NAILS.—There is a good demand, and we quote the sales at $3 75 ℔ keg for assorted sizes with the usual discount.

NAVAL STORES.—The demand has been very fair for Spirits Turpentine, and sales have been at 55@56c ℔ gal on the spot, and 5...c to arrive. Tar, Resin and Pitch have been quiet and sales confined to small lots.

NITRATE OF SODA.—Nitrate of Soda has been selling at $2 70@2 75 ℔ 100 lbs.

OATS.—There has been a steady market, with fair demand for Oats. We quote sales of No 1 white at 53@54c ℔ bush; No 2 white at 50@...c ℔ bush; No 3 white at 48@...c ℔ bush; and for the different grades of mixed at 43@48c ℔ bush.

[illegible] ...ed Oil is scarce at firm prices; sales have been at 54@...c for Western; Calcutta, 60c. Lard Oil is in light demand, with the sales of Western and Boston extra at $1 00@1 05 ℔ gal; No 1 at 78@82c ℔ gal. In Red Oil sales have been at 55@56c for saponified and 55...@...c for Elaine. Palm Oil has sold at 6¾@...c ℔ lb. Fish Oils have been in moderate demand. Sperm and Whale Oils have been in moderate demand. Petroleum has been steady and in fair demand, and sales of refined have been at 9¼@9¾c ℔ gal for 115@120 test, and high test brands at 14¼@14¾c, bbls extra. Case Oil has sold at 11¾@12½c ℔ gal, tins included. Naphtha has been selling at 9@10c ℔ gal as to gravity, and 11@11½c for 76 gravity.

ONIONS.—We quote sales of Onions at $2 00@2 25 ℔ bbl.

PEAS.—There has been a moderate demand for choice Canada Peas, and we quote at $1 20@1 25 ℔ bush; do common 90c@$1 00 ℔ bush; Northern Green Peas, $1 20@1 30 ℔ bush; do Western, $1 40@1 50 ℔ bush.

POTATOES.—Receipts have been moderate, with a good trade. Sweet Potatoes remain steady. We quote sales of Northern at 78@80c ℔ bush; Eastern at 78@80c ℔ bush; Early Rose, 70@75c ℔ bush; Prolifics, 78@80c ℔ bush; Peerless, 70@75c ℔ bush; Brooks, 70@75c ℔ bush. Sweet Potatoes have sold at $2@2 50 ℔ bbl.

POULTRY AND GAME.—There has been a light supply of Poultry the past few days, and the prospects are good for an active Thanksgiving trade. We quote choice Western Turkeys 15@17c; fair to good, 12@14c; choice Chickens, 15@16c; fair to good, 13@14c; Scalded Poultry, 10@12c. Northern—Choice Turkeys, 18@20c ℔ lb; fair to good, 15@17c; Chickens, 18@20c; fair to good, 14@16c; Live Fowl, 11@12c ℔ lb; Woodcock, 50@60c each; Wild Pigeons, $2 00@2 25 ℔ doz; Partridges, 65@90c ℔ pair; Quail, $2@2 50 ℔ doz; Venison, saddles, 12@14c ℔ lb.

PROVISIONS.—The market has been unsettled for Pork, with the tendency in favor of buyers. We quote the sales of prime at $17 50@18 ℔ bbl; mess at $21@21 50; clear has sold at $25@26 ℔ bbl, and backs at $26@26 50 ℔ bbl. Beef has been very quiet, and the sales of Western mess have been at $11@12 00 ℔ bbl; extra mess at $13@14 50 ℔ bbl; Western plate at $13@14 50; and extra plate at $15@16 ℔ bbl. Lard has been selling at 12½@13c ℔ lb. Smoked Hams are in moderate demand, with sales at 14@14½c ℔ lb.

RICE.—There has been a fair demand for Carolina and the market is firm. We quote the sales at 5¼@7c ℔ lb; Rangoon at 5¼c; and Patna at 5¾c ℔ lb.

RYE.—The market is quiet and easier, with sales in small lots at 74@75c ℔ bush.

SALT.—There continues to be a good demand for Turks Island and prices are firm at $2 20@2 30 ℔ hhd. in jobbing lots. Other kinds of Salt are quiet and prices nominally unchanged.

SALTPETRE.—The market is quiet for Saltpetre, and sales have been nominally at 5¾@6c ℔ lb.

SEEDS.—Calcutta Linseed is quiet and prices are nominally $1 80 ℔ bush. American Flaxseed has been selling at $1 30 ℔ bush. Grass Seeds have been in fair demand and remain unchanged.

SPICES.—There has been a better demand for Pepper and sales have been at 17c, duty paid. All other kinds of spices remain about the same, with a fair jobbing demand.

SPIRITS.—Foreign Spirits remain quiet. Domestic unchanged. New England Rum has been in very fair request, and we quote sales at $1 45@1 50 ℔ gal for new and $1 60@5 for old, as to quality and age.

STARCH.—We quote the following as the current prices: Potato 4⅞@5c; Corn, 4@4½c; choice do, 4½@5c; Wheat, 7@8c.

SUGAR.—There is no material change to notice in the market for raw Sugars, which is dull, with a limited demand. We quote sales of fair to good refining at 7¼@7¾c. Refined Sugars are dull, with sales of Cubes at 9¾c; powdered at 9¼c; granulated at 9c; confectioners' A, 8¾c; standard A....c; extra yellow C, 8⅛c; yellow C, 7½c; golden yellow C, 7@7¼c ℔ lb.

SUMAC.—We quote the sales of Sicily at $72 50@...℔ ton. American Sumac has been selling at $50 00@55 00 ℔ ton.

TALLOW.—We quote sales of rendered at 8@8⅛c ℔ lb. Grease has been selling at 6½@7½c ℔ lb, as to quality.

TEAS.—Gunpowder, 20@45c ℔ lb; Imperial, 20@45c ℔ lb; Hyson, 17@35c ℔ lb; Young Hyson, 15@40c ℔ lb; Twankay, 13@25c ℔ lb; Hyson Skin, 13@25c ℔ lb; Congou, 18@55c ℔ lb; Souchong, 18@55c ℔ lb; Oolong, 15@55c ℔ lb; Japans, $16@34c.

TIN.—The demand has been moderate, with sales of Straits at 22⅝@22¾c ℔ lb, and English at 23¼@23½c ℔ lb.

TIN PLATES.—The demand has been moderate for Tin Plates, with sales at $5 25@7 75 ℔ box, as to quality.

WOOL.—The demand for Wool has been steady. All grades have been inquired for. Sales embrace Ohio and Pennsylvania X fleeces, which cannot be quoted over 40@41c, XX fleeces, 41@42c, XX and above at 42@43c, and choice selections at 43½@45c ℔ lb. Business in Michigan X fleeces has been very light, but 39c may be considered an extreme price for good lots of X, and 38@39c is a fair quotation. No 1 fleeces are quite steady, Ohio and Pennsylvania selling at 45@46c, and small lots at 42@45c ℔ lb. Combing and delaine fleeces have been in steady demand and prices are unchanged. Fine and No 1 combing has been sold at 47@48c, fine Michigan and Ohio delaine at 43@45c, and in some cases as high as 46c ℔ lb. Coarse and medium combing has been sold at 33@40c, and some unwashed at 27@28c ℔ lb. In California there has been more doing; Northern spring has sold at 30c, other sales at 18½c for low spring up to 32c for choice. In pulled Wools choice supers have sold at 45@49c for Eastern and Maine, supers at 32@37c, and low supers at 26@30c ℔ lb.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, November 25.

Flour steadier for the low grades: No 2, $2 15@3 55; supers, $3 25@3 80; shipping extras, $3 85@4 25. Corn meal dull and unchanged.

COTTON.—Spots unchanged; sales, 472 bales; middling uplands, 10 9-16c; do Gulfs, 10¾c. Futures dearer, closing firm at 10.58c for November, 10.33c for December, 10.37c for January, 10.48c for February, 10.59c for March, 10.69c for April, 10.80c for May, 10.91c for June, 11.02c for July, and 11.12c for August; sales, 59,600 bales. Receipts at the ports today, 45,490 bales.

PROVISIONS.—Pork dull and nearly nominal; futures neglected; on the spot 150 bbls old mess sold at $20 25@21 25 as to quality; new quoted at $19 50. Beef, beef hams, meats and bacon quiet and unchanged. Lard was still the centre of interest in this market; it declined after some early advance, and the close was dull; on the spot, 250 tierces prime Western sold on p t, and 75 tierces city at 11c; of options, 29,000 tierces sold at 11.90@12c for November, 10.90@11.02½c for December, 10.90@10.97½c for the year, 10.70@10.80c for January, 10.80@10 85c for February, 10.75@10.90c for March, 10.97½@11c for April, and 10.90@11.02½c for May. Dressed hogs in fair demand at 8⅛@8¼c; pigs, 8⅜c. Butter in fair demand; creamery, 28@38c; State half-tubs and pails, 27@35c; firkins, 26@32c; Western dairy, 17@28c; do factory, 16@18c. Cheese in better demand; State factory, 7@13c; Ohio factory, 5@12½c; skimmed, 2@6c. Eggs still quiet; New Jersey, 32@33c; New York and Pennsylvania, 29½@30; Canada and Western 24½@29c.

GRAIN.—Wheat moderately active, at an advance of ½@¾c; spot sales, 160,000 bush at 88c@$1 12 for rej, including No 2 red in elevator at $1 10, and do delivered at $1 10½@1 11¼, and No 3 at $1 06¼@1 07¼; 88c@$1 13 for white, including No 1 at $1 08@108⅛; No 2 at $1; $1 04¼ for mixed winter; $1 10 for No 2 Chicago spring; of options, sales, 1,344,000 bush No 2 red at $1 09¾ for November, $1 10½@1 10⅝ for December, $1 11⅝@1 13⅛ for January, and $1 14¾@1 15⅜ for February. Barley dull and unsettled. Buckwheat, 75@77c. Rye, quiet; 8000 bush Canada, in bond, sold at 73c. Oats firm; sales, 450,000 bush, including spots, at 40@43c for mixed, and 43@51c for white, of which No 2 at 43¼c for mixed, and 46¼c for white; also No 2 mixed at 43½@43⅝c for December, 44⅞c for the year, 44⅝@44⅞c for January, and 45¼c for February. Corn fairly active at an advance of ½c; sales on the spot, 36,000 bush, quoted at $1 02½@1 05 for No 2 mixed, 87c@$1 08 for ungraded mixed, 87½c for new No 2 white, 79@85c for Southern yellow, and 75@80c for do white on deck; of options, sales, 1,480,000 bush No 2 mixed at $1 03@1 04 for November, 83¾@84½c for December and the year, 66⅜@67½c for January, 64⅝@64⅞c for February, and 62¼@62½c for May. After 'change—Wheat closed firmer; No 2 red winter, cash, $1 11¼; November, $1 09¾; December, $1 10⅝; January, $1 13¼; February, $1 15½. Corn dull and weak; No 2 mixed, cash, nominal; November, $1 04; December and the year, 83¼c; January, 66⅜c; February, 64⅜c; May, 62c. Oats closed steady; No 2 mixed for December, 43⅝c; January, 44¾c; February, 44⅝c.

GROCERIES.—Rio coffee was dull and nominal at 7½@7¾c for fair; of options, sales, 3750 bags at 5.85c for February, 5.90c for March, 6c for May, 6.05c for June, 6.10c for August, and 6.10@6.15c for October; 5.50c bid and 6c asked for November; mild dull and nearly nominal; 200 bags Maracaibo sold on private terms. Rice and molasses quiet and unchanged. Sugar was dull, unchanged and nominal.

SUNDRIES.—Rosins were quiet and unchanged, although the tone was easy; common to good strained, $1 75@1 85. Spirits turpentine easy at 51½@52c in yard. Refined petroleum quiet at 7⅜@7½c, as to test; home trade lots, 9½c. Crude certificates declined from 98c to 96c, and recovered to 98⅜c, closing at $1 00⅛@1 00¼. Tallow dull at 7⅞c for prime. Stearine quoted 12½c for prime. Hops again quiet and irregular; choice State, $1 05; 600 bales sold in Oneida county at 90c; old, 85@95c; new Eastern, 90c@$1. Ocean freights firm, the offerings of room small. Grain to Hull, by steam, 7d; do. to Plymouth, 8d; refined patroleum to London or Liverpool (January 1), 3s 6d; do to Lisbon, 4s 6d; do. to Newcastle, 4s.

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Globe.)

GLOUCESTER, November 25.—[For the week past.]—The arrivals of the week were as follows, viz: 2 from La Have Bank, with 30,000 pounds codfish, 200 pounds halibut and 12,000 pounds haddock; 1 from the Cape shore, with 25,000 pounds codfish; 17 from shore fishing grounds, with 90,000 pounds codfish and 475,000 pounds haddock; 6 from Georges, with 72,000 pounds codfish and 4000 pounds halibut; 6 from the Banks, with about 145,000 pounds halibut and 7500 pounds codfish. Whole number of arrivals, 32. Total receipts, 224,000,500 lbs codfish, 149,200 lbs halibut and 487,000 pounds haddock. The most noticeable feature of the market this week was the large receipts of haddock, in consequence of the combination difficulty in Boston. The pollock fishery is closed, there having been no receipts during the week. The market for salt fish remains without any material change. We quote as follows: Large Georges Cod, $7 25 per quintal; medium do, $5 50@.... per quintal; large Bank at $6 00 per quintal; medium Bank Codfish, $5 00@.... per quintal; large shore Cod, $6 75@.. per quintal; medium, $5 25 ℔ qtl; large dry cured Bank Cod, $6 25@.... per quintal; medium dry cured Bank, $5 25 per quintal; Cusk, $5 25 ℔ quintal; Hake, $3 25@3 50 ℔ quintal; Pollock, $4 00@.... per quintal; Haddock, $3 75@4 00 ℔ quintal. Fresh Halibut—Last sales at 13c ℔ lb for white and 11½c ℔ lb for gray. Salt mackerel—Sales out of pickle have been made at $11 25@.... ℔ 200 lbs, barrel included. No 1 mackerel have sold at $14@15 ℔ bbl; No 2 at $11@12 ℔ bbl; No 3, $8 00@8 50 ℔ bbl; Halibut Heads, $3 ℔ bbl; Halibut Fins, $8 00 ℔ bbl; Fins and Napes, $4 25 ℔ bbl; Cod Tongues, $8 ℔ bbl; Tongues and Sounds, $11 ℔ bbl; Pickled Haddock, $6 00 ℔ bbl; Pickled Codfish, $7 ℔ bbl; Swordfish, $12 ℔ bbl; round Shore Herring, $4 50 ℔ bbl; split Labrador Herring, $6 ℔ bbl; scaled Herring, 18c ℔ box; No 1 Herring, 15c ℔ box; smoked Halibut, 12½c ℔ lb; boneless and prepared fish, 5½@9c ℔ lb; dry Hake Sounds, 65c ℔ lb; dry Cod Sounds, 30c ℔ lb. Fish Oils—Tanners oil, 38@40c ℔ gal; Medicinal Oil, 75c ℔ gal; Porgie Oil, 38c ℔ gal; Blackfish Oil, 65c ℔ gal; Livers, 70c ℔ bucket; Fish Scrap, $16 ℔ ton; Fish Skins, $14 50 ℔ ton.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, November 24, 1882:

Western cattle, 2224; Eastern cattle, 273; Northern cattle, 905. Total, 3404.

Western sheep and lambs, 3800; Northern sheep and lambs, 8376; Eastern sheep and lambs, 660. Total, 12,836.

Swine, 17,407. Veals, 375. Horses, 101.

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra quality	$7 00	@7 50
First quality	6 00	@6 87½
Second quality	5 00	@5 87½
Third quality	4 00	@4 86½
Poorest grade of coarse oxen, etc.	3 00	@3 37½

PRICES OF HIDES AND TALLOW.

Brigh. hides	10 @ ℔ lb	Country tal...	5@ ℔ lb
Brigh. tallow	8½@ ℔ lb	Calfskins ℔ lb.	@12½c
Countryhds.	7½@ ℔ lb	Sheepskins	85c@$1 12½
do do h'vy	8½@ ℔ lb	Lambskins	85c@$1 12½

Prices of beef cattle, ℔ 100 pounds, dressed weight, $4 50@9 50.

CONFEDERATE CRUISERS.

Curious Interpretation of the Laws of War.

Why John Bull Came Down With Cash—Famous Privateers.

Lincoln's Disposal of the Florida—Exciting Exploits.

[Detroit Free Press.]

The first and last fights of the Confederate cruiser Alabama were full of such incidents as will be preserved in naval records for long years to come. The manner in which she sunk the Hatteras off Galveston has placed the affair second only to the quickest naval engagement on record, and her fight with the Kearsage has been called the squarest fight ever made between men-of-war moved by steam.

The Alabama began her career in June, 1862, and it was closed in August, 1864. Counting out the time spent in ports and for necessary repairs, she did not see over eighteen months of active service. In this time she sailed into every known sea and captured nearly seventy Federal vessels. Out of this number a dozen or so were bonded and released, but the others were given to the flames.

It has ever seemed a curious interpretation of the laws of war that while the government itself recognized the Confederacy as a power, entitled to the rights of belligerents so far as the land forces were concerned, it called the Confederate cruisers pirates. It called them pirates and yet did not dare try them on the charge, paroling and exchanging them as other belligerents. Again, Europe would give shelter to a Confederate privateer and yet would not permit one of her prizes to enter a port. England would build the privateers, put the guns and a share of the men aboard, and still refuse to give them shelter in any of her ports, unless in dire distress.

Federal Historians Have Not Given Semmes

the credit due him in that action. He ran into Cherbourg to refit and repair, and the Alabama would have been in dock in twenty-four hours but for the appearance of the Kearsarge. Frenchmen tell this, and Frenchmen, too, who afterwards fought on the Federal side. Semmes says he was short-handed, and a French official who inspected his powder six hours before the fight told him that he could not depend upon it. The bulk of it had been on board five or six months. Semmes knew the Kearsarge as a stout, well-armed ship, commanded by a man who would fight to the last. He was told that her crew numbered 162, while his was only 149. The Kearsarge could throw more metal at a broadside, and more than a dozen different people warned the Confederate that the Kearsarge had been overlaid with chains to protect her vulnerable parts.

Under these circumstances it would have been no slur on Semmes to have gone ahead with his work of refitting, and treated the presence of the Kearsarge with silent contempt. All the advice received was to that effect, and yet he sent Winslow a challenge. He sought no advantages, but realized that all the disadvantages were with the Alabama. It has been written in history that a spirit of braggadocio induced him to send the challenge. Braggarts don't challenge their equal match. If they do, they don't go out to fight. Semmes had been charged with running away from Federal cruisers, and here was the opportunity to give the lie to the story. So far as the vessels going out to sail round and round and fire into each other

Until Each Was Sent to the Bottom,

it was a fair fight. In some things the advantage was with the Kearsarge. Had not the English carried Semmes and others away in the yacht the real merits of the fight would not have been lost sight of in the desire to hurt somebody's feelings. Semmes' friends say he drew the Hatteras out to sea for a fight without knowing her strength, and that he challenged the Kearsarge knowing that the chances were against him. It is silly to deny that he had plenty of bravery, and the title of "pirate" belongs no more to him than to any privateer of the revolution.

On the other hand Winslow deserves all praise for his conduct. When he started to cruise for the Alabama he meant to find her. Only a week before entering Cherbourg he had been told that she had a crew of 180 men—that she carried four more guns than the Kearsarge—that she had been partly armored and that she could sink him in a five-minute fight. When he followed her into Cherbourg he was determined to bring on a fight. It came much sooner than he expected, but he was ready. The perfect discipline on the Kearsarge was a great aid in the fight. The first two shots were lost in getting the range. After that every gun was so coolly aimed and fired that every missile struck. On board the Alabama the crew were excited, fired rapidly and wildly and most of the shot passed clean over. Outside of the destruction of the Hatteras, which was a loss of $500,000 to the government, the Alabama created damage to the amount of $7,000,000.

The Florida was Likewise Built of English Oak,

in an English port and paid for with confederate gold. She came out early in 1862 under the name of Oreto. The Federal government made every effort to detain her, suspecting from her build that she was intended as a cruiser. The Oreto was detained for weeks at Nassau, even without a musket or a marine on board, and when released left for a rendezvous where a sailing vessel was in waiting with crew and armament. The Florida had both steam and sail, and her first commander, a naval lieutenant named Stribbling, was a perfect dare-devil. He left Havana with only two guns in position and a crew of eight or ten roustabouts, and laid his course for Mobile. He had information that four or five Federal gunboats were on that station, but he steamed boldly on and reached the coast to find that his arrival had been expected. The entire fleet at once set upon her, but by crowding on all steam and holding her course with shells whistling all around her, the privateer made the harbor. She was struck eight times in her hull, her masts were chipped by five different shots, and twenty ropes were cut by as many different missiles. During the excitement of the escape two of the crew jumped overboard and were drowned.

At Mobile the Florida was thoroughly equipped for the work intended, and Stribbling having died she was given a new commander. Having missed her as she ran in, the Federals were determined to nab her as she came out, and orders were issued from Washington to

Strain Every Nerve to Capture or Destroy Her.

At least two expeditions were planned to cut her out, but for some reason they were not sent off. The fleet was increased, and at night the vessels stood in so close as to be within rifle shot of Fort Morgan. It did not seem as if a skiff could pass through the line of investment, and for two or three weeks after the Florida was entirely ready she did not dare attempt the passage.

The coming of winter brought a gale which obliged the blockaders to haul off and open their ranks, and one dark night the Florida stood out. Sparks from the smoke-stack betrayed the privateer, but so rough was the sea and so dark the night that she escaped the fire unharmed. Four vessels at once followed in pursuit and maintained it until morning. Two then returned, and the others followed on until night, the storm not having abated in the least. After dark the Florida changed her course, and thus threw the pursuers off the track.

The Florida twice ran within thirty miles of New York, and her tender made captures within cannon shot of Sandy Hook. It was this tender, commanded by Lieutenant Read, which captured the revenue cutter Cushing in Portland harbor, and was in turn captured while getting out to sea. The Florida destroyed about sixty Federal vessels, worth $5,000,000 and bonded six or eight. Her capture was just such an act as was played on an American man-of-war in 1813 by a British vessel—an act which has never been excused or forgotten. The Confederate had run into Bahia for repairs and supplies, when the United States man-of-war Wachusetts entered the port. This craft had been

On the Track of the Florida for Weeks,

and was now determined to capture her at any cost. Instead of waiting outside or sending a challenge for the privateer to come out and make a fight, the Wachusetts took advantage of night and the absence of part of the crew of the Florida and ran her aboard right in the harbor. It has been asserted in English, French and Brazilian newspapers that both commanders had given the Brazilian government their solemn pledge to respect the neutrality of the harbor, and yet the Wachusetts called to quarters without noise, slipped upon her prey in the darkness, and the moment she was sighted she discharged three guns into the privateer. During the excitement which followed the privateer was run to sea in company with her captor.

The affair created a great row in official circles, and was settled in a curious manner. The American consul at Bahia was dismissed on the grounds that he advised the disgraceful act, although upon his return to the United States he asserted that he advised against the movement.

The Florida was "fixed" to sink at her anchorage so that she could not be returned, and the commander of the Wachusetts was tried by court-martial and recommended for promotion. Had Brazil been a power like England or France Uncle Sam would not have thought of playing such a trick.

The Shenandoah was another purchase from John Bull, and it being well known that she was destined for a Confederate privateer every effort was made to prevent such a consummation. She got away from England, at last, under the guise of a merchantman, and, having been

Fitted Out at an Appointed Rendezvous,

she began a cruise in search of whalers. Her cruising was confined to the cold seas, where the Confederate flag had never appeared before, and every capture was an important one. Inside of three hours she one day captured five whalers, four of which were burned, and the fifth bonded that she might be loaded with the prisoners. Her captures footed up about $7,000,000, and several of them were made long after the war closed. While the war closed in April, the Shenandoah received no tidings of it until midsummer. Her commander should then have laid his course for the nearest United States navy yard and surrendered everything, but he did not do so, much to his discredit as an honorable commander. He headed for England, and the Shenandoah ran into Liverpool with the Confederate flag flying and surrendered to the English authorities. Of course the craft was at once transferred to the Federal government.

The Shenanhoah was twice disabled at sea and in great peril, and on one occasion some captured whalers set fire to her in two places at once and came near causing her destruction. She was chased over 4000 miles by different Federal cruisers, but always had luck with her.

The Tallahassee was a double-screw propeller which had run the blockade, and was one of the last privateers out. She was fitted out at Wilmington in 1864, and the Confederate secretary of the navy was ridiculed on all sides for his purchase. When altered over to a privateer and provided with guns she was compared to

An Old Woman Carrying a Musket.

One broadside from the smallest Federal gunboat would have sent her to the bottom, and there was fear that if she fired all her guns at once she would be shaken to pieces.

In this instance the race was to the swift. It was known that the Tallahassee was in Wilmington and making ready to come out, and the blockaders were on the watch to capture her. When ready to go out she headed for sea, and showed such a rate of speed as to astonish everybody. She got out under a heavy fire and a close shave, and within twelve hours made her first capture. As she had only steam-power, and must depend on the coal she could carry, her career was a dash of a few weeks. She destroyed twenty-four Federal craft during the cruise.

The Chickamauga was the twin of the Tallahassee, and was also fitted out at Wilmington. She was of English build, and ran the blockade from Nassau with a crew of eleven men. When she approached Wilmington she found seven blockaders on that station. It was just at daylight, and the propeller put back to sea to wait for night or a change of weather. She ran back until out of sight of the blockaders, and up to noon nothing occurred to give her anxiety. Then a brisk gale and a stiff sea set in, and owing to the carelessness of the lookouts two Federal gunboats on their way to join the blockaders, were allowed to approach within three miles of the runner and to cut off her escape to sea. In this emergency she headed for Wilmington, and though the alarm was given, and she found herself almost surrounded, her speed and

The Recklessness of Her Captain

carried her into port, though she was hit five times. One Federal shell struck her amidships, crashed through the planks, scattered a box of muskets, passed through the other side and exploded 100 feet away. Out of the fifty muskets in the box forty-two were rendered useless beyond repair by the shell. When the Chickamauga was ready to run out, having been fitted as a privateer, there were eight or nine Federal vessels on the station. They naturally reasoned that the Confederates would wait for a dark and stormy night to run out, but instead of this the privateer selected a still night, with the stars shining and the water as quiet as a mill-pond, and she ran to sea without a rocket being fired. In two cases she ran within 500 feet of gun-boats, which could have sunk her with one broadside. Her cruise was the briefest of all, but she destroyed seven Federal vessels and added new flame to the excitement among ship-owners.

The Georgia was the only vessel which the French nation sold to the Confederate Government during the war, and this was a bad bargain. She was slow, weak and entirely unfit for the work laid out, and was sold after a brief cruise, in which she destroyed eight or nine Federal craft.

The Nashville, which was no more than a passenger steamer, was the first craft to show the Confederate flag in England. She made one voyage to Liverpool as a privateer and blockade runner combined, destroying three or four vessels and bringing home a cargo of arms and ammunition.

ATHLONE BRIDGE.

How It Fell Beneath the Axes of Intrepid Irishmen.

St. Ruth on his way up from Limerick heard that the English town had fallen. He instantly set out at the head of 1500 horse and foot, leaving the main body to follow as quickly as possible. On his arrival he encamped about two miles west of the town and appointed Lieutenant-General D'Usson governor instead of the gallant Fitzgerald, as being best skilled in the defence of fortified places.

Now came the opportunity for that splendid artillery, "The like of which," Macaulay says, "had never been seen in Ireland." For seven long midsummer days there poured against the Irish town such a storm of iron from seven batteries of heavy siege guns and mortars that by the seventh day the place was literally a mass of ruins, amongst which, we are told, "two men could not walk abreast." On that day a hundred wagons arrived in the Williamite camp from Dublin with a further supply of ammunition for the siege guns. That evening the enemy, by grenades, set on fire the fascines of the Irish breastwork at the bridge, and that night, under cover of a tremendous fire, they succeeded in flinging some beams over the broken arches and partially flanking them. Next morning—it was Sunday, June 28, the Irish saw with consternation that barely a few more planks laid on would complete the bridge. Their few cannon were new nearly all buried beneath the ruined masonry, and the enemy beyond had gun after gun trained on the narrow spot. It was death to show in the line of the all but finished causeway. From out the ranks of Maxwell's regiment stepped a sergeant of dragoons, Costume by name, and said: "Are there ten men here who will die for Ireland?" A hundred eager voices answered, "Aye." "Then," said he, "we will save Athlone. The bridge must go down."

Grasping axes and crowbars the devoted band rushed from behind the breastwork and dashed forward upon the newly-laid beams. A peel of artillery, a fusilade of musketry from the other side and the space was swept with grape-shot and bullets, and when the smoke lifted, the bodies of the brave Costume and his ten heroic companions lay on the bridge riddled with balls. They had torn away some of the beams, but every man of the eleven perished.

Out from the ranks of the same regiment dashed as many more volunteers. "There are eleven more men who will die for Ireland." Again across the bridge rushed the heroes; again the spot is swept by the murderous fusilade. The smoke lifts again. Nine of the second band lie dead on the planks; two survive, but the work is done. The last beam is unfastened; Athlone is saved!

Food for Future Scientists.

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin retells the story of the locomotive which ran through a broken bridge on the Kansas Pacific railway, across Kiowa creek, several years ago, sinking into the mud at the bottom, and has never since been heard from, though repeated efforts have been made, by digging and boring, to recover so valuable a piece of property. The bottom is a quicksand, and even quicksands have limits, and it seems very singular that the longest boring-rod has failed to find any trace of the sunken engine. By and by, the Bulletin suggests, the silent, mysterious operations will drain the quicksand and harden it into rock, and then, long after the Kansas Pacific road has been forgotten, and the Kiowa creek has vanished from the map, some future scientist will discover a curious piece of mechanism, undoubtedly the work of human hands, lying under so many hundred feet of undisturbed sandstone, and will use the fact as a basis for calculating how many million years old the human race must be. Thus history will repeat itself, as it has often done, and will continue to do.

A Weighty Subject.

The following are given as the results of investigations as to the weight of the average man at the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition held last week. Haswell states that the average weight of 20,000 men and women weighed at Boston in 1864 was: Men, 141½ pounds; women, 124½. The number weighed at the Tenth Cincinnati Industrial Exposition was 22,155. Men weighed, 7467; weight, 1,150,108 pounds; women weighed, 14,688, weight 1,922,198; average weight of men, 154.02 pounds; average weight of women, 130.87 pounds. For men this is 12.52 pounds higher than the Boston average, and for women 6.37 pounds higher. For Ohio—Average weight of 141 men was 157.38 pounds; of 189 women, 133.26. For Southern Indiana and Illinois—Average weight of 124 men was 158.52 pounds; of 193 women, 133.55. For Kentucky—Average weight of 114 men was 158.43 pounds; of 188 women, 133.76.

An Iron Tree.

The iron palmetto is the greatest work of art in the State House yard at Columbia, S. C. This is a casting wholly of iron, commemorating the death of many of Carolina's slain, whose names are found in raised letters on two brass tablets at the base. The success of the casting consists in its perfect imitation of the living palmetto—the favorite tree of South Carolina. We had heard of this statue in other places, but had never been able to believe the stories of the flexible leaves bending in the breeze, supposing this phenomenon an optical delusion, but such is really the case. The long, thin leaves of iron, lifelike even to the hair-like fibres of the twigs and branches, wave tremulously in every zephyr, and the whole tree, painted artistically, has so close a resemblance to the real tree as really to deceive the acutest observer at a distance.

A Georgia Frog Story.

[Hartwell Sun.]

A gentleman from Hartwell sent to the Great Western Gun Works and purchased a small parlor rifle, with 1000 cartridges of the smallest size, the bullets being about the size of duck-shot. He went over to Benson's mill pond frog hunting, and found a very large frog of the masculine gender sitting on a stump just above the water. He shot twenty-seven times at him, when his frogship lost his balance and dropped over into shallow water. Upon taking the frog out it was found he had swallowed twenty-six of the bullets, catching them in his mouth, supposing them to be flies. When he went to move the weight of the lead carried him overboard, and when taken out was not dead, but awful sullen.

SAXON HOMES.

What You Find and Miss in the Household Goods.

Where the Rocker Trippeth Not Nor the Chromo Affrighteth.

Peculiarities of the German Sofa—Silver and Linen.

There is nothing about the Saxon sitting-room to redeem the shortcomings of the Saxon parlor, says a Chicago News correspondent. Standing upon the threshold you look in, and before you is the same vast expanse of bare floor, the same little oasis of carpeting in the centre, the same almost unornamented walls, and the same genuine air of cheerlessness. You miss at first sight the comfortable American lounge and the easy American chair. You miss the mantelpiece, the fireplace, or the Star of the evening self-feeding heating stove, with its nickel-plated door-knobs and silver breast plates. You look in vain for those dreadful things, which seem to be invented to assist in the destruction of art, the starvation of artists, and the circulation of feeble religious newspapers. Family photographs in groups take the place of oil-painting, engraving, or chromo. Besides the framed family photograph perhaps you see a portrait of the aged and much beloved emperor, or his empress, or the portraits of the popular king of Saxony and his beautiful wife Carola. You miss the book-case, and the noiseless, light-running, lock-stitch, over-seaming, and underlapping sewing machine. Not because sewing machines cannot be found in Germany, for they are plentiful and cheap, but because the lady of the house can get her sewing done so cheaply outside that it would profit her little to do it herself. There is no "God Bless Our Home" over the door, no life-size portrait of the first-born, and no baby-jumper.

But Above and Beyond Anything Else

that your eyes search for and do not find stands out in prominent relief the rocking-chair. You cannot find this curse of American civilization in a German household, and the heads of families coming home from a little committee meeting late at night do not know what it is to trip up on the tail end of one of those domestic infernal machines, or, rather, infernal domestic machines, and suffer a concussion of the brain producing unconsciousness, from which they recover only after their alarmed wives have threatened to leave them and not live another day with a brute who cannot come into the house without awakening every baby in the block. If you are a philosopher it will strike you at once that the absence of rocking-chairs from the Saxon's house accounts for the wonderful perpendicularity of the Saxon's families' spinal columns. And, further, you will be as near right as philosophers generally are when they meddle with anything that concerns the other sex. After paying particular attention, which, as an American, you are sure to do, to the things that are not to be found in the room, you begin to take an interest in the things which are.

There again, in the corner, is the monumental porcelain heating stove, standing silent and cold as a gravestone. In the dining-room it is a little smaller than in the parlor, but it is finished about as well, and is fully as attractive. Running along one side of the room is an immense piece of furniture, the like of which you have never seen before, although had you been here along about the middle of the last century you would have seen

Something Like It in Any American House,

particularly among the descendants of the Dutch. This is called, by a long stretch of courtesy, a sofa, although it bears no more resemblance to the article of furniture which we call by that name than a street-lamp does to a banana. The German sofa is shaped like an old-fashioned English settle-bed, with two very high arms and one very straight and very high back. It will accommodate, without crowding or placing camp-stools in the aisles, at least six persons, male and female, if six persons male and female can ever be found who will sit upon the same sofa, particularly after dark. Usually it is very handsomely upholstered, and as you become better acquainted with the good sides of its character it advances in your estimation steadily.

But if you are a young man, or a young woman—that is, if you have not lived long enough to have forgotten the many hours during the happiest portion of your existence which you spent on a sofa—a feeling of sadness will creep over you as you gaze upon this mastodonic piece of furniture. It strikes you at once that the sofa is altogether too large for the one grand end to which all sitting-room sofas must come sooner or later. Even if it were not the case in Germany, and I am sorry to say it is, that the old folks remain in the room where their daughter is entertaining her lover until the latter takes his departure—even if this were not the case, I say, nothing like a really comfortable evening could be spent on a sofa of such huge dimensions.

I am told that in America the young lady, when she has kissed her mamma and papa good night, returns to the sitting-room where

She Finds George Buried in Thought,

and takes a seat at the extreme end of a very cosy little sofa. All young ladies sit at the extreme end of the sofa, I am informed, when left alone with their lovers. It is an old custom. When George has strained his intellect to the proper tension he arises, and with one long, desperate stride he takes a seat at the other end of the sofa. Both ends are now occupied. As the conversation limbers up George moves a little toward the centre, but a suspicion flashes across his mind that she knows what he is up to, which she certainly does, and he gives up the sliding movement and takes a new tack. I have learned that the scheme most approved of by young men is this: After sitting for ten minutes or so, George rises, stretches himself and says he must be going. The liar. Then he sits down again, but a good deal further away from his end than he was before. In a few minutes he rises again, looks at his watch, stretches himself, and once more informs the young lady that he must be going. He sits down again, however, and this time he can look into the awful depths of her lovely eyes. He does not get up and stretch himself any more until he hears what sounds like the footsteps of her father on the stairs. Two or three stretches and a few harmless lies about going home will, it is alleged, lead to an arrangement between two American lovers whereby the happiness of both is secured for the time being. But in Germany, bless your soul, a young man might stretch himself out of his boots, and continue to stretch until he has dislocated every joint in his body, before he gets within two yards of a dividend on one of those German sofas. Long before he and she could be in a position to keep each other snug the old man would be prowling around the front door looking for the Tageblatt or the Anzeiger.

The other furniture in the sitting-room deserves only passing mention. The table in the centre is like all other table, the side-board is plain and

The Chairs Are Straight-backed and Prim.

The windows are hung, after the manner of nearly all German windows, with lace curtains, and there are some rare and beautiful flowers, in some very pretty flower-pots arranged beneath them. The dining-room, or, as they call it in Germany, the living-room, comes next. It is a plain, bare, cheerless apartment, with the table, a few chairs, a china cupboard and a chest of drawers for table linen, the only articles of furniture. As a rule the floor is painted, as it is in the other apartments, but it is sometimes covered with oil-cloth, which makes the room look colder and more uncomfortable than ever.

The tableware is always pretty, frequently very fine, sometimes elegant. The German porcelain and chinaware is beautiful in design and finish and in quality it cannot be excelled. A table-set of pure china, such as one may purchase for about twenty American dollars, has an air of grandeur about it which does not belong even to solid silver. The plates, dishes, tureens, cups, saucers, bowls, and every article of the entire set are ornamented with flowers or other figures, beautifully and tastefully, and the ware is as light almost as paper. Besides, you may depend upon it that every figure is burnt in. Such a set would cost in America not less than $100. The cups and saucers usually bear the monogram of the owner, and it is not an infrequent thing that entire sets of china or porcelain are manufactured to order for private families. The same is true of table linen. The cloth, as a rule, is of the very finest texture, and is in beautiful designs, with either the family name or monogram woven in the centre.

The Napkins are Made to Match.

In silverware the Germans are ahead of us, their pieces are being far more beautiful and more elaborately made than those found in the shops of American dealers. Of course, in regard to china, linen and silverware, there are American families by the thousand who have the best that Europe can produce, but the middle classes of America have not, and probably never will have, the opportunity of the middle classes of Germany to satisfy their desires for the beautiful. In order to place the best workmanship of the Germans in the American market at low figures, it would in the first place be necessary to abolish our custom houses.

In Lively Company.

Walter Gwin, living about four miles south of Highland, Ga., went one day to salt his cattle in the mountains beyond Sounding Knob. To save distance he took a "near cut" around the base of the Knob, leaving the pathway. He soon came into a wild, romantic glen, probably never before trodden by human feet. It is a rocky place, whose deep gloom is seldom penetrated by straggling sunbeams, so thick is the foliage overhead. Advancing a few steps Mr. Gwin was confronted by an enormous rattlesnake stretched out upon a rock just before him. Turning to the right to get something with which to kill his snakeship, he saw several of the deadly-fanged reptiles in close proximity. Then to the left he directed his steps, determined not to be outdone; but imagine his consternation when he came upon a heap of rattlesnakes, knotted and woven into one ominous mass of venom. Becoming now thoroughly alarmed for his personal safety, Mr. Gwin started in the direction of a small tree, only to be encountered by rattlesnakes. He was surrounded. They were darting from their huge coils in every direction, buzzing like bees, while the poisonous odor emitted from them filled the air. Mr. Gwin made a bold dash for life, and finally succeeded in getting out of the den without being bitten; but he became quite sick from the venomous fumes inhaled. There are probably 500 or more rattlesnakes in the den.

AMERICAN CARICATURE.

The Victims Said to Rather Like It—Secrets of the Trade.

[New York Sun.]

"Caricaturing is now more popular than ever before in America, and the probabilities are that the public will continue to encourage it," remarked a well-known caricaturist, sententiously, as he gently stroked his chin whisker, and gazed at the toes of his boots.

"Yes; there are many good caricaturists now."

"That has nothing on earth to do with it," he replied, calmly, tapping the toes of his boots together and pursing up his mouth. He is a man whose pencil has made him a large fortune in this particular line, and he is therefore entitled to contradict freely. "There have always been men who were capable of turning their hands to the production of telling satires, but it is only of recent years that the public has shown a disposition to support them. Many men remember how barren and unattractive the old school caricaturing was. The cartoons of the present day would have been absolutely useless twenty years ago. Then the most ambitious efforts were made to look crude in the extreme. Two or three clumsily-drawn figures were placed without background or prospective, and from the mouth of each figure was a scroll or loop, looking like an elongated balloon. In each loop was a long speech, usually taking the form of a political harangue. The names of the men the figures were intended to represent were printed under them.

The Plainest Figures and the Longest Speeches

produced the best effects. Now it is all reversed, and the most artistic picture, without a line of caption, gains the most admiration."

"What has led up to this?"

"The education of the people as much as anything. It is only of recent years that the public could be made to think in this direction. By degrees the cartoons were improved and elaborated, until now, as I have said, we are at a higher point than ever before."

"Are your caricatures the result of a happy thought or an inspiration usually?"

"Well," remarked the artist, with a grin that took all the romance out of the subject at a swoop, "there is about as much inspiration about caricaturing as there is about cleaning streets. Success is achieved by persistent and untiring study and genuine hard work. What you wish to know is how our pictures are produced week after week, year after year, is it?"

"That is it exactly."

"Well, to begin with, it is necessary to read the daily papers very carefully and to keep thoroughly abreast of the times. This is not to be done with any idea of amusement, but as a necessary course of study. Then every morning the members of the staff of the paper meet and discuss the advisability of drawing such and such a picture. Every illustration, you know, must be accompanied by an editorial. Sometimes the editor cannot write for a cartoon suggested by an artist, and often an artist is unable to carry out the ideas of an editor. In either case the subject is abandoned and a new one thought up. It is always difficult to get good ideas. Great care must be taken not to come out too early with a political cartoon, for it takes the public some time to grasp thoroughly an idea, and its presentation before it is widely understood leads to confusion. Much worse, however, is the effect of

A Cartoon that Comes Out Too Late.

It falls flat then and the paper suffers palpably. It is sometimes very difficult to avoid a thing of this sort. We get caught in spite of ourselves once in a while, but often escape by a miracle. The best instance I ever heard of was in the great political contest at Chicago in 1880, when the machine was the standing terror of the people. We go to press on Friday, and the paper is issued early Wednesday morning. We found that it was necessary to have a picture on the great Chicago sensation, but couldn't tell what the political situation would be by the time the paper was issued five or six days later, and were nervous about it. At last—this is a State secret—we decided to produce something that might be construed either way. Late Friday I went to work at a double-page picture representing the 'machine' as being blown to atoms, with Grant and the '306' spinning in the air. We intended to say that the picture represented the wish of the people, but did not dare to hope that the machine really would go up. Tuesday night, however, the great blast occurred, and we came out a few hours later with our picture, which had been printing since Friday. We took big chances and won. That one success did a great deal for us, and we gained a great reputation for prophetic wisdom. I am of opinion that a forecast is the strongest kind of a picture."

"Are the greatest successes gained with political subjects?"

"Well, it is a great field, but social subjects are almost as important. The trouble I have always found is that Americans are not quite broad enough. They see harm where none is intended or thought of, and I am obliged to exercise the greatest precaution to keep the pictures at a certain standard. Both German and French caricatures exercise their imaginative faculties in a way that would call out

Unqualified Condemnation Here.

If in the course of drawing a picture they have an opportunity of introducing a female figure, they throw in one with voluptuous curves and attractive pose, and the revelation of a well-turned leg detracts nothing from her attractiveness. The French and German public see nothing censurable in that, but if it is tried here an awful hue and cry is raised."

"How do you catch the portraits of public men?"

"It is not done by intuition. We have all the photographs that we can gather of celebrities, and every year I go to Albany and Washington and spend several weeks in making careful sketches of public men. To a practised eye every man suggests some animal. David Davis, for instance, irresistibly suggests the elephant. It is one of the rare old principles of the craft that Grant must always smoke and Jeff Davis wear hoop skirts. Beecher is made by scattering some long hair over a very red face, with thick lips and beefy chin."

"How did you come to adopt caricaturing?"

"I was a landscape painter first, and did some portrait painting later on, and then went on the stage as a character actor. Whatever success I may have gained is the result of these favorable conditions, for my experience on the stage taught me how to pose figures so as to give them animation and life; my portrait painting gave me good command in that direction, and my early work grounded me in that which makes a picture complete."

"Do people object to being caricatured?"

"Politicians do not now, but they created some trouble years ago. They have tried to bribe me in two instances, and I have received a number of threatening letters, but the majority of victims enjoy the publicity. We are very much annoyed, and have been for years, by people who imagine that we are putting caricatures of them in our pictures, when

We Have Probably Never Seen Them Before.

One man came down to the office and protested vehemently every time we printed a picture with Postmaster James' face in it. He was a crank, and imagined that he looked like the postmaster, but there was no likeness whatever. Mr. Henry Bergh has called twice to protest, and we have had a number of other cases."

"Yet they buy the paper, do they not?"

"Not only buy it at the stalls, but actually subscribe for years. Our subscription book shows rather remarkable names—Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris, the King of Siam, Mark Twain, Miss M. I. Blaine, Paris; L. P. Morton, Paris; Wayne MacVeagh, the postmaster-general of Germany, Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., Paris; Don Pedro Ping Marcel, Havana; the Reform Club, London. You remember how we have attacked Queen Victoria, the library of the House of Lords and of the House of Commons, London; the Cork Club, Cork; Mayor Grace, Sir Bache Cunard, London; J. F. B. Firth, M. P. London; South Kensington Museum, London, and many more. There are reasons any one would suppose that none of these people would subscribe, but they do."

"Is the remuneration for the work of caricaturing heavy?"

"A bright man can make plenty of money. A conscientious man of moderate ability can make a very good living indeed."

Varieties in Holy Fathers.

[Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.]

With a population of 250,000 Rome has 7500 priests. They wear all colors of uniforms, from brilliant scarlet gowns to dead black. A procession of fifty priests, going two and two along the street, with dazzling red robes sweeping the ground, is a novel sight to an American. These Italian clerical gentlemen very properly study picturesque variety in their costuming. One lot dress in Oscar Wilde fashion as to their lower extremities. Now that I have seen this costume in real life I must say it would be rather trying to the average man. The pious Oscar Wilde fathers, who sat with their feet crossed so meekly, looked as if terminated by a pair of black broomsticks. No, I'm afraid it wouldn't do. Another variety of holy father wears a long, brown robe, tied around the waist with a rope's end, and goes bareheaded and barefooted, except that he has sandals on. This style of holy father does not look as if he had ever had a bath in his life.

John Brown.

[Exchange.]

John Brown, having been sent the other day at Balmoral by the Queen in quest of the lady-in-waiting, who happened to be the Duchess of Athole, suddenly stumbled against her. "Hoot, mam," said J. B., "yer jest the woman I was looking for!" The enraged duchess dashed incontinently into the royal presence and exclaimed to her majesty: "Madam, J. B. has insulted me; he has had the impertinence to call me a woman." To which the Queen replied, with cutting severity: "And pray what are you?" All the ladies-in-waiting and ladies of the bedchamber have a deadly hatred of John Brown.

ACTRESSES' PHOTOS.

How the Pretty Faces of the Footlights Sell.

A Photographer Upon a Lucrative Branch of His Business.

Ideas of Posing—Adelaide Neilson Declines a Commission.

Within the last three or four years the mania for collecting photographs of actresses celebrated for their grace and beauty, or for their genius, has assumed enormous proportions. The production and sale of such pictures has proved to be a very lucrative business with photographers. The discovery of the fact is due to the Englishman who flooded the shop windows in London with portraits of Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Cornwallis West, Lady Lonsdale, and other society beauties. The enterprising solar artist realized a fortune from the sale of the photos of those ladies, and it is asserted that the fair dames themselves received considerable additions to their pin money by way of commission. Sarony of New York, Scholl and Chandler and Sheetz of Philadelphia were not slow in profiting by the experience of the English photographers. They employed gentlemanly agents to call upon prima donnas and actresses of note to solicit sittings. In many instances, especially with buffo artists, whose celebrity was due more to their beauty of form or feature than to their talents, a sum of money in addition to "as many photographs as the lady desired" was the guerdon demanded by the beautiful prey of the camera and lens. Their pictures sold by the hundreds and thousands, and large numbers have been exported to England and the British colonies. American photographs are popular abroad, owing to the fact that the atmospheric influences of this country enable the production of far finer pictures than in Europe, and especially in foggy and misty Britain. The production and sale of actresses' photographs has thus become

A Legitimate Channel of Commerce

of such ample emoluments that several photographers devote themselves almost exclusively to that branch of their business, and "the gentlemanly agent of the firm" is as frequent an attendant in the ante-chambers of the favorites of the footlights as a newspaper reporter and the theatrical costumer.

"Mme. Janauschek was the first hit," remarked a Philadelphia artist, in course of conversation with a reporter. "She gave us fifteen sittings, involving five changes of costumes. She must have been with us at least three hours."

"Did she bring her dresses with her?"

"Oh, we sent for her clothes, of course. We have a room up stairs regularly fitted up as a lady's boudoir, and a maid to give assistance in dressing. Then we have lunch ready and do our best to make the ladies as comfortable as possible."

"How did Janauschek's picture sell?"

"Very well, indeed, particularly those in the guise of Marie Antoinette. Perhaps we sold 1000 copies. With actresses we never attempt to pose them ourselves. They have usually studied positions far more than we have and seldom fail in striking the exact attitude for a telling picture."

"Do you charge actresses for photographs?"

"Why, of course not. We are only too glad to get them to sit for us. With certain buffo artistes we make pecuniary arrangements, and with all our fair sitters we contract to supply them with several dozen pictures and with frames of photographs for advertising purposes."

"Do you, then, give royalties on the sale of their photos to the buffo ladies?"

"No, not exactly that. We generally present them with a check for a sum of money—say $50 or upwards."

"I Suppose You Paid Miss Adelaide Neilson."

"On the contrary, she promptly refused our offer. When she came here she would only have one sitting—the photograph in which she wears a hat. 'That is all I will have,' she said; 'send me a dozen copies.' We sold over 3000, and are still selling them. Our most recent photographs will probably be of interest to you, however. Miss Castleton's picture sells like wildfire; we took her in six different positions. There is a complete run on the Quakeress—'For goodness sake, don't say I told you.' Irene Perry also goes very well. Alma Stanley sells all over the country, and so does Pearl Eytinge."

"Do you find that pictures of acresses in 'leg parts' sell better than in full-dress characters?"

"No, by no means. We rather discountenance that style of picture, for you must not suppose that purchasers of actresses' photographs are only young men. The pictures are bought by the most respectable of people, and young ladies in particular are assiduous customers. Old and middle-aged men are the collectors of page-dress pictures. We photographed Nellie Larkelle of Black Crook fame in the Amazon uniform she wears. Our place was besieged by gray-haired and bald-headed gentlemen in quest of copies.

"I was telling you about our leaving the positions to the tastes of the ladies themselves. The other day we had rather an amusing instance of posing. Mlle. Asteggiano, the premiere danseuse, gave us some sittings. One of her dresses was the costume she wears in the ballet of nations.

She Could Not Speak a Word of English,

and as there were no linguists in the establishment we had great difficulty in conversing. She came out of the dressing room with a hop, skip and a jump, and pirouetted in front of the camera. The artist tried to explain to her that she was too near, but she did not understand, and immediately began a mazourka movement with lightning rapidity all over the studio. In and out of the chairs, round the camera stand, up and down the room went the nimble dancer in every possible attitude of grace, except that of repose, but a photograph was not feasible. Finally, we sent for an interpreter, and while awaiting the advent of that person, the ballet queen continued her dancing, looking at the artist from time to time with a puzzled and impatient expression. Talk about a pas-de-seul. What I witnessed that day was the most wonderful exhibition of leg-agility you ever imagined. Finally the interpreter arrived, and Mlle. Asteggiano paused for breath. 'Is it finished?' she asked in Italian; 'I am tired.' On it being explained to her that she was expected to remain still for a few minutes she laughed very heartily. 'Dear me!' she exclaimed, 'here I have been performing a complete ballet in front of the camera under the idea that all my improvements were being instantaneously photographed. However, I am ready now.' She gave a bound in the air and landed on the tip of the big toe of her right foot and remained motionless for over half a minute while the picture was being taken.

"Mlle. Rhea's cartes have many admirers. She was photographed here in the magnificent dress she wears in 'Adrienne.' Her costume cost $10,000 and was presented to her by

A French Duke of Enormous Wealth.

It is entirely composed of shades of red satin in light and dark shades, hand-embroidered with flowers. Round her waist she had on a girdle of gems, which she told me was worth $30,000."

"Do you sell many pictures of Lotta?"

"Many hundreds. The very nicest people buy them. 'Is she not sweet,' is their constant remark. Numerous ministers have written to us for copies. Our latest success, however, is Mrs. Langtry in the milkmaid dress. We have already sold 2000 copies, and have numerous wholesale orders on our books. It is not a flattering likeness of the beautiful actress either; in fact, it is a copy of a crayon portrait. Sarony of New York has the monopoly of the 'Jersey Lily' photograph so far, but the high price he charges for copies gives us our chance."

"Do you also photograph actors?"

"Certainly; but there is not anything like the money in it. Salvini was here, but I doubt if we sold 500 copies. Gus Williams, however, in his dress as 'One of the Finest,' sold well—1000 copies at least. I suppose it was the hit at the police force which took with the public."

A Remarkable Empress.

[London World.]

The Empress of Austria, even putting aside the fact that she is a grandmother, is a most marvellous woman, and has recently been through a more than usually severe course of training for the hunting season, which, by the by, she will in all probability spend in Hungary. During the time that her majesty was at her summer residence at Ischi, in Upper Austria, she generally rose at 6 o'clock in the morning and devoted a couple of hours to gymnastics and fencing; after which the morning tub and a plain but hearty breakfast were supplemented by a walk or ride, which lasted some hours.

Lately the empress has actually been running for two hours a day, and to encourage her in the exertion a pack of beautiful foot-beagles have recently been sent to Godolo, which her majesty intends hunting herself. The walking costume in wet or cold weather is a long waterproof Newmarket coat, brown straw hat, thick heavy books; in hot weather the long coat is changed for a hunting slip of thin stuff. At Godolo the empress has a circus, in which she trains her own horses, and rides them a la Renz.

Lightning as a Nail-Puller.

There has existed in Rochester for some time, without creeping into the public prints, foundation for a very singular story. As, however, it is vouched for by the word of a highly respectable gentleman, it should not be classed as a fiction. The story runs on this wise: As the members of a gentlemen's family, who resides on Monroe avenue, were sitting down to the tea table a thunder storm arose. It wasn't much of a thunder storm to all appearances, though, and the meal progressed in the ordinary fashion. By and by there was a clap of thunder which was rather louder than usual, accompanied by a very vivid flash of lightning. There was, however, no extraordinary display, and beyond a slight shock no special effects were felt. But a singular smell pervaded the house, which was at first attributed to escaping gas. Search was made high and low for the hole in the pipes, but to no effect. Still the smell continued, and upon opening a closet door it appeared stronger than ever, and was accompanied by the perfume of burned leather. Closer inspection showed a pair of boots smoking and shriveled up, from the heel of which all the iron nails had been drawn. "And if it wasn't the lightning that pulled the nails out what was it?" questioned our informant.

CONCERNING CARVING.

How to Amputate the Thanksgiving Turkey with Dexterity.

Speaking about carving, writes Bill Nye in the Boomerang, there is a prospect now that in our best circles, within a short time, the old custom of making the host demolish the kiln-dried poultry at dinner will become extinct, and that a servant at a sideboard, on a small salary, will take a hand-saw and a can of nitro-glycerine and shatter the remains, thus giving the host a chance to chat with his guests, instead of spattering them with dressing and casting gloom and gravy over the company.

This is a move for which I have long contended, It places the manual labor of a dinner where it belongs, and relieves a man who should give his whole attention to the entertainment of his friends at table. You would not expect your host to take off his coat and kill the fowl in your presence in order to show you that it was all on the square, and it is not customary to require the proprietor of the house to peel the potatoes at table for his guests to prove that there is no put-up job about it.

Therefore I claim that the lamented hen may be thoroughly shattered at a side table by an athlete at four dollars per week, and still good faith toward the guests be maintained. If any one be doubtful or suspicious, etiquette will permit him to stand by the side of the hireling carver and witness the inquest. Still it would be better fun for him to sit at the table, and if the parts given him are not satisfactory he can put them in his overshoes pro tem. and casually throw them out the back door while the other guests are listening to the "Maiden's Prayer" in the parlor. Under the new deal

The Host Will Enjoy the Dinner

much more than he used to with his thumb cut off and a quart of dressing in his lap. No man feels perfectly at home if he has to wrap up his cut finger in a rag and then scoop a handful of dressing out of his vest pocket and return it to the platter. Few men are cool enough to do this, laughing heartily all the time and telling some mirth-provoking anecdote meanwhile.

It is also annoying to have twenty guests ask for the "dark meat, please," when there are not only three animals cooked and neither one of them had a particle of dark meat about her person. Lately I have adopted the plan of segregating the fowl by main strength, using the fingers when necessary, and then wiping them in an off-hand manner on the table-cloth. Then I ask the servant to bring in that dark hen we ordered, so that we might have an abundance of dark meat. If the servant says there is none, I smile and tell the guests that the brunette chicken, by some oversight, has been eaten in the kitchen and I shall have to give them such relics as may be at hand. This simplifies the matter and places me in a far more agreeable place relative to the company. My great success, however, in carving is mainly confined to the watermelon. The watermelon does not confuse me. I always know where to find the joints, and those who do not like the inside of the melon can have the outside. Now, my great trouble with fowls is that one day I have Nebraska chicken and the next trip I have to assassinate a Mormon Shanghai pullet with

High, Expressive Hip-Bones and Amalgam Paletot.

This makes me nervous, because they are so dissimilar and their joints are in different places. The Mormon hen is round shouldered, and her collar-bone is more on the bias than the Nebraska fowl. This gives a totally different expression to her features in death, and, as I have said, destroys the symmetry of the carve.

I began my education in this line by carving butter in hot weather, and gradually led up to the quail on toast. In carving the quail, first mortgage your home and get the quail. The quail should be cooked before carving, but not until the chronometer balance and other organs have been removed. Place your quail on the toast in a sitting position, then, passing the dissecting knife down between the shoulder blades, bisect the polonaise.

Another method is to take the quail by the hind leg and eat, asking the guests to do the same. This breaks up the feeling of stiffness that is apt to prevail at a formal dinner party, and while each one has his or her nose immersed in quail good feeling cannot fail to show itself.

HOW HE TAMED THEM.

Henri Martin's Method of Ruling Ferocious Beasts.

[Baltimore News.]

A curious history, and one that sheds many gleams of light upon the character of beasts in the menagerie, is that of Henry Martin, the lion tamer, who died, 90 years old, quietly at his home "among his collections of butterflies and his books of botany." Martin, according to his own letters, began to cultivate his gift of control over animals in the days when he was connected with a circus, by acquiring an extraordinary power over horses, which he taught every trick known to the profession, and some of which have hardly been exactly paralleled. From this he went on to taming wild beasts, and soon after he had started business as part proprietor of a menagerie he had labored eight months in training a royal tiger and had taught a spotted hyena to pick up his gloves. He was never seen with a whip in his hand, but he crossed his arms and gave his animals the word of command to leap on and off his shoulders, and he considered his method infinitely superior to that of the trainers who go through their business chiefly by the terrorism of a heavy whip and a revolver. Their beasts obey them, but, he said; "they are not tamed as mine were, and when one of them rebels you can judge the tragic result from the tragical end of Lucas."

One day Martin told his wife that he anticipated trouble with his lion Cobourg, who was then in a dangerous state of excitement. She begged him to put off the performance, but he said, "No; for if I should do it once I should have to do it every time the animals have caprices." The next night his forebodings were fulfilled. Instead of performing his part properly Cobourg crouched low and dug his talons into the stage, and his eyes flared. Martin had no weapon at command except a dagger in his belt—"I have said never a whip." Instead of obeying orders the lion leaped at Martin and a combat occurred, in the course of which the lion took Martin up in his mouth and shook him in the air. Martin struck the animal over the nose for a second time, and then, feeling his strength exhausted, gave himself up for lost and turned his back to the beast, so that at the next spring it might attack the back of his neck, and so "make an end of the business." "But two seconds passed—two seconds that seemed to me an eternity. I turned around. The lion's mood had changed. He looked at the audience; he looked at me. I gave the sign to go. He went away as if nothing had happened."

It was fourteen weeks before Martin could perform again, but then the lion worked as well as usual, and continued to do so for four years without any more caprices. In taming one of his tigers Martin began by taking the brute's attention off the door of the cage, and then, armed with a dagger, went rapidly into the cage and stood looking at the tiger, which, for some minutes lay motionless, staring at him. Then, feeling a shiver, and knowing that if the tiger saw it all would be over with him, he went swiftly out. At the end of a fortnight he went again into the cage, and this time staying there half a hour. A third time he paid the tiger a visit of three-quarters of an hour. "The fourth time the tiger, trembling at first, lay down before the pigmy who braved it." To tame a hyena, Martin wrapped his legs and arms with cords and protected his head with handkerchiefs, and then, walking into the cage, went straight to the animal and offered it his forearm. The hyena bit it, and the tamer, looking steadily in its eyes, stood motionless. The next day he repeated the experiment, substituting a leg for an arm, "and all the time Martin's black pupils were flashing into the gray eyes of the hyena. The beast gave up, cringed and smelled the feet of the master." Martin tamed his subjects by his personal influence alone, and Charles Nodier once said of him: "At the head of an army Martin might have been a Bonaparte. Chance has made a man of genius a director of a menagerie."

A Tough Bear Story.

[Chatham World.]

On Tuesday evening George Trevors, while going through the woods to his home in Douglasfield, N. B., was attacked by a very large bear. Having no other weapon than a bottle of paraffine oil, he struck the bear and broke the bottle of oil over him. The bear then sprang on him and commenced hugging him, when George had the presence of mind to light a match and set fire to him. In an instant old Bruin was all in a blaze and let go of him, and in less than five minutes was all consumed but the head and shoulders. George then commenced to carry water in his hat to quench the fire to save the snout, so as to get the bounty. If Mr. Trevors had never before had any notable adventures with bears, his friends might feel inclined to doubt the accuracy of this recital; but when they remember that it was he who recently rode home with two dead cubs and a live bear, a paw clasped in each hand, they will see that there is nothing to be surprised at in this his latest achievement.

Jack Tars as Soldiers.

[London World.]

One of the difficulties of manipulating the naval brigade on shore is to get them to understand military words of command. I can sympathize with the staff officer who tried, but in vain, to get a battalion of sailors to manœuvre round the corner of a house. He gave all the orthodox and regulation words of command: "Right wheel," "Bring the left shoulder forward," etc., but Jack remained obstinately fixed. At last a naval officer, who was standing by, on being appealed to, solved the question. "Get them round that house? Is that all you want? Here, blue-jackets!" he cried, "luff, and weather that house!" The sailors were round the corner in a twinkling.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Idle Fears.

[Anon.]

I feared the world and I were too acquainted;
I hope my fears are like her joys—but painted.
Had I not been a stranger, as I passed
Her bawling curs had never barked so fast.

The Professor.

[Burlington Hawkeye.]

A man swims further than any other man—professor. A man cuts corns and cures bunions for a living—professor; he waltzes three hours without resting—professor; plays the fiddle and imparts to others the secrets of the diabolical art—professor; walks a slack rope stretched across the street—professor; goes without eating twenty days—professor; rides four horses bareback—professor; sings in the choir—professor; teaches a brass band—professor; cures warts—professor; plays billiards for a living—professor; trains dogs—professor; performs some clever trick of sleight of hand—professor; does anything in the world except teach, and knows less of books and schools than he does of heaven—professor.

One of the Commandments.

[George A. Baker.]

So to make my merit more,
I'll go beyond the letter—
Love my neighbor as myself?
Yes, and ten times better.
For she's sweeter than the breath
Of the spring that passes
Through the fragrant, budding woods,
O'er the meadow grasses.

And I've preached the word I know,
For it was my duty
To convert the stubborn heart
Of the little beauty.
Once again success has crowned
Missionary labor,
For her sweet eyes own that she
Also loves her neighbor.

Misplaced Confidence.

[Bill Nye's Boomerang.]

One more sleeping car episode and I will close. A fat man from New York engaged a lower birth recently, and, after he had retired, he raised the curtain of his window and gloated in the cool moonlight and the fresh, pure air that came in at the partly opened casement. He was a great stickler for ventilation, and the thought that he was getting a glorious draught of heaven's pure air made him happy. Finally, bathed in the magnificent moonlight, he sank to sleep. In the morning he woke to find that the window was double, and that only one of them was open. Aside from the man who got up kicked four panes of glass out of the bookcase in order to get more air, and went to bed happy, I do not know of a sadder case of misplaced confidence.

"Only a Woman's Hair."

[Anon.]

Husband comes
Home at night,
Gets a kiss;
That's all right.

Playful wife
On his knee
Sits and talks,
Waiting tea.

Sudden start!
And a stare,
On his coat
Sees a hair;

Color red—
Hers is black—
Sobs and tears,
Fury, thwack!

Husband goes
Out at night,
Won't come back
Till he's tight.

A Georgian's Wealth.

[Newman Herald.]

One of our citizens has made a singular return of taxable property to the clerk of the City Council. It was shown to us as a curiosity and we give below some of the items. Merchandise—Trading old clothes for huckleberries and blackberries. Stocks and bonds—One breach of promise note. Jewelry—One ear-ring and a brass watch. Live stock and poultry—One cat, four hens and a rooster. Library—Three dime novels. Tools of trade—Poker and broom. Furniture and household goods—Washpan and a three-legged stool. Vehicles of all kinds—Wheelbarrow. Produce of all kinds and provisions—Jimson weed and dog fennel. All other property—One boy and two girls and one prospective son-in-law.

When You Are Near.

[Anonymous.]

When you are near
I feel the hot blood mount into my cheek;
I move as one upon whose life a spell
Most powerful has fallen, and I speak
With word-clogged tongue—but why I cannot tell.

And when your eyes
Glance into mine a strange electric thrill
Runs through each vein; I bow my head and stand
A soul-bound captive, subject to your will,
Held fast with silken cords to fairy land.

And when your hand,
Fair and fashioned so slenderly, rests within mine own,
I know not if the world is dark or bright;
The sun may shine, or winter winds may moan—
The outer world is blotted from my sight.

I can but see
The rare, sweet beauty of your dark-brown eyes,
The well-poised head, the dainty, red-ripe lips,
The wealth of brown, silken tresses, blown careless wise.
What wonder if all else is in eclipse?

Willing, But Weak.

[Anonymous.]

A mountain man stopped at the Rees House not long ago, and after dinner the waiter brought him a finger-bowl filled with warm water. He looked at it a minute and drank it off. The waiter was tickled and replenished the bowl, and the man looked at it a little longer this time and poured it down. The waiter, more tickled than ever, filled the bowl again and put it beside the man. This time he hesitated a little longer, and looking at the waiter with a last, long, appealing, save-me-or-I-perish gaze, he picked up the bowl and said, "Mister, I'll drink this one, but for the Lord's sake, don't bring me any more!"

Over the Album.

[Puck.]

This one is John—that's Cousin Josie;
I think she's pretty—do not you?
The baby all so plump and rosy
Is sister's youngest—little Sue.

Old bald-head! Why, you wretch, that's father;
And here is Uncle Jonathan;
His ears *are* long? *You* needn't bother,
Your ears are *too* long—for a man!

The girl with lovely hair? That's Rena;
She isn't nice—that hair is red!
As pretty as a sweet verbena?
Oh, pshaw! Now, don't be foolish, Fred!

Who is that dried-up looking creature?
Fred Smith, I think you are a brute!
You *know* 'tis I by every feature—
You know me by that summer suit!

Well, then, if you're repentant, sinner,
I'll pardon you—now please, please quit;
Miss Jones will notice us at dinner,
And say: "They've had a kissin' fit."

Front Platform Statuettes.

[Puck.]

Whenever a man stands on the front platform of a horse-car he is sure to meet every young lady he knows. If he doesn't meet any of his female acquaintances, the horse is pretty sure to kick mud all over him, or else the driver lets go of the brake and it flies back and hits the young man on the knuckles. The moral of this fable teaches us that if we want fresh air it is better to walk and save our shirt-front than to ride to save our shoe-leather and get our shirt-front covered with polka dots of mud by a kicking horse.

Her Majesty Christine.

[Mary A. Barr.]

I am seventy, gray and staid,
I love well a little maid,
And she rules me like a queen;
She has such a royal way,
Whatsoever she may say
I am eager to obey
Her small Majesty Christine.

She has robes of wondrous white,
She has sashes gay and bright,
Lace and ribbon for a queen;
Golden crown is not so fair
As her crown of golden hair.
Ah, what maiden can compare
With Her Majesty Christine!

I have seventy summers told;
She's exactly five years old;
Promptly still obeys mamma.
But no one has ever seen
Such a slave to any queen
As I am to sweet Christine
When she calls me grandpapa.

Steamboat Stories.

[Exchange.]

One of the stump orators who is very popular out West, is George Sheridan, who now resides in Washington. He is short, as fat as Falstaff, and as conscienceless a drawer of the long bow. He is very nimble witted, however, and can always make a crowd roar over his good stories. During the last canvass he was travelling through Ohio. It was in the night. Sheridan had a section to himself in a crowded sleeper. He has the bad habit of snoring. That night he was at his worst. He snored, choked and wheezed so frightfully during the night that no one slept. The next morning, when Sheridan was getting out of his berth his neighbor opposite parted his curtains and said: "I say, stranger, how much are you worth?" Sheridan was for a moment taken aback, but he soon answered promptly, "Two millions; why do you want to know, my friend?" "Wealthy snorer," said the inquirer, "if I had your riches I would travel in a special car. I would never inflict myself upon the public as you do."

This story related upon the boat today brought out from a visitor who said that in his native village in Kentucky was a wealthy merchant by the name of Sledge. He was a very stout man, with a very weak child's voice. A Cincinnati business man, who had sold Sledge thousands of dollars' worth of goods without seeing him, come finally to visit Sledge's village. He hunted up his rich customer. The Cincinnati man was a large, full and deep chested, with a voice like a bull. He went into Sledge's store and roared: "I want to see Mr. Sledge." Sledge piped out in a shrill treble in reply: "My name is Sledge." The Cincinnati man drew back at the sound of this thin voice as he exclaimed: "Your name Sledge! I will be hanged if it ought not to be Tack-hammer."

UNDER FALSE COLORS;

—OR,—

A BROTHER'S DEVOTION.

A FAMILY SECRET.

CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)

Two or three policemen stood about the door of the ward. They had laid their burden, to all appearance, dead on one of the beds, and, simply acknowledging their salutation, the house surgeon went straight to the bed. He knew quite well who lay there before he saw more than the outline of a man's form; but there was neither pause nor faltering in his movements, not even a quiver of the lip; he could have gone to a cruel death just then and neither felt it nor cared.

Silently he sought for the signs of life—signs so slight that even his practised skill doubted them till he had tried again and again. There seemed, as far as he could see at present, no outward injury; not a feature of the face before him was marred, not a limb hurt—there must be worse, then, to produce this semblance of death. He looked up and gave the brief order:

"Send some one up stairs for Miss Harewood."

One of the policemen vanished. Vernon beckoned another to come near, and began to question him.

"Do you know how it happened?"

"The gentleman was driving a trap, sir," said the man, in as hushed a voice as if he had been in the presence of death, "in the park—leastways, just near the Marble Arch. The horse he got frightened at something, and tore away up the Edgware road, pitched up against a lamp-post, and the gentleman was flung out. I am afraid he's dead, sir."

"No, he is not dead." It was all Vernon could manage to say steadily just then. To himself he murmured, "Oh, merciful Heaven, not dead yet—not like this!"

"You sent for me, Dr. Vernon," said a quiet voice. Maura was at his side, the very embodiment of calm strength, standing perfectly still, with no restless movement or sign of emotion. Yet she too had recognized the dying man—ay, and had read something in the face she loved that other eyes had not seen. The faintest flash of a smile came into Clive Vernon's eyes as he saw her, but he said nothing; and together they tried all possible means to restore consciousness, but in vain. Vernon looked up.

"Is Dr. Haughton here—he was to come about this time to see Mrs. Ellis?" he asked Maura.

"Not till half-past seven," she answered. Then, a little lower, with a glance downward to the bed, "He is still living?"

"Yes; I can't tell how long he will last. Go and get ready a bed in one of the private rooms quickly; he must be removed there, and by that time Dr. Haughton will be here."

Maura went away; and Vernon, leaving the bedside for a moment, told the policemen they could go now. He knew the gentleman and his friends, and gave his name—Morton Everest—and he would see to everything. So the men withdrew.

In a very little time the unconscious sufferer lay in a cool, white bed, in one of the cheerful rooms set apart for those who could pay, and for the last few days unoccupied. And here Vernon tried again, without avail, to restore consciousness.

Maura dared ask no questions. Shocked and grieved as she was, she felt—nay, knew—that Vernon had in this man a deeper interest than she could possibly have. More than half the truth withheld from her years ago had come to her in that accident ward in a way that surely Vernon had never dreamt of. It hardly gave her joy in such form as it had, and, besides, her faith had been so cloudless all through.

"It is of no use," said Vernon at last; "I have tried everything. Doctor Haughton may succeed. Is that he outside, Maura?"

She heard the Christian name plainly enough; and yet it seemed so natural, or her mind was so set on other things that she hardly noticed it as strange. She went to the door and admitted the old physician. Side by side the two men stood looking down on what seemed almost a dead form, the younger with folded arms and face set like marble, the elder glancing as often at the face beside him as at that beneath him. There was something here below the surface, he thought.

"You can't restore consciousness?" said Dr. Haughton, and he ran over a dozen means of doing so.

"I have tried all those."

"What do you think are the injuries?"

"Internal," answered Dr. Vernon, and he went on quite calmly to explain what he thought they were. The other nodded grave approval and agreement, and then there was a pause. As far as could be done without further examination, Clive Vernon had formed his own opinion, and his knowledge left him no loop-hole of hope; yet the fiat that came shook his strained self-control.

"He may live over the night," said Dr. Haughton, with another glance at the house-surgeon.

"Yes," answered Vernon, with the slightest possible quiver of the lip; and, stooping down, with half-trembling fingers, he put back the matted hair from the dying man's brow. This was the end then. Was it better so? Perhaps; and yet he was thinking of the boy who had clung to him once, not of the man who had almost broken his heart.

Dr. Haughton watched him a minute, then glanced significantly at Maura. Her eyes were filled with tears; there was so much more than ordinary grief in Vernon's manner, at least to her. The old man put his own construction on the signs of emotion he noticed in the girl, but he turned to his confrere, and together they arranged what was best to be done. Then Dr. Haughton said to Maura rather quickly:

"This poor fellow—you know him—he is a friend of yours, isn't he? I saw you shake hands with him when he came here."

"I knew him very well," she answered, still looking at Everest, and then, withdrawing her eyes, lifted them involuntarily to her questioner's face. She saw what he thought, and shook her head. "No," she said gently, "not that; but I should like to help if I may."

"You must forgive an old man, my dear."

"I am very grateful to you," was her low-spoken answer.

"You will stay by him?" Vernon said to her a little eagerly, not otherwise showing that he had heard what passed. "I must leave him now." He almost started to feel Dr. Haughton's hand on his arm. "What is it? There is no use in my staying, and I can't neglect the others—not even for—"

He stopped short, biting his lip.

"You need not go. I will attend to them."

"No; I will come back; he does not know me—perhaps never will," said Vernon hurriedly.

"But, my dear fellow, I believe I am your senior, and you obey my orders, don't you? I shall attend to your patients quite as well as you," said Dr. Haughton, smiling, "and I don't in the least want to pry into your secrets; but of course I can see——"

Vernon straightened himself with a quick movement.

"It ought to be no secret," he said; "he is my brother."

As the words passed his lips, as the secret only one besides himself had known escaped his keeping, his eyes went to Maura, as did hers to his, as though some subtle magnetism had drawn the gaze of one to the other. It was again as it had been once before—there was little need for words.

"I am sorry for you," said Doctor Haughton very kindly and earnestly. "Remain with him; I will take your work."

"Doctor Haughton, I cannot——"

"Hush! I will have it so. I will come back to you later and see how you get on."

Vernon wrung his hand silently and went back to his brother, sitting down beside him and taking little further notice of anything else; but he knew keenly enough that Maura had left the room with Doctor Haughton.

CHAPTER IX.

Night came on—the warm summer night—and gradually the sounds of busy life sank to rest in the hospital wards. In the room where Morton Vernon lay a clear subdued light burned from a shaded lamp; there was no other difference of any sort. There was still no sign of life but the faintest heart-beat, and even Clive Vernon sometimes thought that had failed. He did not know, as he sat by the bedside, or occasionally paced silently up and down because stillness had become unbearable, what he wished, or thought, or felt.

The life ebbing away before him had been his and its own curse, and yet there was in his heart and almost passed his lips such a wild appeal that it might be spared, that it might not close in this terrible silence, that there might be granted a little more time—only a little!

Maura came in, with her noiseless step and quiet movement; she had been in and out all the evening, doing what she could for the two brothers; and now her first glance went to the bed, her next to Vernon, who turned quickly as he heard her. She came up to him.

"Dr. Haughton has gone," she said in a low voice. "He will come the first thing in the morning; he bade me tell you."

"Thank you. Have you come to say good-night?"

"I am here to obey your orders, Dr. Vernon," answered Maura, folding her hands lightly before her. She would not, could not say how she longed to share his vigil, how she hated to leave him alone that night.

He turned away, back to the end of the room. Was he selfish to want her to remain? He needed no help; it was just his own yearning to only know she was there; but selfish or not, it conquered him. He went to her, putting his hand on her shoulder.

"Will you stay, Maura?"

"I should like to stay," answered the girl, simply, without a thought of any misinterpretation being put on the wish.

"Why didn't you ask me, my child?"

She trembled a little under his touch and the half-tender tone.

"You might have preferred being alone with him," she said.

He smiled a little; to him the answer sounded naive, knowing how he had dreaded her going.

"If he does recover consciousness," he said, "I think you might help me, because I should be afraid to let him see me at once—you are different."

"You he loves, and me he does not," the girl understood the words to mean—as indeed he intended she should.

"I shall be glad to do anything," she answered earnestly.

"There is nothing to be done just yet, except to get some rest," said Dr. Vernon, arranging the cushions of an inviting-looking couch that had afforded many a sweet sleep to a tired nurse. Maura said she was not in the least weary.

"Perhaps not; but you may be by the morning, and you are too good a nurse not to take rest when you can. I can call you if I want you."

The girl made no further remonstrance. She settled herself among the piled-up cushions very obediently. This painful vigil had its sweetness to her—it was sweet for him to take care of her, sweeter still to do it as if she were some precious charge—unutterably sweet to know that he liked to have her there, and that her mere presence was comfort. She fell at last into a vague dreamy state, never quite losing consciousness, having once a sort of impression that he had been standing looking down at her and said something to her. But when she started up he was sitting by the bed.

"You called me?" she said.

"No, I did not call—there is no change."

She lay down again. Had she dreamed it all? But she did not dream now that he called her name.

"Maura," came the soft voice, and the girl was upon her feet in a second.

Day was just dawning, and the pale light was struggling with the brightness within. Vernon was bending over the bed, with his hand on his brother's wrist.

"He is waking," he said hoarsely—"that glass, Maura—no, keep it—give it to him yourself—say something to him—he will hear you."

He drew back, covering his face for an instant, and Maura did as he told her. The cordial was skilfully given, and she waited a second; she must not use his own name; the name he connected with her—that would be best.

"Morton," she said softly, "it is I—Maura."

Slowly the closed eyes opened, there was a scarcely perceptible quiver of the lip, then he was looking up at her, half dazed, with an evident struggle to recall her.

"Maura," he whispered feebly, "am I dying?"

It was like coming back from death—waking, not to pain of body—that seemed numb and powerless—but to sights and sounds from which he had been mysteriously shut out, to memory and feeling and a dull wretchedness. But memory returned more quickly and keenly than Maura expected.

"St. Agatha's?" she caught, as again she gave him the restorative.

"Yes; and I am nursing you."

He looked so wistful, trying to lift himself, that she anticipated the next words, still more feeble and but half pronounced.

"Clive—he always nursed me."

"So he will now, if you like. Shall I call him?"

"No"—with a shudder; then, after a painful pause, "Ask him to save me."

"He will do all he can," said Maura gently; "but then you must trust him, and let me send for him—shall I?"

"Yes."

Vernon was at her side before she could turn to call him—so calm, it hardly seemed like the same man who had put her in his place a few minutes ago, with such broken words. Morton looked up at him with wide-open, half-startled eyes, then silently turned from him.

"Morton!" the other whispered eagerly.

Maura watched them with a terrible intensity; she felt all through her being the agony in that one word. The next minute Morton had lifted one arm and, as silently as he had turned aside, drawn his brother down to him.

It was broad day, and still Morton lived—one of those rallies that seem to rend our hearts, although they do not deceive us. Vernon could not be deceived, the more so as he had further examined his brother, and found, as he thought, internal injuries that rendered recovery impossible. Dr. Haughton, coming in in the early morning, agreed with him; life had become a question of hours.

Neither Clive nor Maura left Morton; he could not bear them to be absent, and towards evening both of them saw the end coming nearer. He seemed to be sleeping then, and Vernon left his side, after standing for some minutes watching him, and said to Maura, without a change of feature—

"It must end tonight."

She gave sorrowful assent.

"You are grieved," he said. "I cannot be—it is better so; you understood me last night, Maura?"

"Yes;" but the uplifted eyes unconsciously said more than that "Yes." He closed his hand tightly over hers.

"Oh, Maura, if it had not been for your faith! Hush! He is calling me."

When, later, Dr. Haughton came in, he found Vernon sitting on the bed, with one arm round his brother, who leant against him. Maura sat on a low chair near, and the physician, obeying her sign, paused on the other side of the bed. Nobody spoke, nobody stirred. Dr. Haughton, looking at the two brothers, thought he read something of the sorrowful story—so much at least as lay near the surface—a reckless, wasted life, a long-suffering love—he saw so far; and presently Morton began to unfold what had been secret.

"Clive—his voice was clear and strong—"I want to tell you all now—you and Maura."

"No, dear boy, Maura knows all, and so do I. I can't have you exhaust yourself. That is all past; let it be as it is," answered Clive soothingly; but the blood had rushed to his brow.

"They are saying things about you, and I can clear you. If Dr. Haughton knows the truth he will trust you. Is he here?"

Vernon said "Yes," and drew his brother closer within his arm; but the head he always carried so proudly erect was drooping. He did not even lift his eyes as Doctor Haughton came nearer. Morton addressed himself to Clive, but every word was distinctly heard by the two others.

"That time we parted, Clive, down at King's Fulham—you remember it?—I went to the North then, and they sent me away after a while. I was desperately poor. I came back to King's Fulham and hung about. I knew you would not give me anything—I meant to take it——"

"Morton, hush, for heaven's sake! No one need know that."

Morton put aside the hand laid on his lips.

"But it is just, is it not?" he said, turning his eyes to Dr. Haughton. "He has borne the shame of my crime, and he would not tell you the truth—I must tell it. I came one evening when you were out. I had seen you go home with that casket, and I got into the house without Mary seeing me. I found where you had put it. I sold the jewels, and with the money I got I gambled, and turned it over again and again. Oh, Clive, when you said you forgave me, did you know all I had done—how I counted on your doing as you have—that for so long I have known how you gave up everything for me?"

Vernon looked up, with a quick throb of dread, but Dr. Haughton had gone, and Maura was standing at the other end of the room. They were practically alone.

"I knew it all, Morton. I had sworn to save you; that was why I did it!"

"There is something else," Morton said, after a minute, "about Maura. Ah, you start! I was right, and I knew it, even when I tried to win her. I had come between you. I knew I must be between you so long as I kept silence, and that you would never claim her, even if she knew the truth. I was safe, and I flung your happiness to the winds. You are silent—you did not know this?"

"Yes—partly"—Vernon spoke with an effort—"the day you came here——"

"Did you hate me because I loved her too?"

"No."

"Why not?"

Vernon's eyes went to the slight figure at the end of the room, and Morton, half lifting himself, followed the gaze. The deep, soft smile, fleeting as it was in those gray eyes, was answer enough.

"You knew you held her faith, her heart—that they had never left you, never swerved, could never belong to any one but you," said Morton, almost wistfully. "Ah, if you knew what she was to me, you would be glad I loved her! I tried to drown remorse, Clive, to live more wildly than ever, and it would not do. I thought always of you, of her, of when we were boys, while mother was with us, and, when she died, how you tried to be mother and brother too. It was Maura made me think of all this; even I, almost lost as I was, could grow softer under her hand."

He felt his brother's lips on his forehead, as they had been when, as a boy, he had flung himself in wild grief into the arms that hid him now, when no forgiveness was needed, and now the kiss, more clinging and tender than he would have given to the woman he loved, was assurance of pardon as well as love.

And as for hours Clive Vernon sat in the growing darkness, never weary, very still, his thoughts were perhaps as much with Maura as with the brother she had given back to him.

She had resumed her old place, and the silence grew more solemn and intense. Morton had seemed past speech, but had looked toward her so wistfully that she came to him, and, understanding him, bent down and kissed him once; then he turned his face aside on his brother's breast, the wanderer returned to the safe shelter, and so remained, breathing so imperceptibly, lying so utterly motionless, that Maura first knew he had died by Vernon laying him back softly.

And then, in the common sorrow, the last frail barrier fell. It was instinctive, the drawing of the one to the other, the deep union of soul with soul that must not, would not be stayed, that was hallowed by the sacred presence of death. Those sudden tears blinded her, and she only felt the close clasp about her, giving herself up to it as a child might, seeking comfort as by nature and right; and he said no word, hardly moved, till he felt the long trembling breath grow more quiet, and he knew she had conquered the momentary weakness. But she did not draw herself away, as she might have done at another time; she only lifted her face and whispered that she was foolish to have given way.

"Don't say that, my own child. I know how it was; and you have been overtaxed. You must come and rest now."

She let him take her hand and lead her to the door; she dared not ask if he too would not take the rest he must need; she only answered his low tender "Good night, love," with a quick upward glance, and went slowly to the matron's rooms, while he turned back to the room where his brother lay.

CHAPTER X., AND LAST.

Whatever his own feelings, Dr. Vernon did not let them interfere with his work. He was amongst his patients the next morning the same as usual, and glad to be there. Against his own will, there was a feeling of relief that gave him more pleasure in his work than ever. It was of no use to blame himself—it was impossible to help it. His own name cleared, the dread that had haunted him gone, and yet how cruel it seemed to have room in his heart for anything but sorrow!

Still it cost him something to tell Dr. Haughton the whole of the story, part of which he had already heard, even though it was received so sympathetically and kindly. It was one comfort that no one need know it now but Mrs. Harewood, and to her he must clear himself—not alone for his own sake. The rumors as to himself that had been getting about, he was sure, must have begun with her, but he could afford not to notice them, to let them die out, now that Dr. Haughton would continue to lend him his countenance.

It was fully a week after Morton Vernon had been laid to rest that the house-surgeon asked Maura Harewood when he could see her mother. She looked for a second so surprised that he could not help smiling.

"Do you wonder why I want to see her? Don't you think she has a right to be consulted? And, besides, I want her to know the truth."

"I forgot," said Maura, "that she knows nothing except the bare facts."

"What will you do, Maura, if she does not believe me?"

"She must believe you," returned the girl hurriedly; "and, if she doesn't, it will make no difference. I shall still belong to you."

"Then I don't think I much care about belief or disbelief. If I come this evening, can I see her?"

"Yes; I will take care she sees you."

For she fancied her mother would be indignant when his card was sent up, and she was consequently rather nervous. Not so, Clive Vernon. He waited in the drawing-room for Mrs. Harewood as coolly as if he were in the habit of calling there every day of his life and had only come now for a ten minutes' chat. The minute she came in he saw that she was flurried, and for once in her life hardly knew how to meet a guest. She made no allusion to their former acquaintance, but held out her hand silently, feeling impelled to do that perhaps because the dark eyes, whose beauty she had so often deplored, looked so clear and unshrinking as they met hers. It was Vernon, who, waiting till she was seated, said in the sweet voice she remembered of old:

"I have no doubt you are surprised to see me, Mrs. Harewood, after what passed years ago. I hope you will spare me a few minutes on that very subject."

"I am quite at your service, Dr. Vernon; but I cannot imagine that any good will be done by it," returned Mrs. Harewood, a little stiffly.

"May I venture to differ from you? But I will not detain you long. You placed in my hands, Mrs. Harewood, four years ago, a casket of jewels."

Mrs. Harewood looked up with the indignation that an allusion to her lost jewels never failed to rouse. The calmness of the look she encountered rather puzzled her, and the words she had been on the point of uttering never passed her lips. She sat silent.

"And the next you heard of me was a letter practically confessing that I had stolen your jewels, and color was lent to that confession by my leaving King's Fulham and altogether disappearing."

"Really," said Mrs. Harewood in surprise, "may I ask why all this is recalled, unless you have any evidence to prove your innocence? It was a painful thing to me, I assure you; but you left no loop-hole for doubt."

"I did not intend to do so; I do not blame you and never have. I considered myself bound to take that course; now that I am free to tell the truth, I should like you, for more than one reason, to know that truth. Forgive me if I am forced to pain you."

And in talking of pain to her he had to pause to crush back his own. It had been one thing to speak of his deep disgrace to Maura—it was bitter beyond what he had dreamt to speak of it to her mother. He took up the tale again in brief sentences.

"Your friend, Morton Everest, was my brother. His death releases me from the obligation of silence—"

"Your brother, Dr. Vernon! No one knew you had one at all!" exclaimed Mrs. Harewood.

"No one but myself and my old nurse. Spare me details; and I cannot say more than I am forced to do against him now. But I never took your jewels—I simply shielded him—whom you would not have spared—me you might—"

"But, Dr. Vernon, do I understand you aright?" said Mrs. Harewood, with an earnestness of look and tone rare in her. "Mr. Everest I valued as a friend, whose death grieved me very much—nay, I had hoped he would have stood to me in a nearer position than that of a friend; and now I am told that he was in fact living under an assumed name, an assumed character—that he had done that of which I have suspected you for years—it is too dreadful!"

"I know it; still it is true," answered Vernon. "I have told the same thing to Dr. Haughton, and both he and your daughter heard it from my brother himself. Right or wrong, I bore the stigma while he lived; but no vow or promise can or should bind me now he is beyond man's hand. The shame must still rest on our name—his and mine; but it need never go beyond those who know it already. You have been wronged, and I would make reparation if it were possible. As it is, I can only ask you to pardon the wrong."

Mrs. Harewood was frivolous, but she had a warm heart; she rose suddenly and came to him, holding out both her hands.

"Dr. Vernon, will you, can you forgive me? It was my fault from the very beginning—I remember too well how reluctant you were to receive the charge," she said, with eyes and voice full of tears. "I am so deeply grieved for you. I hate myself for all I have done—if I had only listened to Maura."

Vernon took her hands in his firm clasp; she touched him more than he had thought she could.

"You must not indeed blame yourself; you only believed what any one must, judging from my conduct. I meant you to believe it—why should you have had faith in me? What did you know of me? I ought to ask your forgiveness, rather than you mine."

"Oh, no, no! But I am so glad you have come, so glad it is cleared up! And Maura always said it was impossible you could have done it," half-sobbed Mrs. Harewood. "I am so thankful I listened to her."

"Listened to her—when?" he said, dropping her hands quickly.

She remembered then she had said too much; could not tell him of the pleading that had roused in her the idea she had never banished. He saw her hesitation and understood it.

"You would guard Maura," he said: "but I have learned from her herself the very thing you are trying to keep from me. You—her mother—shrink from betraying how she interceded for me. She did, did she not?"

"It was because she interceded for you that I let the matter drop, because I thought——"

"Only the truth," he said softly, smiling a little. "You know now why I came to you as soon as I was free—why I would rather you believed me than the whole world."

"For Maura's sake more than for mine?" said Mrs. Harewood, with a quick change to her arch manner. "I always told her she had lost her heart somehow. So you two have settled it, and I am to ratify the treaty. I have not the least objection, only——"

"May I anticipate you? I would not have asked this gift if I had not been sure of a home for Maura, something approaching to what she would leave. I am only the house-surgeon at St. Agatha's, you would say; but Dr. Haughton has asked me to enter into partnership with him; he would have done so earlier had not some rumors about me held him back. His practice is one of the first in London; so I am not coming to you without hope of name and fortune."

"I hope you will have both in large measure," said Mrs. Harewood, cordially. "Does Maura know this?"

"I only knew it myself three days ago; but I have told her."

"Well, you had better go to her now. Settle what you like and let me know. Don't thank me; I owe you some reparation, and I think I am giving it in the most acceptable form. You'll find Maura in her sanctum—the right-hand door just up the next stairway."

In spite of the prohibition Vernon did thank her. He had a kindlier feeling towards her than he had ever had before, even though she was Maura's mother. She had shown herself more womanly, less frivolous, than he thought it was in her to be. But she and past, present and future, went out of his head when he stood without the door of Maura's sanctum; strong man though he was, his touch on the lock was not quite steady. It was not until he had held his darling in his arms for many minutes that he remembered anything but her, as if the whole world had gone by them and left but these two out of its countless millions.

"Mother sent you," said the girl at least. "I knew how it had been the moment I heard your step outside. I am so happy!"

"It is time you were, and time I made you so, my darling. Ah, Maura, I have often thought you have a great deal to forgive in me!"

"Why? Do you know I think you are inclined to be morbid, and that speech is a sign of it? What have I to forgive?"

"I ought to have been altogether silent, or, revealing so much, have revealed all. As it was, you were tried more than need have been, and I—well, I was a coward."

"But, if I had known all," returned the girl, quite grave now, "what difference would it have made? The truth could not have increased my belief in you—that was as full as it could be. And I have always been glad I knew you loved me—I felt as if I had a right to my faith in you. Why were you a coward? I should not have ventured to call you that."

"I was afraid of your knowing the truth, and yet I did not know what else to do. I had not the means, even if I could have found him, to get Morton away; and then that would not have been so safe. And, besides, I could not bear you to know of the disgrace. I thought I would go away and keep the secret close, as before. You were almost a child, I tried to argue all these years, and tried, too, to hope you would forget me."

"Oh, Clive!"

"Hush, dearest! I said 'tried' to hope; I never succeeded; you mustn't look reproachful. Then, when I saw you again and the light in your face, I knew how it had been. I had but the one refuge—o treat you as I did. I don't know how I managed; you must have doubted me."

"It did hurt me at first. I thought perhaps you cared for me no longer, but afterwards I knew why you had acted so, and I had no more fear. Ah, why did you keep me so far from you? I could have helped you so much!"

"It was a mistake," answered Vernon, sadly; "you must forgive that. I was punished enough for it, for I was always in a torture of doubt. I can see so many mistakes that I have made; perhaps the fault was not all Morton's."

"But, Clive, you are not going to blame yourself for his life, surely?"

"No, except in so far that unwittingly I fostered some of his faults. You see I was so young when we were left, I did not know how to hold the reins—it was always too loosely, because I was afraid of drawing them too tightly. Since I have been older, I have seen I ought to have done differently. I tried too much to win, not enough to control; because control would have made me rebel, and I thought he was the same."

"Judging him too much by yourself," said the girl. "Love would lead you, but you did not know how little he cared for you. If you were mistaken, what more natural? And—forgive me Clive, but I must say it—most men would have been won by your devotion to them, not have taken advantage of it."

"It was not all for him, Maura, and he knew it—it was more for my mother's sake than his, and I supposed that lessened any obligation. But now," he added in a lighter tone, "I shall be less likely to make any such mistakes with you beside me."

Maura looked at him with a wicked smile.

"Poor women!" she said demurely. "They are good for something then?"

"For a very great deal when they are good and do exactly what they are wanted to do; but I am afraid you will be a handful—you always were independent."

"Wasn't I obedient? Don't I do everything you tell me? And, oh, that reminds me——"

"Reminds you of what?" asked Vernon, it seemed only for the pleasure of having those pretty fingers playing a little longer with the ring on his hand, for he knew quite well what she meant.

"St. Agatha's," she replied. "I needn't give it up."

She did not look just then as if she would be much of a handful with those beseeching eyes. He bent down to kiss the uplifted face and put back the curly hair.

"Suppose I make a bargain?" he said, half mischievously; "and, if you promise not to keep me waiting very long, I'll promise to let you do as you like."

"But I should do that anyhow," returned Miss Independent, saucily.

"Oh, Maura, that is so like a woman! Well, I must play the man's part and give in—throw myself on your mercy. In truth I am not going to give up St. Agatha myself—that is partly why Dr. Haughton wants me to take his work there; and I am very sure I should like you to work with me as usual."

"I'll give the promise," she said, "if mother doesn't mind;" and there was nothing but the slight color and downcast eye to show that she felt any difficulty in saying that.

Mrs. Harewood had no objections to offer; the only thing that disappointed her was that the marriage must be very quiet. It was too bad, she said to Maura, since she could not have much fuss at her own wedding. But she was so delighted to have anything to do with a wedding in any shape that she did not long brood over that one disappointment.

And so she parted with her pretty daughter very willingly; was she not going into hands as strong as loving?

"There, you ambitious little mortal, I hope you are satisfied now;" and Maura uttered a quick cry of delight as her husband threw a pile of papers into her lap and himself upon the tiger-skin at her feet.

"Reviews of your book," she said, turning over the crisp pages eagerly. "Are they good? If you look so provokingly and won't tell me, I'll read them all and not attend to you in the least; and I'm fully aware you're longing to tell me how you've got on about this lectureship."

"You do twist one round those white fingers of yours, and I am sure no one would imagine it to look at you," answered Vernon, laying his head back comfortably against her velvet robe; "but I rather think I like it on the whole. Well, then, all the reviews are good, and I've got the lectureship. Now I've been so good, it has quite tired me, and this is the best resting-place I could have."

"So it is, and you are the dearest fellow born," said the girl, caressing the head at her knee.

"I should have written that book long ago, only I was shackled, afraid to let my name come forward too prominently; and, when I dared write it, you know how you helped me; the worst of it is you can't get your share of the praise, and it's you who are so ambitious, not I in the least," lazily shutting his eyes. "You ought to make a great deal of me for getting all those notices and the lectureship for you. You'll have to help me with putting some knowledge into those harum-scarum students. I am sure you'll be an M. D. some day, and there'll be rival plates on the door."

"And you'll go to sleep," said Maura, laughing merrily. "Well, if you'll tell me how to make more of you than I do, I'll try my best."

At that the gray eyes were opened and looked up into the hazel ones.

"I can't," murmured Vernon. "I should be spoiled if you weren't too wise."

And, being rewarded for that speech with a very soft kiss on his forehead, it was no wonder he was content to remain where he was, while Maura with one hand stroked gently the head lying against her robe, and with the other turned every now and then the pages of the medical papers as she read them in the glowing firelight.

THE END.

WAR CLOUDS.

Various Views Regarding the Effect Upon Our Commerce of Threatened Wars.

"In the first place, I don't believe a word of these rumors," replied a prominent merchant, engaged in the South American trade, when asked what would be the effect upon American commerce of a war between Brazil and the Argentine Confederation. "We have correspondents in Brazilian ports who would certainly know if any danger existed, and I am confident they would cable any news of that nature to us immediately for our guidance in consigning goods. We have received no such advices. Should there be a war, however, the effect upon commerce would of course depend entirely upon the method in which hostilities might be conducted. The dispute, I understand, is over the boundary line and involves a strip of country in the interior, and I should suppose the fighting would be done mainly by land forces, which would not affect our trade with the seaports. This country imports sugar, hides, coffee and rubber in large quantities from Brazil, and exports in return flour, petroleum, agricultural implements and lumber. This trade is large and important, and any interference with it would be a serious matter; but, as I have said before, it would depend upon the methods of warfare employed. Blockading or bombarding the seaports and shutting out foreign ships would have an effect, but I don't anticipate anything of the kind. One of our firm was recently in Brazil, and although he heard of this boundary question he found no feeling in the matter among the people, and saw nothing to indicate that either country intended to resort to arms to settle the dispute. There are yet other reasons why war is improbable. These South American countries are largely controlled financially by English and German influences, and it strikes me that European interests would prevent anything likely to affect commerce. If Brazil and the Confederation want to have

A Scuffle in the Back Districts

and let the ports alone, I don't suppose anybody will hold them."

From various sources similar expressions of opinion were obtained, and one merchant quietly suggested that holders of South American produce would not strenuously object just at this time to a little "war scare" merely in the way of business. Some idea of the extent of our trade with the two possible belligerents may be obtained from the figures relating to the simple product of hides. During the year ending September 30, 1882, the imports of hides from Bueuos Ayres amounted to 455,371, and from the Brazilian port of Rio Grande about 300,000 hides. At this season of the year, shipments of wool from the same ports are also heavy. Sugar is imported from Bahia, Pernambuco and Maceio, and the two latter ports are so far north as to be safe from any interference in case of war. Coffee comes from Rio to New York, but no small portion of this trade is with England, and it is extremely unlikely that John Bull will let any one-horse nation shut him out from a port where he finds profit. Exports from Boston to Brazil consist of lumber and about four cargoes of ice annually.

In the event of naval warfare, the only Brazilian port which a man-of-war could injure is Rio Janeiro. The bar at Rio Grande prevents the entrance to that port of vessels drawing over 10 feet, and the Argentine iron-clad could not get within ten miles ot the town. Buenos Ayres is protected from war ships by sixteen miles of shoal, and even the royal mail steamers cannot get within eleven miles of the city. Blockades are, therefore,

Practically Out of the Question,

and more particularly because of the small number of war vessels owned by either of the nations engaged in the boundary squabble. It is the opinion of merchants and others interested in South American affairs that whatever differences still exist between Brazil and the Argentine Confederation, if confined to the boundary question, as seems to be the case, will be settled without warfare. The question has been unsettled for some years, and during the Hayes administration this government acted as arbitrator upon certain disputed points, which leads many to believe that some compromise may yet be effected, especially as no bitterness of feeling has heretofore been manifested on either side.

Having started out with warlike matters in his mind, and having settled the South American question to his own satisfaction, if not to the satisfaction of Dom Pedro and the other fellow, THE GLOBE peace commissioner made inquiries about town concerning the American trade with Russia and Austria, and how it might be affected by a scrimmage between those obstreperous powers. Like the famous chapter on "Snakes in Ireland," the information regarding American trade with Russia may be condensed into this form: There isn't any. This preliminary having been settled, the battle between Russia and Austria may now begin.

"The Vacuum Gun of '82."

The general superintendent of the life-saving service is continually in receipt of new schemes, patents and devices from all parts of the country, and from all classes of persons, who urge the adoption of their often crank views and machines for the rescue of mariners from wrecked vessels. The latest device comes from an Englishman named Fox, who is now a resident of Ohio. It consists of a catapult, similar to those used in circuses for throwing acrobats into the air, and is called by its inventor, "The Vacuum Gun of '82." The projectile to be fired out of the gun to the stranded or sinking vessel consists of a relief boat, folded umbrella like, which contains a human being, one of the life-saving crew. This man goes in the canoe, closes all the apertures, and surrounds himself by rubber air-bags. He is not to be fired in a sitting position, but is supposed to lie flat, with his feet to the stern. The idea is for the man when the canoe-projectile reaches the water to raise himself up and scatter life-preservers and air-bags to the drowning persons.

Consumption.

No longer in the list of "incurable diseases." Send to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, No. 1109 Girard street, Philadelphia, for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and learn all about the wonderful cures which are being made in this dread disease.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases. $1.

A HASTY PROMISE;

OR,

A REJECTED LOVER.

CHAPTER I.

"I LOVE YOU."

"You promise to marry me, Belle?"

Belle Maren laughed softly, and drew her hand from Miles Carne's firm clasp.

"What need to trouble about my promise? Has not my father promised for me?"

The handsome face on which the teasing blue eyes rested grew sombre. Mr. Carne bit his lip in grievous disappointment. Pretty Belle smiled a little scornfully. She liked Miles well; but, as for loving him, ah, no! She was heart-whole; no man had won her roving fancy. She tossed her brown curls defiantly, plucked a handful of geraniums and scattered them. Mr. Carne looked at her irresolutely. What a dainty comely girl she was! Dearly would he have liked to take her in his embrace; dearly would he have liked to kiss the peach-like cheeks and coral lips; but he dared not.

"But, Belle, your father's word will not satisfy me. I love you—you do not love me!"

The face sobered. The man's intense tone startled her from her heedless mood. Glancing at him she realized his pain, seeing the impress of it on his brow. With a touch of remorse she slipped her hand within his arm.

"Miles, please, don't look at me so bearishly. You know I am fond of you; you have always been very kind to me. Indeed I would love you if I could; but I can't. I have tried, and the more I try the less I seem likely to succeed."

"Yes; we had better say good-by."

"No, no, no! I am going to marry you. I thought all that was settled long since."

"You are very obliging; but I would rather not marry a woman who tells me to my face she cannot love me."

"Miles!" Belle stamped her foot angrily. "I care for you as much as it is in my nature to care for any one, as much as I do for Gilbert. It is not my fault that I lack your warmth. You are very cruel to talk of leaving me. If you do not marry me, I shall run away and hide myself. I shall do something horrible."

She burst into a sudden tempest of tears. Miles was alarmed, for Belle was not given to tears. What could her grief mean! After all, was it not just possible she misunderstood herself—that her word "liking" might be translated "love"? Persuasively he soothed her, and she dried her eyes.

"Miles, you should not take all I say seriously. I wonder what my father would have thought had he heard you declare so tragically there should be no engagement between us; nay, I wonder what he would do if you refused to marry me! Lock me up and feed me on prison fare, I suppose, for of course he would blame me."

She pouted disdainfully. Miles sighed dolorously. Belle's fluent tongue ran on.

"You are a very good-looking man; there is no need to blush—you know it. I dare say you are secretly proud of your inches and your comely face. I dare say I should have been proud, too, had not everybody chanted your perfections in my ears for the last eighteen years. Oh, Miles, why will some folk meddle with other folk's futures?"

Why, indeed? Mr. Carne was seized with a bright inspiration. He flung his arm about Belle's waist; she did not resent his action, but played with her flowers demurely.

"Then I am to look upon you as my wife that is to be?"

The faintest color dyed her neck; she nodded vigorously, and he scanned her anxiously.

"Belle," he cried, vehemently, "I will make you love me as I love you—I declare it! Yet, if ever the day should come when you rue the promise you have given me, you will tell me?"

She was silent; and he took a ring from his pocket and slipped it on her finger.

"Send me this when you can no longer honestly say 'I have given no man the love I have not given you.'"

"I will."

She raised her eyes; her face was quivering, his emotion had shaken her. With an impulsive sob she clung to him.

"Miles, I care for you very, very much. Can it be"—shyly—"I love you?"

He was but mortal. Was it marvellous that he threw his arms about her and told her she did—that he poured into her ear a flattering tale of his passion for her, of her beauty, her fairness? She was willing to believe all he told her was true; and Miles Carne was happy. For the hour he forgot his apprehensions and fears, forgot everything save that this joyous girl was to be his. Her blithe voice, her cherry chit-chat scattered his gloomy doubts. She was a wild wayward maiden, she did not comprehend herself. He must have been a fool to allow her words to frighten him! What did she know of love—she who had no male friends save her father, her half-brother, and himself? Her life had been as secluded as a nun's; her only ideas of romance or love had been gleaned from the few old-world stories she had read.

He shook himself free from his vague alarms and entered into the spirit of the moment, giving gay jest for gay jest, smile for smile, word for word. They wandered down the long avenue of chestnut trees, Belle sometimes loitering behind, sometimes hurrying before. When they reached the road, she turned to him.

"Miles," she cried, a plaintive cadence in the usually bright voice, "will you always regard me as you do now? Will you always be tender and protecting?"

His eyes were dim, hers drooped.

"Ay, Belle, the Carnes have ever been gentle to women; when I forget you are mine—to cherish and to love—may heaven forget me!"

She drew a deep breath.

"Thank you!" she murmured softly. And then, not recking how she might move him, she laid her lips on his hand and kissed him.

Maren was a structure quaint and pleasing in exterior, possessing magnificent rooms, long corridors, wide staircases, curiously-carved doors. It had belonged to the Marens for generations, passing from father to son with unbroken regularity. The present owner, Archibald Maren, had no son to whom to bequeath it. Belle, his daughter, was his only child. She was his heiress on one condition, which was that she married Miles Carne.

Estate, house, lands were unencumbered; he could do with them as he chose; and he declared that, unless his daughter married according to his desire, they should never be hers. Her birth had been the great disappointment of his life; he had longed for a son, and when he had found this was to be denied him, he was unable to look on Belle with favor. A cold, morose man was he, and he treated his child from her infancy with an indifference closely akin to dislike. Had she been less brave in spirit, he had cowed her completely; as it was, from her childhood she was estranged from him.

Her mother had died broken-hearted when she was 9 years old. Three years later Archibald married a widow, with one son, about Belle's age. Upon this boy Belle lavished all her affection. He was lame and had delicate health. She tended him with the kindliest love, treating him as though he were a sickly sister. To her stepmother she was not demonstrative, but her genuine liking soon became a solace in Mrs. Maren's dreary existence.

Archibald had hoped children might be born to him; but as the years rolled away and the hope decayed, he grew to regard her with aversion. In this unhappy household, tyrannically ruled, there had been no gleam of joy but for Belle. She was the light and gladness of Maren, and cheered both Mrs. Maren and Gilbert Yorke with her light-heartedness. She dreamed delightedly of one day taking Gilbert from Maren. Miles Carne had promised his home should be with them, and if his promise had been given to reconcile her to the thought of wedding him he had shown wisdom. But that she could refuse to obey her father's command to consider Mr. Carne as her future husband never occurred to her.

Archibald's will was supreme; none had hitherto dared to oppose it. She would marry Mr. Carne; but that she would love him with the love of a loyal wife was another matter. Belle had read to some purpose the volumes of poetry and fiction in the library; she knew what emotions came in the train of true love, and was well aware that she felt none of them. Cordially she esteemed Mr. Carne; she would do her best to be a good wife to him; but foolish Belle had not thought what an impediment in his sight her want of love might prove. Incautiously she had avowed her real sentiment; and he, in his ardor, had shown her what power she had over him. He loved her.

The most pleasant walk must come to an end. Half an hour after Belle had saluted her lover she and Miles strolled homewards. Entering the house, stepping into the hall, they met Archibald. He looked at them grimly. Belle, flushed with the fresh air, was radiant. Miles glanced at her proudly; had he not won a very queen of beauty?

"Archibald," he said, "I have asked Belle to be my wife, and she has consented."

"Ay, that is well!"

He was passing on, but Belle ran to him with delaying hands.

"Father, won't you wish me happiness?" she cried, in her clear ringing voice.

He paused. She was indeed truly lovely! The bud-like mouth, the finely-chiseled nose, the bewitching almond-shaped eyes, fringed with silken lashes, the superb poise of the head, the sloping shoulders and slender form made a captivating picture. Miles could have knelt at her feet as she stood there in her glorious beauty; but Archibald only answered carelessly—

"Wish you happiness, indeed! Ah, you will be happy, since you obey me! Miles will make you a good husband."

So saying, he passed on.

Belle's bosom heaved ominously; then she laughed, but her laugh had a jarring sound.

"You hear? Miles, do you wonder love is an unknown quality to me? For very lack of instruction I am a heathen."

CHAPTER II.

INTERRUPTED LOVE.

"Mamma, Mrs. Lemecier has invited me to stay with her a while. May I?"

Mrs. Maren looked up from her crewel work with a nervous start. Belle was in the doorway, an open letter in her hand. With a springing step she advanced, and, putting her arm about Mrs. Maren's neck, raised the pale faded face.

"Why do you stay in here? I have been talking to old Stephens; he says we are likely to have some splendid weather."

Mrs. Maren smiled faintly. Fine or wet weather, sunny days or dull, it was all one to her. She wondered how it was the girl's elasticity was not affected by the dulness which hung like a baleful miasma over Maren.

"Mrs. Lemecier wants you to stay with her?"

"Yes. May I?"

"Belle, my dear, why do you ask me? It is to your father you must take your request."

"There is no reason why he should refuse."

Mrs. Maren thought a moment.

"No. Mrs. Lemecier is your godmother; she has a right to your society, and there is no danger of your meeting many people at her house. Whitelea is almost as quiet as Maren."

"And if it were not? Oh, mamma, is it not provoking that I am not permitted to have a taste of real gaiety? Just fancy! I am 19; I have never been to a ball; a children's party has been my wildest dissipation! I think my father is crazed to keep us so secluded. You should rebel. He has his horses, his shooting, a run to town whenever he likes; we have nothing! It is not right!"

"Belle,"—Mrs. Madren shivered—"do not talk so! Your father knows best."

"Does he? I doubt it. Only wait until I am married and I will do as I please then. Miles will do all I wish."

"He will spoil you."

The girl laughed.

"Will he? No; he loves me, and love does not spoil one. But for you and Gilbert, I might have been spoilt for the want of it. I will run and tell Grace I am going to Mrs. Lemecier's."

"You had better speak to Archibald."

"By-and-by."

She disappeared, and Mrs. Maren resumed her work, drawing her shawl closer, for she was chilly. How still the house was! Not even the ripple of Belle's tongue disturbed the silence. She sighed absently. Would Maren be bearable without Belle? And yet she could not but rejoice that she was to escape from this bondage and thraldom to reign as Miles Carne's wife. He loved her fondly; he would care for her as it was fitting she should be cared for. Bonnie Belle, to know her was indeed to love her!

The door suddenly opened, and Archibald came in. He strode into the middle of the room, his face dark, his manner brusque. Mrs. Maren's fingers were unsteady.

"You have been writing to Ruth Lemecier," he began, "complaining of weariness, solitude."

Her ladyship was surprised.

"I have been writing to Ruth Lemecier!" she repeated, aghast.

"No need to repeat my words like a parrot. I will not brook interference. If I choose that Belle shall be without friends outside her home, she shall be. Who is Mrs. Lemecier that she shall dictate to me concerning my daughter? I had thought you knew me well enough to be aware I would follow my own way."

Mrs. Maren plucked up courage.

"I have not written a line to Mrs. Lemecier for months. Belle had a letter from her this morning, inviting her to Whitelea; but I did not sue for the invitation by lamenting our *ennui*."

"Oh"—sneeringly—"Belle can send a refusal! I am able to provide her with amusements, even though Ruth doubts it; she shall not tax her godmother."

"But, Archibald——"

He faced round.

"Well?"

"Belle requires a change. Whitelea is not a very gay house. She counts on going, and she will be disappointed——"

"Surely you mistake. If I were willing she would not wish to leave her lover. Would you have her quit Maren while Miles is a visitor? No, no; I understand Mrs. Lemecier; she has never favored my arrangement that Miles and Belle should marry. With the girl once under her control she would fill her head with nonsense, and, possibly, on her return, she would tell us she could not marry Carne. She will marry him; but I want no trouble with her, and now she is docile and pliant."

He turned on his heel and left the apartment. Mrs. Maren was dismayed. Belle would be grieved. Poor child, it was hard this simple pleasure should be denied her. But since Archibald had put his veto on the visit, it was best to dismiss all idea of it. With lagging feet, she ascended the stairs. Belle was talking to her maid, discussing her wardrobe. She came to Mrs. Maren eagerly.

"Mamma, is it likely I shall stay more than three nights?"

Mrs. Maren hesitated; then said bluntly—

"You are not to go."

"Not to go?"

"Your father will not hear of it. Belle, Belle!"

Belle's face was mutinous. She clenched her hands angrily.

"I will go! Why should I not? It is simply to aggravate me that he refuses me. I hate him!"

"Be quiet, Belle! Surely you are mad, child!"—the tears rushing to her eyes. "Do not contend against him."

Belle stamped her foot passionately.

"Mamma, mamma, it is shameful! Is it not always so? Any little gratification that we might obtain he snatches from us! The time will come when he will be sorry he has so persistently tried to make me loathe him. It is not merely because I am disappointed that I feel it so; it is the meanness, the petty spite I abhor."

She hurried off, and Mrs. Maren dropped into a chair, quite overcome.

"Belle! Hallo!"

Belle, lying hidden in the hay, jumped up guiltily; her face was red and wet. Miles threw himself down beside her.

"What is it?" he inquired, with genuine concern. "You have been fretting."

She moved from him ungraciously, but he was not to be repulsed; he caught her.

"Tell me," he said, wistfully; "can I not help you?"

"No—impossible!"

Then in broken sentences she poured out her woe, and told of Archibald's cruelty in keeping her at Maren. Miles Carne looked at her curiously.

"Do you really want to go?" he asked, a strange intonation in his voice.

"Yes. Have I not told you I do? Think, Miles; I see the same people, hear the same conversation day after day. "O!"—stretching out her arms with infinite craving—"what would I not give for a thorough change? I am utterly sick of this place—sick of my father's irritable temper, of the dead level of everything."

Was it Belle speaking? Miles stared at her and then whispered rather confusedly—

"I am here. You are not sick of me?"

She did not reply, but played with the fragrant hay; then, a little conscience-pricked, she glanced at him. The brown eyes were fixed on the blue reproachfully.

"I am not sick of you; but you will be going soon."

"Tonight. My uncle is ill; I must make haste to Carne."

"Yes?"

"Are you sorry?"

Was she sorry? She was very miserable; tears ran down her cheeks. Miles held her.

"Oh, my darling, you cannot be so sorry as I am! What shall I do without you? I shall miss you every hour. If I could take you with me!"

"You would soon repent. I should be in your way. Women are bores."

"Belle!"

"It is true. My father is continually telling us we are nuisances, if necessaries."

"Your father!"—a hot word passed Mr. Carne's lips. "He does not deserve to have such a blessing as you, since he cannot appreciate you."

"Miles, will you ever recant?"

Belle laughed.

"Little doubter, never! Ah, if you could read my heart you would know that could not be!"

A brief silence; Belle's countenance was flushed. Miles gazed on it rapturously; the sweet shy mouth tempted him. If he could but steal a kiss from her! As though divining his wish she rose hastily, announcing—

"I have something to do for Gilbert."

Ere he could hinder her she had tripped off. He followed her quickly; but the spell was broken; she was her old self; he had lost his opportunity.

Later, as Belle was placing her reply to Mrs. Lemecier in the post-bag, her father saw her. He guessed what she was about and cried sharply—

"There is no need to send that. I have written to your godmother."

A vexed response was checked. Belle drew back her letter. However she might rebel against Archibald privately, she regarded him with too much awe to do so in his presence. With a chafed sense of humiliation, she endured his keen study of her face.

"Are you down-hearted because your desire to leave us is opposed?"

"No."

"I am glad to hear it; yet I fancy you will look less pensive if you change Maren for Whitelea. Ah!"—as an irrepressible gleam came into her face—"I see. Make haste and be off. Miles has persuaded me to consent. Don't thank me; thank him."

Whitelea was a pretty and commodious dwelling-place, unpretending in style, yet emphatically a home as well as a house. The drawing-room opened on to a velvety lawn; here, when the house was unbearable, the members of the household gathered. In the distance was the charming flower-garden, far away were the woods. Gazing at them with unseeing eyes was a lady of middle age, listening intently. A passing touch startled her.

"Reu!"

"My dear Ruth, you are positively awakening my curiosity. This god-daughter of yours must be a most fascinating maiden, or you would not watch for her so earnestly. Sit down, my dear, and tell me what she is like."

Mrs. Lemecier obeyed. Reuben Daintree took her post, the sun illuminating his dark face and black eyes. A rarely handsome man was Mr. Daintree. If his countenance in repose was unsatisfactory to the physiognomist, the admirer of beauty was enchanted with it when he smiled.

Mrs. Lemecier thought the tales of the heart-havoc he had wrought might have foundation as she looked at him and noted his figure, his frame, his face. A loving look from him caused her pulses to bound. No marvel those of younger women beat feverishly beneath his wiles. Many years her junior though he was—but 35 years of age—she submitted almost slavishly to him.

"Surely you do not think I can catalogue Belle Maren's charms! Imagine a girl of 19, altogether unspoiled by flattery, adulation, and incense, a girl as fresh as a spring morning, as untutored as the waves of the sea, as beautiful as the fairest of fair women."

"Ruth, your rhapsody is worthy of a lover, yet I am not tempted to declare myself Miss Maren's possible swain. 'As untutored as the waves of the sea.' May that not be interpreted 'an untaught school girl'? It is well to rave about the loveliness of innocence; but give me a woman who knows the first syllables of love, not one who is ignorant of its alphabet."

Mrs. Lemecier's teeth glittered whitely.

"I have no wish Miss Maren shall ensnare you. But she should know the A B C of the master-passion; she is the betrothed of Miles Carne."

"Ah! And she is the ingenuous *demoiselle* you have portrayed?"

"She is. I trust the child cares for Mr. Carne; but unquestionably she has been constrained to accept him. Long ago, while they were mere babes, Thomas Carne and Archibald settled the matter. Mr. Carne left Carne to his nephew, on condition that he sought Belle as his wife; and I believe Archibald has sworn to leave Maren away from his daughter if she refuses him."

"That she will not do if she is wise; gold and lands are not to be despised. Is Archibald as ill to please as he was of yore?"

"More so, if anything. He is utterly impracticable. I am really surprised he has granted Belle to me."

"Belle?"

"They call her so. Hark! Is not that the carriage?"

Mrs. Lemecier hurried forward to welcome her guest. Reuben Daintree heard the fervent response.

"A sweet voice," he muttered, and then his sister was introducing Belle.

His ideal Belle Maren vanished. He held a gloved hand, glanced into luminous dewy eyes, and cast from him the thought that her childlike youthfulness might be nauseating. The oval blooming face might lack the sangfroid of maturity; the graceful bearing might be tinged with timidity, but the lovely dowry of perfect line and feature more than made up for all minor defects. He pressed her fingers in his tightly, then dropped them with a low-breathed "Welcome to Whitelea!"

Ruth had not overpraised her. He wondered whether it would be possible to do so. She was lovely with a matchless loveliness, and she was untrained in sophistry and art. Could Miles Carne have read Reuben Daintree's heart, he had execrated his folly in letting his sweetheart out of his safe keeping.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A GAME THAT TWO CAN PLAY AT.

The Defendant in a Libel Suit, Being Confronted With a Ninth Century Statute, Demands the Right of Trial by Combat Under the Unrepealed Laws of Edward I.

Never in the judicial annals of this country, says a dispatch from Erie, Penn., to the New York Sun, has the Quarter Sessions furnished such exquisite humor as the term of court now holding. Among the indictments found by the grand jury were three for criminal libel, the defendants being John Boyer, editor of the Daily Leuchtthurm, and Messrs. Frank Weiss and Henry Herbst, editors of the Weekly Sonntagsgast, a humorous and illustrated weekly. The prosecutor is John Firch, a young member of the Young Men's Christian Association and of the Law and Order League. Firch had played the part of amateur detective in the League's campaign against the liquor dealers, and the funny paper published a cartoon representing an artistic gallows, with a strangled corpse attachment, bearing a strong resemblance to Firch. The deepest interest is manifested in the legal proceedings, the Young Men's Christian Association being arrayed on the one side and the entire German element on the other. The latter were dismayed at the opening of the sessions by the district attorney claiming an ancient right to "stand aside" any juror called until the box was filled with men acceptable to the Commonwealth, the standing aside being independent of the peremptory challenges, and allowable to the extent of standing aside the entire panel, practically enabling the Commonwealth to get a jury of its own selection. Such a practice was unknown in the Erie courts. The district attorney showed that the right existed in an unrepealed statute of King Edward I., enacted in the ninth century, and sustained as good law by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, because the statute has

Never Been Repealed

by Parliament or Legislature. The court had no alternative but to rule in favor of the district attorney, and, in consequence, no German or Irishman could get into the box on the liquor trials. This was a blue prospect for the editors, and naught but conviction stared them in the face. The saddest-looking man attending court is the editor of the funny paper, Frank Weiss. To look at him one would naturally suppose him to be an ascetic, his sombre expression being strongly suggestive of self-abnegation and funerals. But, withal, Weiss is the most comical person within the purview of the court. While sitting in court, with features of imperturbable gravity, he conceived the idea of turning the whole proceedings into ridicule, and converting tragedy into travesty. On the second morning after the judge had ruled in favor of the "stand aside" claim, Weiss convulsed everybody by coming into court with an armful of ancient legal literature, obtained by ransacking every law library in the city, and asserting a right under the ruling of the court, to establish his innocence by ordeal, or trial by combat. He contended that if unrepealed ancient procedure is good law his claim to demand the "wagere of battel" was as just and equitable as the "stand aside" privilege. Shrieks of laughter followed the sad-faced man's demand, irresistibly comical in itself, but the more exquisite from the fact that he is a little, attenuated, weak-chested, asthmatic body, weighing only ninety-eight pounds, while his adversary is a herculean Christian who tips the scale at 200 pounds, and before whom in a personal encounter the funny editor would melt away like the hoar frost under the morning sun. Weiss has carefully drawn up all his rights under unrepealed laws, and he proposes to make this judicial district sick of King Edward the First. These alleged rights are:

First—The "ordeal of fire." He claims that he can demand the establishment of his innocence by offering to plunge his arm into boiling oil,

Pick Up Red-Hot Iron,

or walk barefooted over nine red-hot ploughshares, and that if he sustain no hurt by the operation his innocence will be proved, and the costs belong to the prosecutor. But this test, after mature deliberation, he will waive. "All that remains," says Weiss, "is to demand the trial by combat, and may God defend the guiltless." He describes the procedure of this combat as follows, producing ancient authority in its support:

The judges and clergy are to assemble on a given day, and before them the accused person must fling down his glove and declare his intention to defend the same with his body. The prosecutor will then pick it up and announce his readiness to make good the appeal, body for body. Then both men will bring out their battle axes or javelins, and, kneeling before the judges, will make oath that the weapons have not been charmed by witchcraft, etc. This done, each is to grasp his axe in the right hand, and the left hand of the other in his left. The accused person to say: "Hear this, O man, who callest thyself John Firch by the name of baptism, that I, who call myself Frank Weiss by the name of baptism, did not libel you, so help me God and all the saints." To which the accuser will reply: "Hear me, O man, whom I hold by the hand, and who callest thyself Frank Weiss by the name of baptism, that I do hold thee perjured, and this I will prove with my body, so help me God and all the saints." At a signal from Judge Galbraith the men will come out of their corners and go for each other, and his cause shall be deemed just who succeeds in carving up the other before the going down of the sun.

The merriment caused by Weiss' claim can better be imagined than described. One stout juror came near having a fit of appoplexy, and another laughed himself into imbecility. During the roars of laughter Weiss stood without a smile on his face, a picture of solid, substantial misery. While conscious of the absurdity of his claims and the impossibility of substantiating them, Weiss made the appeal with a tragic earnestness that almost induced convulsions. The upshot is likely to be that the case will be laughed out of court.

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CHECKERS.

CHARLES F. BARKER....................EDITOR

BOSTON, November 28, 1882.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

Chess and checker players' headquarters, No. 15 Pemberton square.

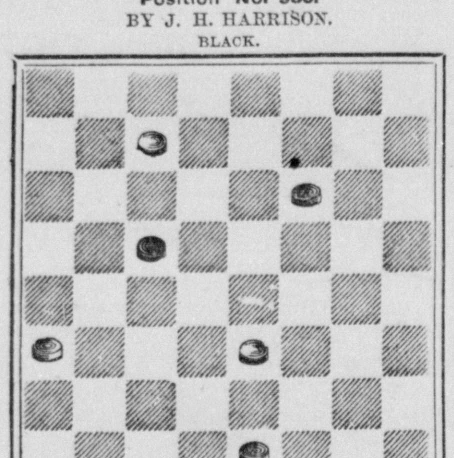
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Position No. 986.

BY J. H. HARRISON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and draw.

Game No. 1499—Glasgow.

Continuation of the match games for the championship of the world, and $200, between James Wyllie and Charles F. Barker. Twenty-third game—Wyllie's move.

11..15	4..8	8..11	19..24	2..6
23..19	29..25	22..18	3..8	8..3
8..11	19..24	1..5	24..27	6..9
22..17	17..14	18..9	26..23	3..7
11..16	9..18	5..14	18..22	9..13
24..20	22..15	31..26	8..11	19..16
16..23	10..19	11..15	22..26	14..18
27..11	32..28	19..16	20..16	21..17
7..16	5..9	12..19	26..30	18..23
20..11	25..22	23..16	16..12	16..12
3..7	9..14	14..18	27..31	22..26
28..24	26..23	16..11	11..15	17..14
7..16	19..26	15..19	30..26	13..17
24..20	28..19	11..8	23..19	Drawn.
16..19	6..10	10..14	26..22	
25..22	30..23	8..3	12..8	

Game No. 1500—Glasgow.

Twenty-eighth game—Barker's move.

11..15	29..25	10..17	21..17	31..27
22..17	4..8	25..21	19..23	20..16
8..11	22..18	19..23	17..14	27..23
23..19	14..23	26..19	26..22	16..12
9..14	17..14	17..22	14..10	23..18
25..22	10..17	19..15	22..17	7..11
11..16	21..14	22..26	12..16	22..26
24..20	2..7	18..14	18..22	10..7
16..23	31..27	26..31	16..11	9..6
27..11	6..10	15..10	17..14	7..3
7..16	27..18	5..9	11..7	6..10
20..11	10..17	10..3	14..9	11..7
3..7	25..21	9..18	32..28	18..14
28..24	1..6	20..16	23..27	12..8
7..16	21..14	12..19	28..24	26..31
24..20	6..10	3..12	27..31	Drawn.
16..19	30..25	31..26	24..20	

Game No. 1501—Suter.

Twenty-ninth game—Wyllie's move.

11..15	11..15	14..23	15..18	18..23
23..19	27..24	31..26	14..9	8..4
8..11	14..17	5..14	18..23	23..18
22..17	21..14	26..10	24..19	2..6
9..14	9..18	14..18	23..27	18..22
25..22	26..23	22..15	9..6	4..8
6..9	18..27	11..18	27..31	22..18
17..13	32..23	25..22	6..2	6..2
2..6	10..14	18..25	31..27	18..22
29..25	19..10	30..21	19..15	8..11
4..8	6..15	8..11	27..23	22..18
24..20	13..9	21..17	15..11	11..8
15..24	7..11	11..15	23..18	Drawn.
28..19	23..18	17..14	11..8	

Game No. 1502—Ayrshire Lassie.

BY THEO. W. KIMLEY, GREENFORD, O.

11..15	7..23	18..27	15..31	6..10
24..20	26..19	32..23	20..4	29..25
8..11	8..11	1..5-A	12..16	26..22
28..24	30..26	1-31..27-2	23..18	18..15
3..8	5..9	9..14	14..23	22..29
23..19	17..13	22..17	22..18	15..6
9..14	14..18	5..9	31..26	2..9
22..17	26..22	25..22	17..14	13..6
11..16	4..8	11..16	10..17	Drawn.
20..11	27..23	24..20	21..5	
		(Var. 1.)		
22..18	18..9	11..15	22..15	2..27
15..22	5..14	26..22	14..17	19..15
25..18	31..26-3	15..18	21..7	27..31
9..14				B. wins.
		(Var. 2.)		
22..17	15..31	4..8	19..23	25..22
2..7	20..4	11..15	11..18	10..15
31..27	31..27	19..16	27..32	B. wins.
11..16	23..19	12..19	18..27	
24..20	7..11	8..11	32..23	
		(Var. 3.)		
29..25	13..6	24..20	18..9	22..18
11..15	2..9	15..24	27..31	8..11
25..22	31..26	22..18	26..22	B. wins.
6..9	9..13	24..27	31..27	
		(Var. 4.)		
20..2	26..23	21..14	23..26	7..16
31..26	17..14	8..11	2..7	12..19
23..18	10..17	25..21	26..23	B. wins.
		(Var. 5.)		
23..18	21..14	25..21	3..7	11..15
27..23	12..16	20..24	11..16	24..27
17..14	4..8	8..3	7..11	B. wins.
10..17	16..20	7..11	16..20	
		(Var. A.)		
9..14	15..22	1..5	5..14	31..26
22..18	25..9	24..20-B		Drawn.

—[J. H. Ferguson, in Cincinnati Commercial.

(Var. B.)

31..26	11..15	29..25	25..22	22..15
5..14	22..17	7..11	15..18	11..27
26..22-C	2..7			B. wins.

—[J. H. Ferguson.

C—In Glasgow Herald left as drawn.

Game No. 1503—Single Corner.

Played at the New England chess and checker rooms between Mr. John Busby and Mr. James Wyllie—Busby's move.

11..15	21..14	3..7	21..14	26..30
22..18	4..8	31..27	1..6	27..24
15..22	26..23	6..10	18..15	20..27
25..18	16..20	25..21	6..9	32..23
8..11	23..18	10..17	15..10	30..26
29..25	8..11	21..14	9..18	23..19
11..16	24..19	2..6	10..3	26..23
18..14	11..15	30..25	18..22	19..15
9..18	18..11	6..10	3..7	5..9
23..14	7..23	25..21	22..26	Drawn.
10..17	27..18	10..17	7..10	

Solution of Position No. 984.

END GAME BY ISAIAH BARKER.

22..18	20..27	24..19	13..17	7..3
13..22	31..24	9..13	10..7	22..25
28..24-1	7..11	14..10	17..21	3..7
				W. wins.
		(Var. 1.)		
31..27	14..10	10..7	27..18	7..10
7..11	9..14	14..18	20..27	19..23
28..24	18..9	7..3	3..7	Drawn.
11..16	5..14	18..23	16..19	

Solution of Position No. 985.

END GAME BY J. H. HARRISON.

24..20	29..25	18..15	20..16	12..8
32..23	17..22	17..14	30..26	23..19
30..26	25..18	15..11	16..12	8..3
23..30	21..17	14..10	26..23	Drawn.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. H——r, Cincinnati, O.—Letter at hand; thanks for good opinion. Have done as you requested.

Dr. S. C. B——t, Washington, D. C.—Games will appear in our next; thanks.

H. Z. W——t, Boston, Mass.—Many thanks for games and scores.

Theo. W. K——y, Greenford, O.—Excuse delay; our space is limited; thanks for games.

L. M. S——n, Derry Depot, N. H.—Games at hand, and will receive attention in due time; thanks.

Charles H——r, Chicago, Ill.—Had several more of the same kind if W—— played all the openings.

C. A. M——r, Windsor Mills, Que.—Very neat; will receive prompt attention; thanks.

I. D. J. S——t, New York City—Games forwarded; will write you soon.

Percy M. B——t, Omro, Wis.—You are right in your ideas. Your contributions will appear soon. Will be pleased to hear from you at any time.

Checker News.

The Cincinnati Commercial makes the following comment on the Wyllie-Barker match: The match between Barker and Wyllie is finished: Score: Wyllie, 1; Barker, 1; drawn, 48. This result was quite unexpected. It is only three weeks since Mr. Wyllie left for Boston, the acknowledged champion of the world, supposed by his friends to have no equal among the active players of the present day. He leaves Boston, and, while not actually defeated across the board, he or his friends can claim the championship no longer, as nobody will concede him to be the best player living. Charles F. Barker has proven himself his equal, and it will not be many months before Mr. Barker will be the superior player. Barker is young and gaining in strength. Wyllie, on the contrary, is an old man going down the shady side of life. The laws of nature are inexorable; age always succumbs to youth. Mr. Barker is to be congratulated on the splendid record he made in this match. He has proved himself well posted on the openings of the games, and played his endings like a veteran, with care and judgment. He certainly has the best of the fight. There is no active player living today able to make such a score with Mr. Wyllie, who went to Boston expecting to have an easy victory, but his expectations must have been sadly disappointed, as one of the best-known players of the United States, and an old friend and admirer of Wyllie, who attended the match, writes to the Commercial on the 4th inst.: "The old man is afraid of the boy." Wyllie, the old veteran, the winner of many a hard-fought battle, trembling—afraid of a youth one-third of his age; but well may Mr. Wyllie be afraid—that boy will beat him yet.

Mr. Wyllie has been playing recently at Peabody, Mass. While there Mr. G. H. Powell, checker editor of the Yankee Blade, and Mr. H. Z. Wright of this city played with Mr. Wyllie and made the following scores:

Wyllie........3	Powell........0	Drawn........3
Wyllie........0	Wright........0	Drawn........3

Next week we shall be able to give Mr. Wyllie's full score in Peabody.

THE GRIST MILL.

EDITED BY "COMUS."

Send all communications for this department to W. H. Todd, 26 Lincoln street, East Somerville, Mass. Contributions and solutions solicited from all.

Solutions to the Grist Mill—No. 44.

No. 1095.
CARMARTHEN.

No. 1096.
C
DOR
MUSES
DEVILET
SATANICAL
NONELECTRIC

No. 1097.
Q
PUE
SEALS
PEDDLER
QUADRIGAS
ELLIJAY
SEGAR
RAY
S

No. 1098.
FREEDOM.

No. 1099.
RODENT
FAVORS
METALS
REPAND
SETOUT
SEDGED

No. 1100.
POLISH
OTARIA
LAVOLT
IRONER
SILENE
HATRED

No. 1101.
PIMPINELLA.

No. 1102.
ROSTER
BARREL
CORSET
DOTARD
RESAIL
DEMEAN

No. 1103.
M—AXI—M
A—ROM—A
R—IGO—R
T—REA—T
I—NDR—I
N—ISA—N
M AGO—G
A—REN—A
S—EPA—L

No. 1104.
THOMAS BENTON OF MISSOURI.

No. 1105.
RASCAL
AMERCE
SEDUCE
CRUDER
ACCEDE
LEERED

No. 1106.
MANGO
ACORN
NOTUS
GRUME
MOTTONSETEETH
ORIONITRENVOY
TITUSTAGEVORE
TOUSERGOTOKEN
ONSETEETHYENA
ERLAU
ELAIN
TAINT
HUNTS

No. 1143—Numerical.

The *whole* of 11 letters is balm of Gilead.
My 6, 1, 2, is an insect.
My 4, 3, 8, is a reptile.
My 5, 6, 7, is likewise.
My 9, 10, 11, is a kind of beer.

Constitution, Penn. CHARLIE.

No. 1144—Inverted Pyramid.

Across—1. The act of wintering; 2. Stools; 3. Wizards; 4. Awls, such as collar-makers or shoemakers use (obs.); 5. A French article; 6. A letter.

Down—1. A letter; 2. A pronoun; 3. A cheat (vul.); 4. Male name; 5. Dewy (obs.); 6. Destroyed (rare); 7. Exterior coverings, forming false coats or appendages to a seed; 8. Certain numbers; 9. A pronoun; 10. A bone; 11. A letter.

Hudson, Mass. GAYBERD.

No. 1145—Square.

(To "Max Sims.")

1. A kind of coloring matter obtained from lichens, the moss being of a drier character than archil; 2. The liquid principle of oil and fats; 3. To range about in an irregular manner; 4. Eminent; 5. To work in; 6. Rendered blind.

San Francisco, Cal. CAPT. N. FRANK.

No. 1146—Cross-Word.

(To "Momus.")

In grunt, not in pain;
In hurt, not in lame;
In pit, not in hole;
In heart, not in sole;
In pot, not in jar;
In bolt, not in bar;
In speck and in dotted;
The *whole* will be spotted.

East Boston, Mass. MABEL.

No. 1147—Reversed Rhomboid.

Across—1. The act of going by; 2. To rest; 3. Ribbed; 4. Strikes often; 5. Small bottles for holding condiments at the table; 6. Those who pursue; 7. Makes fat.

Down—1. A letter; 2. An exclamation; 3. A slice; 4. To gasp; 5. A class; 6. Putrid; 7. Harasses; 8. Certain plants; 9. Fights; 10. Rests; 11. Rage; 12. Never (obs.); 13. A letter.

South Liberty, Me. JESSE OVERLOCK.

No. 1148—Square.

1. A large apple; 2. More frequently; 3. To shrink; 4. Kinds of heavy silk used in upholstery (sup.); 5. A Scriptural proper name; 6. Discharge; 7. Trimmed.

Manayunk, Penn. DANDY LYON.

No. 1149—Letter Enigma.

(To "Mystique.")

In the "weeping willow";
In the "heavy pillow";
In the "ancient shield";
In the "harvest field";
In the "oyster stew";
In the "sexton's pew";
In the "garden wall";
In the "drunkard's fall";
Last in "doubly secure";
Whole a piece of furniture.

Boston, Mass. SKELETON.

No. 1150—Double Acrostic.

Across—1. A species of quartz; 2. A Spaniard of genteel birth; 3. Relating to pipes; 4. A husbandman's tool.

Full many years have passed and gone
Since Erin first struggled to be free;
But never yet have her brave bands
Escaped the grasping, tyrant hands
Of England—"Mistress of the Sea."
But there's no *first* about here, men;
Their hearts, like *last*, are firm and strong;
Their hands are ready, now, to work,
And, sure, their duties will not shirk,
In righting Ireland and her wrongs.

And when the tyrant yoke is raised,
And Erin shines in all her glory,
Then will the famous *total* grow—
Unawed by driving rain or snow—
The theme of poet's song and writer's story.

Lawrence, Mass. ARTHUR F. HOLT.

No. 1151—Octagon.

1. Sorrowful; 2. Parts of the body; 3. To entreat; 4. To give life; 5. Rotted; 6. Positions; 7. An Irish nickname.

Kansas City, Mo. REMUS.

No. 1152—Numerical.

The *whole*, of seven letters, is snappish.
The 1, 2, 3, 4, is an insect;
The 4, 5, 6, 7, is to express contempt.

Rutland, Vt. EDDIE A. WHEELER.

No. 1153—Diamond.

1. A consonant; 2. A Hebrew measure of capacity (obs.); 3. Subterraneous cavities; 4. Species of ficus, from which the common figs are gathered; 5. Wheeled; 6. Appearing as if viewed from the planet Jupiter; 7. To confirm anew; 8. One of the nine greater or honorable dignitaries; 9. A town of Salerno, Italy; 10. To deprive of distinct vision; 11. A letter.

Aurora, Ill. NED HAZEL.

No. 1154—Letter K Puzzle.

Upper left rhomboid—Across—1. A plant of the genus zinziber; 2. A kind of small shield; 3. A small wooden vessel; 4. Pertaining to the back; 5. To cause to sink lower; 6. A gardener's tool.

Down—1. A letter; 2. A pronoun; 3. The summit of a mountain; 4. To grind; 5. Edged; 6. To lament; 7. An animal; 8. A river of South America; 9. Pole; 10. A village of the Sardinian States; 11. A letter.

Upper right reversed rhomboid—Across—1. A sort of tackle fixed to the mainstay, and used to hoist in and out the cargo; 2. Pertaining to certain fishes; 3. A village of France; 4. A town of Massachusetts; 5. To abate; 6. Tardiest.

Down—1. A letter; 2. See; 3. To rest; 4. A box; 5. German mathematician, 1476—1558 (Bijou); 6. A plant of the genus Phytolacca; 7. A fish; 8. Fishes' eggs; 9. An insect; 10. A male nickname; 11. A letter.

Lower right rhomboid—Across—1. Tardiest; 2. Candles; 3. Pins; 4. A village of Tuscany; 5. A parish of Ireland; 6. To trim again.

Down—1. A letter; 2. Near; 3. To strike a quick blow; 4. A poem; 5. To cut; 6. A surgical instrument; 7. A glimpse (Prov. Eng.); 8. To blow or clear, as the nose; 9. A river of Switzerland; 10; Abbreviation for nickel; 11. A letter.

Lower left reversed rhomboid—Down—1. A gardener's tool; 2. To ensnare; 3. A slattern; 4. Heavy; 5. Conducted; 6. To restrain to certain limits.

Down—1. A letter; 2. A pronoun; 3. A boy; 4. To care for; 5. To sell; 6. A merchant; 7. Snatched by force; 8. Clear; 9. The past tense of the verb to be; 10. A printer's measure; 11. A letter.

Boston, Mass. CLIO.

SOLUTIONS AND PRIZE-WINNERS IN FOUR WEEKS.

Prizes.

The Weekly Globe six months for first complete list.
The Weekly Globe three months for next best list.

Accepted Grists.

HENRY F. S.—Square, numerical and diamond. GLOBE—Cross-word, numerical and diamond. EDDIE A. WHEELER—Double acrostic and square. MAX SIMS—Double cross-word, two anagrams, diamond, square, half-square, transposition and characteristic initials.

Prize-Winners.

1. Not won.
2. Will I. Am, Newark, N. J.

The following sent correct solutions to the "Grist Mill" of October 31: Will I. Am, Frank Lynn, Periander, Robert, George W. Warren, Mrs. Mary W., Thoughtful, Myrtle, Saxon, Mabel, Globe, X. Y. Z., Henry F. S., Korn Kake, Nameless, Jim and A. J. K.

Chaff.

REMUS—We can make room for your grists, so come every week.

HENRY F. S.—We can use all of your grist but the hour-glass.

ENGLAND—Central acrostics we cannot use. If you will send us a double acrostic, with words of equal length, it will be ground.

A GOOD Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

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For a club of TEN, with a remittance of...... 18 50 we will give one copy of the Lady's Book for one year, 10 engravings and a handsome portfolio.
For a club of FIFTEEN, with a remittance of 27 00 we will give one copy of the Lady's Book for one year, 15 engravings and a handsome portfolio.
For a club of TWENTY, with remittance of.. 33 59 we will give one copy of the Lady's Book for one year, the entire 20 engravings and a handsome portfolio.

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n7 26t

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n14 6t

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n28 2t

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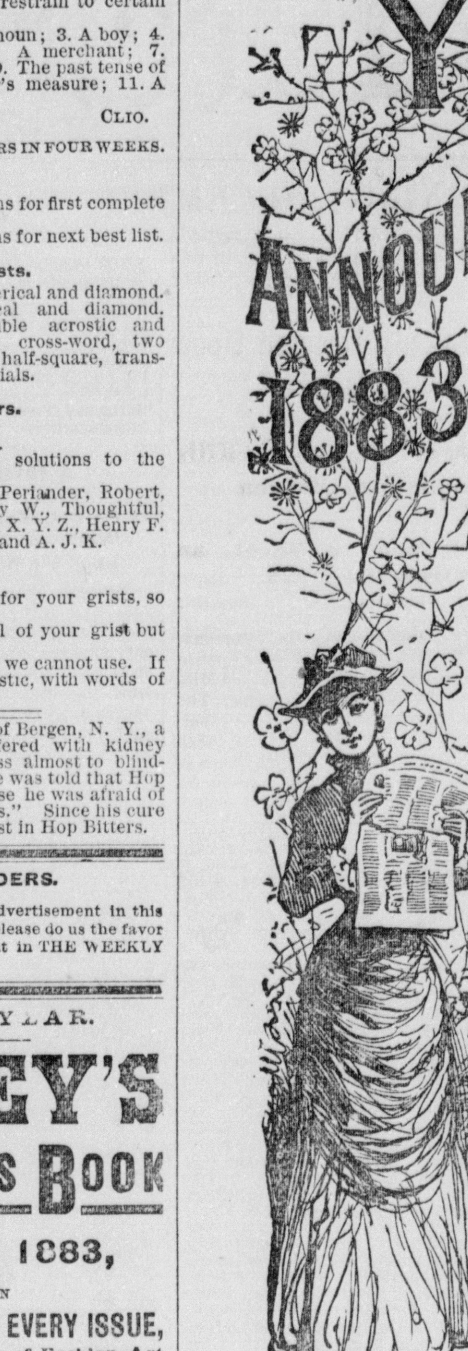
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A Serial Story of Boy Life in America, by . . . . J. T. Trowbridge.
A Serial Story of Boy Life in Great Britain, by . . . . William Black.
A Serial Story of New England Life, by . . . . Harriet Beecher Stowe.
A Serial Story for Girls, by . . . . Harriet Prescott Spofford.
A Serial Story of Southern Life, by . . . . Marie B. Williams.
Amusing College Stories, by . . . . Henry A. Gordon.
Stories of Old-Time Poor-Houses, by . . . . J. D. Chaplin.
Old New England Peddlers' Tales, by . . . . Wm. A. King.
Tales of the Old Dutch Farmers of New York, by . . . . Eugene M. Prince.

Reminiscences and Anecdotes. (Illustrated.)

Yankee Drolleries at Old-Time Fairs and Shows, by . James Parton.
Stories of Old-Time Quack Doctors and their Remedies, by Edgar Knowles.
On the Stump. Humorous Anecdotes of Electioneering, Stump Speaking, etc., by Hon. S. S. Cox.
Victor Hugo at Home. A chatty description of the home life of the great poet, by his Private Secretary. . . . Richard Lesclide.
Word Pictures of the House of Commons. As seen from the Reporters' Gallery, by . . . . H. W. Lucy.
Brilliant Articles. Reminiscences of Dean Stanley and Picturesque Associations of Westminster Abbey, by . . . Canon F. W. Farrar.
The Royal Family of Denmark. Articles of personal anecdote, by the Danish Minister at Washington, . . . Hon. Carl Bille.
Great Southern Leaders. A series of articles containing personal reminiscences of Gen. Robert E. Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, John C. Calhoun, etc., by Hon. Alexander H. Stephens.

Illustrated Travel and Adventure.

A Serial Story of Adventure, by . . . . C. A. Stephens.
Life in an Irish Fishing Village, by . . Julian Hawthorne.
Tales of Old Ships and Sailors, by . . . . Capt. F. Luce.
Old Times on the Missouri, by . . . . A Missourian.
After the Mindanao Pirates in a Dutch Gun-Boat, by Lieut. P. F. Grinnell.
Adventures in a Whaling Cruise in the North Pacific, by Macomber Brett.
The Fiftieth Tiger. A narrative of Adventure by the Special Correspondent of the *London Telegraph*, ... Phil Robinson.
Child Life and Home Life in Japan. Curious Pictures and Domestic Incidents, by a traveller in that country, . . . Prof. E. S. Morse.
Railway Heroes. Thrilling stories of railroad men. Among others will be "The Fireman's Story:" "His Life or Theirs;" "Skip Dustin, the Water Boy," and "Express Messenger Riley," by . . . . Walter A. Moore

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o17 13twy

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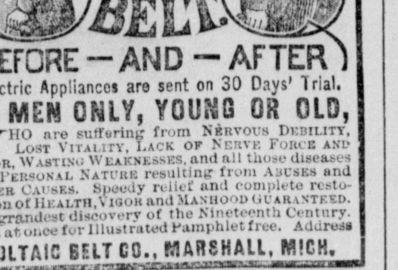
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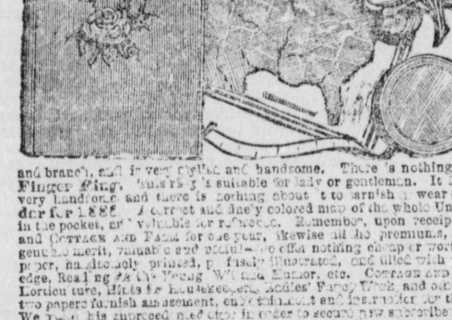
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